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I'LL GO TO BED AT NOON

A Soldier's Letter to His Sons

BY STEPHEN HAGGARD

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MY DEAREST SONS:—

I have just returned from Euston, from where I saw you off this afternoon to America. You are both too young, thank God, to realize quite what it can have meant to me and to your mother to part as we have parted today. Britain is at war, of course, and life is full of partings just now. You and your mother are going to America to escape the possibility of a wretched fate. You are not going, as people of the last century went, with ambition and high hopes; you are not even going as the *Mayflower* pilgrims went, because they found the way of life in their own country insupportable. If that were the reason for your flight, there would be no great tragedy in it. There would be wretchedness, danger, hunger perhaps, the panic and the despair which fill all refugees who are uprooted from the country and the people they have loved for generations.

But you are fleeing because there is a chance — and on this twenty-fourth day of June, 1940, a good chance — that

all the wisdom, all the kindness, the education, the comradeship, the visionary development of the last fifty years, shall have proved of no avail in the battle against evil which is now raging. I am not implying by this that the development of civilization in the last fifty years, especially in England, has been well cultivated; but I do believe that never before in the history of this globe have so many creatures so ardently and simultaneously desired peace, and worked to achieve it; and never before has there been so blatant, cynical, and utterly inhuman a case of 'aggression' as Hitler's.

You will perhaps (and indeed I hope so) have forgotten, by the time you come to read this, what a frenzied German soldier is like, and the lengths to which he will go in order to rise to power — not power for good, but power for self-glorification and aggrandizement. I managed, in the twenty years between this war and the last during which I grew up, to get to know and to love the Germans — the people, I mean, not merely their music or their painting. I

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would not believe the men of the previous generation who fought in the 1914 war when they said the German was bestial. And yet I now find myself as venomous in my hatred of him as ever my father was.

However, it is not that which disgusts me so much; it is the fact that all the sacrifices of the 1914 war, the million of our best men, the shattering of the French countryside and of Flanders, their reconstruction afterwards, and the timid, ineffectual, and (I am beginning to feel) foolish groping towards a kindlier feeling between nations and a wider view of the destinies of the human race — all this has been wickedly and cruelly wasted, and I find myself, for the first time in my life, believing Hitler when he says that the Allies did not win the last war. Of course we didn't. We permitted the reoccupation of the Rhineland; we made all that sequence of tragic blunders ending in the most tragic one of all, the 'peace' of Munich in 1938, which has landed us in a worse mess than ever the British people has had to face since the Dark Ages. It is because of that sequence of tragic blunders that you and your mother have had to leave for America today, while England is turned into an armed camp and I, an artist and a most pacific person, eagerly — yes, eagerly! — await the arrival of the little printed card which will ask me to report at such and such a place for military service.

Now I actually *want* to fight; and I believe that every man and woman in this or any other still-civilized country *ought* to fight. Your mother wants to fight too; but she is responsible for two tiny children, so I have begged her to leave England. That is her most effective way of doing battle. You will be three mouths less to feed, three less to be hurt in air raids, as your absence will mean that one house less will need to be inhabited. We shall no doubt need many, many children to repair the dreadful destruction which will presently be

wrought, and I do not mean only the destruction of lives, but of all those things for which we have lived and are now to die. You are two of those children, and you will, I hope, be among the builders of the new world.

There *must* be a new world, for the only alternative now left to this little box of living space to which the radio and modern transport have reduced this globe is complete self-annihilation. Life groped its way to consciousness out of inert slime; and life will grow and develop again, if need be, from the smoking scrap iron and rubble of the last bomb-shell. And there is one advantage, too, in the widening of communications which the radio has brought about. Not merely evil but also good can speak across half the world to its own kind. The innate *desire* for good of the natural human heart seems likely to prevail in the end, and to spare some of us — you, perhaps — the doom of utter disintegration. At least I will hope so; this hope will enable me to fight, and indeed it is just this hope that I am fighting for. I have no hope for myself at all. I do not say this in despair. It is simply because I know and fear our adversary and because I refuse to underrate his strength. I do not see how we — that is, our forces as at present constituted — can possibly defeat him unless we work and fight and suffer a good deal harder than he.

This is, of course, a war of religion. It is a war of dictatorship and democracy, of dragooned life and happy-go-lucky life, of machine versus man, of efficiency versus laziness, of clockwork and timetables versus human hearts and smiles — in other words, it is a hopelessly complicated war. The loyalties are so ill-defined, and as the war continues to spread it grows more and more complicated and more and more frightening too, until only the strongest-minded or simplest-faithed people can grasp its issues at all. This might be less tragic if there were not, just at this moment, a peculiarly strong feeling of

lethargy in most European lands. I do not know whether it is a result of the last war or merely a proof that the civilization of the Mediterranean Basin has degenerated for the last time and is preparing to give up the ghost altogether. But, whatever its causes may be, it is having peculiarly disastrous results; it is like a bacillus which has infected the patient with an apathy towards life, so that the patient does not particularly care whether he lives or dies and is therefore making little effort to live. It does not need a doctor to tell us that the patient is consequently in a very bad plight. Nothing will help him but a fierce struggle against that apathy. Given the *will* to conquer, we shall certainly do so. But often and often I am made to shudder at the fear that that *will* is not there. I meet so many people every day who question and analyze and 'intellectualize.' Our problem is Hamlet's problem. Resolution has always been our native hue till now: but suddenly we find it so sicklied o'er that it cannot even raise so much as a condemnation of itself.

II

Among the doubters and 'intellectualizers' the most disturbing to me are the conscientious objectors. What judgment, I wonder, will *your* generation pass on this strange race of unwilling traitors, as they almost seem to me. Some of them are obviously simply cowards. Some of these I know and simply cannot help despising. But some of them are not cowards, and among these is one dear friend of mine I love and respect. And this I find so painful and so tragic that I have not yet been able to comprehend fully the unhappiness it has brought me.

We meet once a week, this friend and I, because he gets up to London only once a week. At first we had long and most searching conversations; but lately our meetings have become gradually

shorter, partly of necessity and partly because we are unfortunately finding we have less and less to say to each other that would not be bitter and tormenting. After our first discussion he told me I gave him the impression of a man drunk, though he didn't say with what. But I think he meant drunk with lust ~~to~~ to kill or something of the sort, for I had told him, as I have confessed to you, that I felt I wanted to kill as many Germans as possible, my reason being that you can't argue with a mad dog, even if you *were* able to make friends with him when he was sane.

But if he thought me drunk I certainly found him warped. He had not the calm strength, the serenity, that deep conviction brings, even when so much is at stake as in his case (his job, his personal freedom, his friendships). He told me he was an objector because he could not bear to take life: with that I could agree. He said, too, that no war had ever achieved, settled, or proved anything. With that I had to agree also, to a certain extent. He said that, with him, it was a deep *instinct* not to fight. This I could not understand at all. Almost the strongest and most primal instinct man has is to fight in self-protection or in protection of his belongings or his young. Yet I wish for my own sake I could better understand him. For if he is so convinced of his principles in the face of tremendous opposition there is a greatness in him which must, I suppose, spring from those very principles. I despise myself for not seeing that greatness rather than him for holding principles of which I cannot approve, and I feel a good deal of anguish because of this unresolved state of my mind towards him, just as I believe he feels a certain anguish because we cannot understand each other. I feel as if I could meet and speak to him only through bars, but I don't know which of us is outside and which inside them.

I sent him a letter I received the other day. He simply returned it in silence.

I will quote for you that part of the letter
I particularly wanted my friend to read.

June 10, 1940

My own philosophy gradually turned against war, because it seemed to me a bad tool that, instead of doing the work it was proposed to do, spoilt the job and hurt the hand of those who used it. The alternative was faith in the invincible good nature of man — that with war or without it evil would be lessened by the nature of human life, Hitler and such phenomena notwithstanding. At the approach of war I formulated this for my own sake, and spoke it where I could; but now, though I cannot find any reason to recant, I find plenty of reasons to be silent. Most men going to war against brutality do so because, hideous as war is, it seems to them to be the only weapon left in their hands. The fighters and the pacifists have the same ideals, exactly, in rank and file. I cannot say that I *know* that in *Man v. Hitler* man would win without war, though I think that, if I were not convinced of this, the last purpose of life would be disproved and creation would have to be admitted nonsense. I cannot help a wish that the great experiment might have been tried, that not passive but unsleeping and active goodness might have proved victorious. But now you and many, many others, hating war, I know, as much as I do, must put to the test this other theory.

I ought to add, perhaps, that my pacifist friend believes that resistance, even passive, to fighting and all that war implies is in itself a good thing, is in fact the only form of 'action' which can be taken against war and even against those who indulge in war. I agree with him to the extent that if everybody in the world exercised passive resistance war would certainly cease. But if only *one* man refused to play, surely the whole effect would be stultified! You must forgive the length at which I have spoken about pacifism: but I believe that there is no more burning problem for present-day civilization than the 'noncombatant.' I would give a great deal to live until men have decided once and for all whether the true pacifist ought to be shot as a traitor or worshiped as a saint.

III

This war has come upon me at a transitional period of my development. I have been trying in the last few years to feel my way towards writing as a profession and not merely as a side-line or an occupation for my mind during a holiday, which is all it has been to me up to now. I have always known I wanted to write; I have suspected for a long time that I want to write more than anything else. But I have never made up my mind quite what sort of writing appealed to me most; and I have wanted, and in fact needed, the music, books, pictures, holidays, travel, and human contacts which, in this expensive world, only money can bring. So I have not yet had the courage to leave the stage for writing; and besides, until war broke out there seemed a slender hope that I might, by going into management and being my own employer in the theatre, arrange matters so that I could both write and act. For I don't believe I could *ever* desert the theatre entirely: I love the people in it and the vigor of its atmosphere too much.

The problem has been settled for me up to now by financial considerations. I made only some four hundred pounds out of my novel *Nya*, the income from it being spread over a period of about eighteen months; and it took me, I suppose, six months to write. But in the theatre I have, without even trying very hard, been able to make between £1000 and £2000 for the last three years. I say I didn't try very hard because I have never taken an engagement for purely financial considerations. If I had done so, or had accepted offers from the films in the days when I used to get them, it would not have been difficult to make a good deal more. Still, it seems to me that one ought to adjust the balance between what one *could* earn and what it is *expedient* to earn. And if the war had not come to upset my plans I had determined to aim at making £2000

a year, which would, I believe, have left me enough time for writing, and enough money with which to find out something about all the various aspects of existence, such as learning, leisure, music, travel, riding, gliding (and, I might add, domesticity), which interest me.

I have always spent every penny I earned, and I cannot say I regret it in the slightest bit, even though it has meant that I've had no 'margin' to fall back on in the hard times that have come with the war, and that I now have nothing to leave to you and your mother except the manuscript of a play and, if I have time to finish it, a book. This book — this letter, or whatever one might call it — will not be entirely impromptu, for it is in a way the result of a year's thought. And as Mozart was able to write down that exquisite overture to *The Magic Flute* in a night because it had been in his head for several months, so I shall try to write down for you as much as is in my mind of this Overture — or should I say Epilogue? — to my life. For I want you to know, when you are building your new world, what a fairly intelligent and honorable specimen of the old one was thinking and struggling to achieve.

My stage career has been an inverted one. I had all my greatest successes at the beginning and did all my hardest work at the end. I was frightened of success when I had it, and so could not properly enjoy it. I refused fantastic offers from the films because they would have interfered with my work, — which was true, — and did not enjoy or capitalize the fruits of my success because they might have turned my head — which is probably also true. I was very serious. I swore never to take a good part in a bad play as long as I could get a bad part in a good play. In this I succeeded. It is almost the only ambition of mine in which I have succeeded.

At the age of twenty-nine I feel I have achieved extremely little in comparison

with many people of my age. John van Druten, Noel Coward, Rodney Ackland, at my age how much they had achieved! John Gielgud, Michael Redgrave — they knew what they wanted and they went for it, looking neither to right nor to left. I have always had a fatal urge to stop and pick flowers by the way. As soon as I found I could act I became interested not in acting for its own sake, but in acting as a means to an end, in actors, in playwriting, in producing.

Granville-Barker said that one ought to write for five years for the waste-paper basket; and as a matter of fact it was just five years after I started writing in real earnest that I had something accepted by a publisher. It was my novel *Nya*; and as it was Faber who published it I was tremendously encouraged. Then my play was produced — though the war prevented it from coming to London.

After this I acquired a little much-needed self-confidence. I began to think of myself as a writer. I occasionally entered the word 'author' instead of 'actor' in insurance policies and hotel registers. And I began to fret.

I fretted because I had no time for writing. I would get an idea for a book, work it out in my mind, and yearn to sit down and write it; but I was always prevented from doing so as I was either in a play, in which case I had no time, or out of work, in which case I had no money. But even if I had been *rich* (as I was once for two glorious months in 1938!) I am not sure I should have had the peace of mind or the *élan* to work properly. My mind was not at rest; one felt the world rushing towards disaster; and your mother and I were in the process of readjusting our relationship with each other which had been considerably altered by the arrival of our children: an extremely difficult time which no doubt happens to all married people, but which was of course new and unfamiliar to us.

One grew very quickly in those days. I feel that 1938 and 1939 must have aged us all a good deal more than two years. It was chiefly the uncertainty that played such havoc with our nerves — the alternate wild hope and black despondency. Once war had been declared, strange as it may seem to you, we all experienced a feeling of relief.

The problem of whether to remain an actor and write 'between plays' or to be a writer and perhaps act between books is one which I shall now probably never have to solve. An actor depends for his success on the approval of the many, and if he has not this approval he may as well give up acting. An actor trades in emotion; his instruments are his body, his voice, his looks. An actor *must* possess, to a remarkable degree, some quality of personal beauty or attraction that is unusual; with this as a *sine qua non* he can then proceed to develop his technical accomplishment and his talent.

In order to do this it is not only legitimate but desirable for him to lead a different life from that of the 'normal' person, a life which the 'normal' person would probably consider unmoral. This used to worry me a great deal when I first went on the stage. I found it hard to give up all my time to acting, which ought to be a whole-time job. A real actor of the modern theatre — say the Stanislavski school, for instance — should exercise his body and his voice each day, apart from rehearsing, which he will have to do almost every day, and playing, which he will certainly have to do every night. How then will he have time to read, think, walk in the country, talk to (non-theatrical) friends, learn the piano, or look at pictures? Obviously he will not. The more enthusiastic he is about his work, the less time he will have and the narrower and less elastic his mind will become.

An eminent Englishman gave up acting to become a producer, and gave up producing in order to write plays. He

went a step further. He gave up writing plays in order to write criticism. He is a man whom I admire tremendously, both for his work and for his character. He seems to me to have got the maximum productivity out of his span of life. The last war disorganized his life as this one is disorganizing mine, but he was older when the last war broke out than I am now and had managed to accomplish a good deal more than I have. He came back to the theatre after his war only to leave it again. If the theatre was so bad after the last war, what on earth will it be like after this one, I wonder.

I have had the good fortune to play with John Gielgud, which is something I remember with pleasure. I did not make such a success of my part in this production as I should like to have done, but it was actually the peak of my theatrical career in every other way.

Nowadays one cannot help feeling that each action, each word, each pleasure, may be one's last, so it intrigues me to think that the Fool in *King Lear* may be the last part I shall ever play, and that the last line I should speak upon a stage should be the uncannily appropriate one with which the Fool is so arbitrarily dismissed to his death by Shakespeare: —

And I'll go to bed at noon.

I cannot resist the ominous significance of it when I think of the Fool's undramatic exit at what must have been the high noon of his life, though not his fortunes. That is why I have chosen it as the title of this letter.

IV

The air-raid warning has just sounded. It is the first time it has sounded since last September, and I had almost forgotten what the noise was like. I can hear the other members of the household coming down the stairs in their slippers to go into the shelter. I can't tell you

how thankful I am that you're not here tonight. An air raid on London and two tiny children to be woken, dressed, and hustled down into a cold basement, there to await goodness knows what sort of fate! In the very far distance I can hear the thud of guns.

How soon, I wonder, will all these horrors be relegated to some shameful and unbelievable past? Will it happen in your time that bombers, sirens, and air-raid shelters will be fit only for museums or possibly as warnings to refractory and aggressive citizens? Will there come a time when you will be able to laugh at our pathetic attempts to fight a monster with fair words, and seventy-ton tanks with twenty-year-old rifles? And if so, how will it be achieved? By annihilation of the Hitlers and the Mussolinis, or by complete surrender to them? I wish I knew. If I did, it would give me not only hope but strength to fight with. As it is, I am — we are all — fighting in the dark; and while we wait in our cold basements for the bombs to fall, we ask ourselves what we can do — what we desire to do — to set the world to rights after the war. Perhaps it is up to us, who may not be alive, to hand on our knowledge, such as it is, to you; perhaps we ought to write down everything that we have learnt till now for the benefit of those of you who are still too young to learn, and who will be separated from us by the great gulf of this war.

Yet I wonder whether our advice would be much use to you. Your world will obviously not have much in common with ours; it may scarcely even have a link with it, except perhaps for a few tired and disillusioned old people who will remember this bad world with the affection one feels for the things one has grown up amongst, and who will never cease to feel strange in your new world, however brave it may be. It would be fatal to take advice from them; and though I am not yet either old or tired or disillusioned, it would probably be equally fatal to take advice from me.

Of all crimes, I believe insensitivity to be the worst. For this reason I never now rebuff an overture from any human being, however clumsily it may be made. I used to, when I was younger; I lived in a shell which I strove to make impervious to all advances from other people. It was your mother who rescued me from this self-atrophy. With a touching and most courageous tenderness she refused to be shriveled by my cruel rebuffs — and a sensitive person who has become warped as I had can be terrifyingly cruel in his perceptions. Time after time she groped her way through my shell (and she was very young then and hadn't any knowledge of human nature but only her instinct and her sweet faith), and each time she pierced my defenses I hit out as fiercely as I could, till her poor young heart must often have bled from the bitterness of the struggle. I know I was not worth her anguish — no human being can be worthy of such pain. But love does not seem to ask questions of this kind, nor to consider such things as cost and proportion: and there came a day when my defense broke down, and dry and difficult tears melted away the last traces of my shell. I can remember quite clearly my sudden fathomless relief, and the change in your mother's eyes from weary sadness to a puzzled joy. Afterwards I was filled with such elation that I felt, like Mr. Plattner, as if I would soar up into the sky, and I had to rush to my writing table and fasten myself to earth by starting to work at full speed on what eventually became my first play.

For the present, I have stopped thinking about the theatre. The theatre is important, — to me it is all-important, — but what is the use of the theatre if there are no audiences? Russia and Germany are proof enough that art cannot flourish without liberty of expression. And unless we win this war, it seems, there will be no liberty of expression anywhere in the world; so it is obvious that every citizen must con-

concentrate all his effort on fighting in whatever way he may be most effectual. It doesn't seem to me a bit important that the theatres should remain open: they are essential to relaxation, I know, but there ought to be no relaxation in this country until Hitler is defeated. So I prefer to go and fight in a way which does not, perhaps, make the best use of my abilities but is of more immediate service to the country.

I wonder if it strikes you as odd that I should constantly reaffirm like this my desire to fight and my reasons for fighting. I wonder whether, by the time you are of age, loyalty to a nation will have given place to loyalty to an idea, as it is already beginning to do, and if you will regard us who fought for England as narrow-minded relics of an outworn political system. Will a war between England and Germany seem to you as unnecessary and contemptibly pugnacious as a war between Dorset and Devonshire would seem to us? There can never have been a time in the whole history of the world when each nation was more riddled than it is now with espionage, passive resistance, disloyalty, sabotage, and all those crimes which, for some absurd reason, we dress up under the designation of 'fifth-column activities' instead of calling them by their proper name of treachery. When I realize the comparatively large number of people who condone treachery in one form or another even in this our eleventh hour, then I do indeed despair of the British nation and begin to believe von Ribbentrop when he tells us we are a decadent race.

Perhaps I am decadent, too, for I seem to stand idly by while citadel after citadel falls, not conquered by force of arms but rotted from within. If I were not decadent and gutless I should have managed somehow by now to assassinate Hitler. It would not have been insuperably difficult, really — anyhow up to the rape of Austria. I speak German well. I ought to have gone to Germany

and joined the Nazi Party, as I once planned to do. But I did not have the determination to carry out the plan, so I wrote a book about it instead — a bad one which was not published. That is the trouble with us all: we have forgotten how to act. When we are violently stirred we do not release our emotions in action — we write a book about them or paint a picture, or simply talk. I ask myself whether this is because we are in fact decadent, or whether it is because, in our subconscious minds, we do not believe in the cause for which we are fighting. I do not know. Speaking for myself, I think it is the former. A too easy life and lack of physical problems have made me soft. I have not had to contend with the elements. I have not really had to contend with anything except my own intellectual problems; and they were simply the result of this too civilized life which we lead, and would have vanished overnight if I had had to wrest my living from the land or out of the sea. It has therefore been a paralysis induced by the intellect rather than a lack of ability for action.

I have never been happier than when working night and day, as one does in stock companies, or when trying to produce a play, act in it, *and* learn the piano all at the same time, as I did in one production. For this reason, as I have told you, I have tried never to shy away from human relationships, however bizarre they may at first have seemed. I have tried to 'walk in' on people, to get behind the barriers of convention or shyness to the *real* person, to catch them in an unguarded moment, or under the stress of some emotion when they were no longer able to play-act or prop up their little affectations in my way. There is something rather brutal in this, perhaps; you may even think it not quite decent. It is certainly not quite English — and it is also only rarely that one gets this chance. But it is fascinating. It is human nature as it is, and not as it sees itself. And at the present stage of

my development I am still much more interested in sincerity than in character, in individual motives than in universal ones. I have envied doctors the fact that they must so often meet people when they are suffering from anxiety or fear or pain, and when they can therefore no longer be bothered to hide their true natures, or to wade through the preliminaries of social nicety, before they can behave with frankness. Perhaps, though, a doctor sees so much of this that he may prefer the comparative impersonality of convention; or his professional attitude may prevent him from taking advantage of his patients' sincerity in order to make friends of them. I don't know. I only feel in myself an intense desire to see through people's defenses to their real selves.

I find, now, that I have a great desire to 'get on' with people, — a reaction, perhaps, to my 'chip-on-the-shoulder' school days, — and this leads me to take, all unconsciously, the most immense trouble in my relations with others. I like women better than men — naturally, perhaps, for they have the added fascination for me that, however hard I tax my imagination, I shall never *quite* know what it feels like to be a woman. And to a playwright and an actor there is nothing of more interest in the world than to know how other people feel. Yet I find the few friendships I have with men much more satisfactory. They are less exhausting and more straightforward. Men usually tell the truth; women nearly always tell what they would like the truth to be.

I hope you will not be as frightened of women as I was in my adolescence; but you will be better brought up than I was, so that is not likely. As my father's job kept him always abroad, I never had a proper home, for I was sent to school in England. I often wish now that I had been allowed to stay with my parents. I am sure that home life and a natural, grown-up atmosphere are essential to the upbringing of children. If they are

constantly herded together with other children whom they do not much care for, which happens at every boarding school, they are bound to grow up shy and self-conscious. I did.

The moment I came into contact with strangers I was a mass of self-consciousness and nerves. I couldn't walk across a room without imagining that all eyes were fixed disparagingly upon me. I felt I hadn't got the right clothes on, that my hair needed brushing, and that I was a bore. My conversation would dry up completely; and I would then begin to look and say and do all those foolish things which I so much wanted not to do. I never managed to overcome this shyness until I went abroad to Germany, where the completely different mode of life and the fact that people were unself-conscious in their manner towards me did a good deal to break down my inhibitions. Here I began to be rather a success (what with funny accents and naïvetés about the language it isn't difficult for a foreigner in any country!) and I even found that people liked me. This was what chiefly opened me out at last. I had been so disliked at school because of my non-gregarious ways that I had grown to dislike other people. When I found that these people refused to be disliked but took immense trouble to make friends with me I was so touched that I went to the other extreme and took them to my heart one and all.

V

It was in Germany that I first fell in love. Will it embarrass you, I wonder, if I tell you about that? The thought of one's father having been in love — even with his wife — is always slightly shocking to the young, I know. Please don't let it shock you. Falling in love is a very natural, pleasant, and healthy process, as I hope you will discover for yourselves. Also it is a process that — anyhow in my case — can be repeated over and over again.

I have met a few people who told me they had only been in love once. I frankly don't believe them. Nature intended love primarily for the purposes of procreation, and therefore it is obviously bound to recur a certain number of times in everybody's life. In the perfectly natural state, I suppose, it would recur each spring; and in fact, even in our so-called civilized world, the connection between 'spring' and 'love' is something more than a mere music-hall joke.

Well — I fell in love. I was staying on a big estate buried deep in the forests of Silesia, and she was the daughter of a neighboring landowner. There was something of Turgenev in the setting and in the innocence and swiftness of our love affair; but I had never read Turgenev then, and I thought it all highly original. There was a wooden Polish church, a strange rambling affair that looked as if it had originally been a tiny chapel and had had pieces added to it as the congregation grew in numbers; and in this church on a hot summer afternoon, up in the gallery where nobody was likely to come, I kissed her for the first time. I don't think I could ever describe that kiss to you: the half-desired, half-feared surprise of it, the gentleness, the sudden, fleeting intimacy of body with someone who had been almost a stranger a moment before — when I have said all that, I have still not told you what it felt like. I think perhaps that Goethe came nearest to describing it when he said in his *Tagebuch*: —

*Das war ein Kuss so herzlich und so warm
Wie Walderdbeeren hat der Kuss geschmeckt.*

It was tender, it was warm. And I think it *did* taste rather like wild strawberries. Ours was not a very passionate affair, for we only knew each other for three weeks and never met again. The letters that we wrote each other afterwards, however, were as passionate as our vocabulary allowed; what we lacked in experience we supplemented with poetic phrases, being both widely read in

German romantic poetry, which is most inventive in the imagery of love. But with that our ardor had to be content.

I am bitterly sorry to think that I may not be alive when you first fall in love. Most fathers, I find, make fun of their children's love affairs, if they do not actively disapprove. I hope I should not be foolish enough to do either of these things. On the contrary, if I erred it would be perhaps in taking a too intelligent interest; and I might run the risk of your thinking me inquisitive or worse. But it is such a delicate and important stage in one's development, and I would give so much to be able to remove for you some of the banes which so often and so unnecessarily beset it. That is something I should have understood how to do, I like to think. Possibly I should have been a bad father to you until you were fifteen or so. I should have wanted to concentrate all my energies in my work, and each time you interfered with that, each demand you made on me, I should have resented fiercely. But when you had grown up a little and I was able to interest you in the things which I find fascinating myself, we should have had a lot to give each other, you and I.

I think that in a way I sensed this when I first thought of having children, and I knew it would be very important to you to have a good mother. I hope you will agree that I chose you a splendid one.

The first years of our married life were happy, but also very hard. We came of such different people, your mother and I, our upbringings had not been at all the same and we really had very little in common to begin with except our love for the theatre and a deep, rather inarticulate desire to cling together, which has never since deserted us, and which, I often think, is the only strength we had with which to weather the various storms of married life. It has proved a lasting and an increasing strength. Relying on it, your mother and I have each been

able to develop in our own direction, individually; neither of us has pulled the other out of the way we wished to go. I may never know how it would have stood the test of time, of poverty, of illness, of children growing up, and of the thousand other things which make marriages totter. But as it was founded on a desire to understand and encourage one another, I do not think it would have failed us.

I wonder if I am thinking wishfully when I say I should have made you a good father later on. I know how often there is a deep-seated, stubborn barrier between the affections of parents and children. This dislike is almost strong enough and common enough to be called instinctive; in fact, I suppose it *is* instinctive in a way, since nature from the beginning intended children to separate from their parents and start their own communities somewhere else. I should have been prepared, I think, for a certain amount of hostility from you both, but I hope I should have been able to overcome this in time. I should have done my best not to let you spend the first seventeen years of your life wrapped in protective cotton-wool, as I did. I should have liked to take you to hear music and see pictures in the right way — that is, under no compulsion, *nor* with the feeling that you were enjoying a solemn Sunday treat, but because music and pictures are food for the imagination and therefore a necessity for the soul. If you had continually heard good music ‘accidentally’ in your home, if our big painting of ‘Saint Tropez Harbour’ by Hayter had always hung in the studio so that you had grown to love it as we did, and to miss it if it were removed — surely you would then have had a feeling for the elementary principles and power of art which would have been quite genuine and as much a thing of your everyday concern as eating or exercise.

I should have tried to show you beauty in the things around you, in the pink fog of a November evening, or the yellow

plane-tree leaves in Ladbroke Square, or the huge façade and volcanic smoke-plume of the Battersea power station. I have so often soothed myself through an hour of pain or melancholia, or that dreadful impotence of spirit which assails me when I cannot work, by listening to music, or looking at a drawing or walking through wet beech woods, or reading Donne or Shelley or the robust and vivid Chesterton. Each of these has beauty for me and can give it to me whenever I want it, unstintingly. Poetry I have found more soothing than any other form of beauty, perhaps because it is more concentrated; or at least the poetry I like — passionate and rich in compressed imagery — is more soothing. But after all, beauty is to be found in so many things: in women, in clouds, in thoughts. It is a quality that invests, perhaps, an action or a word. It is something we can live on and should live for. It is something we can point out and so bequeath to a friend, although we may not be able to describe it or to separate it from the word, the action, or the woman it invests. It is a way of thought. It is a way of life.

VI

The ‘all clear’ is sounding now, an encouraging clarion in the lemon-colored morning. Dawn is on its way; soon the light outside will be stronger than the light inside the room and there will be no harm in my drawing back the curtains. I wonder how much damage the raiders have done, whether St. Paul’s or the National Gallery or the Greenwich Museum or Hampton Court or any of my other favorite buildings have been blown into the air, to descend again a heap of smouldering rubble, shorn of the beauty which has enveloped them for several hundred years. The horizon is streaked with red, as if somewhere out of sight below the rim there flamed a fierce and inextinguishable fire.

I was digging a shelter in the garden the week that war was declared and

when I found myself singing a Schumann song in German I stopped instinctively, wondering what impression I should be making on fat little Mrs. Bunting from next door—and then went on again, louder than ever, just to show her I didn't care. But now I understand well enough why in the last war (and already there are signs of it in this) feeling should run so high against all things German, even against those most un-Germanic Germans, Mozart and Bach and Dürer. Take 'Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren,' for instance: it happens to remind me of a holiday I spent on the Chiemsee near Munich—my honeymoon, in fact—during which I was happier than I had been for many years, and the magic of which has still not faded from my recollection. Each time I sing it my store of mounting hatred for the enemy is lessened by remembrance of his kindness and of the beauty of the land which he inhabits.

The more our hatred mounts, the worse the peace will be—to judge, at any rate, by the analogy of Versailles. And yet—and yet! We are fighting for our very existence: I am in no doubt whatever about that. And all the fine sentiments in the world will be of little use to us when we are dust, or when we are the slaves and our women the chattels of a ruthless and perverted lust for power. I cannot help feeling it is better to hate the Germans and to win the war than to love them and to lose it. For I don't think there can be two ways about it. War is vile, certainly, therefore avoid it if possible,—

... but, being in,

Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.

If one's enemy is neither chivalrous nor even reasonably merciful, it is equivalent to suicide to behave towards him in a chivalrous or merciful fashion. There are plenty of people, I know, who consider this form of suicide nobler than self-defense, nobler even than defense of their country, their institutions, their

civilization, or their wives and children. But I am not one of them, alas! I wish I were. How simple all the issues would become!

In this morning's post I find a little gray card which commands me to report at the Infantry Training Centre of the — Regiment by four o'clock on the afternoon of June 27. I had not expected it quite so soon. I had hoped to have about a week in which to tie up the loose ends of my untidy life. Now I have precisely forty-eight hours, for my train leaves London exactly forty-eight hours from this moment. For forty-eight hours longer I may continue my existence as myself; after that I must put away my individuality, my friends, my hopes, and my responsibilities and become the slave of a vast relentless war-machine. It is a willing, even a joyful immolation. But it *is* an immolation, a conscious sacrifice of all I have lived for up to now. I am not going with any feeling of exultation, nor have I any illusions about the gloriousness of war. My joy at going is caused simply by the feeling that I have stood too long shivering on the brink; and, as I told you, I like to jump into things with both feet: I prefer to take *some* decision even if it be the wrong one. And there is actually a certain satisfaction about this decision, for I have not taken it at all; it has been taken for me, and I am not responsible to my spirit for the possible evil results of it.

When I heard those German aeroplanes last night I laughed—and I was alone in this room, so I do not think I did it for effect. There is some wretched quality in me that enables me to stand outside myself all the time and observe myself dispassionately. So my first thought on hearing the aeroplanes was of the futility and wastefulness to which my last ten years of striving would have been reduced by one single bomb on the right spot. When I think of the struggle, the fear, the joy,

the hoping, despondency, effort, the protestations of love and the pragmatic assertions of one belief after another — all reduced to a little pile of cinders by one bomb! And my faith in the future, my eagerness to reconstruct the world after the war on a nobler, a more Christian scale, my determination that the British Commonwealth must win this war, my pathetic oath that I shall never act in the theatre again until Hitler is defeated — what ridiculous mincemeat the thought of that one bomb made of it all!

One of the beings of whom, after you and your mother, I am fondest in all the world has been swallowed up in the invasion of France by the Germans. I know of no address for her except in Paris, which she left months ago. The village to which I believe she fled — ‘evacuated,’ she would have called it at that time — has been overrun by the Nazis and, according to the paper, they have driven their tanks right along its main street, machine-gunning its inhabitants. I have heard no word of her, nor shall I, perhaps, ever again: I cannot go and find her, I cannot write to her, nor get in touch with anyone who may know where she is. She is a young girl, scarcely grown up, and she will, if she is alive, be suffering terribly in her mind, perhaps also with her body, because of the humiliation of her beloved country. And there is nothing I can do about it: nothing, absolutely nothing.

No words, no music, no poetry even, will ever express the immensity of suffering which the world is enduring today. There can scarcely be a corner of the globe that does not shrink under the shadow of this misery. Nowhere, nowhere, except perhaps in the dim and frozen stillnesses of pack-ice round the poles, nowhere is there any refuge from this illness of the world. We must endure it, each one of us, for each one of us is a member of that ‘body evolutionary’ which is now so very sick that I occasionally wonder whether it is going

to recover this time or not. It has a chance, I know. There’s plenty of good blood, and many strong red corpuscles, in its veins still. But has it the *will* to live? *Has* it the will to live? Or is it so desperately and insanely diseased that it will inevitably destroy itself?

No! I am *glad* that I have only been given forty-eight hours. It is just long enough to do my business and to get my kit together. I shall write one or two letters, to people who are far away, to you and to your mother. I shall turn the key in the lock of my individual mind and leave without even a backward glance.

VII

Although I haven’t actually severed my ties with civilian life yet, I feel like a man in a railway carriage, who doesn’t really belong anywhere. He isn’t at his place of departure, and he hasn’t yet reached his destination. He doesn’t even belong in the railway carriage, which only harbors him for a specific purpose and a limited length of time. I have felt like this ever since war broke out, and if it hadn’t been physically impossible to get into any of the forces I should have joined up months ago. In some respects I have felt like this for years. I have not been quite sure where I was going or where I wished to go. Shortly before war broke out, however, I did discover more or less what route I wanted to travel, though I was still not very sure where I intended to end up. So I determined to settle down in London and write when I wasn’t acting. We took the house next door, as our own was getting too small to hold us all, and in it I installed myself, with a room full of my books and my pictures, which was exclusively and sacredly my own. Neither of you were to be allowed near it; even your mother was only to come into it for very special reasons. In this room I felt truly happy and at home for the first time. As I have explained to you, my private life is not much mixed

up in my mind with the work I do, and so I used to find it very difficult to work when you two or even your mother was about. I envy and admire Bach the detachment which enabled him to write such perfect music while his children laughed or howled around him, or crawled all over his manuscripts; but I do not think that in a hundred years I could ever acquire it myself.

By freeing myself from domesticity in order to work I found that I also freed my mind from my work in order to be domestic; and I began for the first time actually to *enjoy* having two not always sunny-tempered children! I didn't any longer have the feeling when I was playing with you that I ought to be working, nor, when I was working, was I any longer attacked by fears that I was behaving unkindly towards my family.

I had come to satisfactory terms with both my family and my artistic life. I had acquired a certain peace of mind. I had, so to speak, just opened a new ream of paper and taken up my pen — when war broke out.

Since then I have had a dreadful urge to take every chance which offered of leaving some imprint, however feeble or imperfect, of my mind upon the world's memory. I believe that this was in reality my strongest incentive to teaching, for, even in the short time I had, it seemed to me possible to hand on to someone who might fulfill them the ambitions and discoveries which I myself had not been able to pursue to their conclusions. In practice it did not prove very easy. The Academy at which I taught is an old-fashioned if well-meaning institution, and there were (and still are) so many cobwebs to be swept away there that neither I nor any of the other young and progressive instructors have as yet managed to do much more than sweep. We have not yet begun to build.

When you grow up and first feel the strength of your young manhood, when

your bodies answer magnificently every call that your brains can make upon them and you first begin to aspire towards power over men, I hope you will remember the tragic lack of vision which the present generation has shown in so many countries of the world, and profit by its folly. I pray that you will not let yourselves be mauled by ancient sex-repressed psychologists, nor imprisoned into 'isms' by exponents of the various ideologies, nor led by the nose by newspaper men, nor coarsened into beasts by fanatics with a lust for power. I beg you not to sacrifice your ideals for the sake of king, country, wife, life, or profit, but to maintain them in the face of all opposition that may be set up against them, and in spite of whatever rust of apathy or laziness may attempt to corrode them.

Not long ago I discovered myself taking a pride in being a 'practical man,' a man who, though he considered himself an idealist, was always willing to whittle down his ideals to a point at which they were possible of immediate realization. I don't know what induced this attitude in me. I suppose it was forced on me by the sheer necessity of 'getting things done.' When my enthusiasm set me a task, and my ideals insisted on the highest point of accomplishment for it, I would find, as often as not, that I achieved nothing at all. The ideal appeared unattainable, and anything below it was not to be tolerated; so I would sit and gaze at the impossibly high mountain and never get as far as climbing it. To counteract this unproductive state of affairs I took to demanding a little less of myself than the ideal, and this system apparently produced some results. I persuaded myself even that I was achieving my ideal goal, that my 'whittling down,' my compromising and conceding, was taking me along the road I wished to travel.

I hereby solemnly denounce this attitude of mind as one of the most dangerous menaces now rampant. It is vicious

in its origins and pernicious in its results. It rots the fibre of a man's endeavor and threatens the actual foundations of civilization. It is one of the chief causes of our present catastrophe. Significantly enough, it is unknown at the moment in Germany, whose motive and method of war may be contemptible, but whose conduct of it is admirable in the extreme. I beseech you never to succumb to the attraction of its expediency. For it does *not* take you along your intended road; it only keeps you at the roadside, staring at those who are really traveling, and imagining that because you can see them moving you are moving too.

There is more positive value in consciously doing nothing than in going halfway towards an ideal in this manner. The former represents an emphatic, even a constructive, attitude of mind, and the latter represents nothing but a weak will which is ready to go with the stream. I think that, in my case, this weak-mindedness arose originally from a fear of offending people; until recently I hated rows and would go to any lengths of self-humiliation to avoid them. But I do not hate them now. I have discovered that a clear-cut and emphatic attitude of mind, even if it be wrong-headed, inspires more respect than an easy concession to other people's demands. To you, I hope, this will be obvious: you will have read about Mr. Chamberlain and the Treaty of Munich. But I have had to find it out for myself.

I started out in life determined to 'be myself.' I was not quite sure what this meant: it was a result of innate ambition, I think, and of the motto my godfather had engraved for me on my christening cup, — 'What a man thinks, that he is,' — and perhaps of the authors I read between the ages of sixteen and twenty. I found I had no originality of mind. My religion, my morals, my artistic appreciation, my love of literature, were all spoon-fed; yet many of my

friends were thinking things out for themselves and occasionally arrived at quite astoundingly original conclusions. I determined not to be outdone by them. I determined to think everything out for myself, to accept nothing that I could not test by my own experience or by the experience of someone whom I trusted. Bertrand Russell and Bernard Shaw, those iconoclasts, helped me a good deal. If now, like Peer Gynt, I peeled away my various skins, I believe I *should* find a small core of personality which was strongly and unmistakably myself. It is this core of personality that I hope you will each of you try to develop in yourselves.

I have thought a great deal about how children ought to be brought up. Although you have neither of you been on this earth for very long, your mother and I have discussed the question very thoroughly. Naturally we have judged the problems of education by the results that education had on us. Some of the things we discussed for you your mother may possibly be able to give you; some of them, no doubt, this war will make impossible of achievement. If I had had more time before war broke out I should have saved enough money and so reorganized my life that you could have been brought up in the depths of the country. If I had been extremely wealthy I should have bought a thousand acres of moor and forest, fenced it in, adopted seven or eight brothers and sisters for you, and allowed you to run wild together and bring each other up, with only very little supervision from your parents. You would have been taught to ride, swim, and dance before you tackled the three 'R's'; you would have been encouraged to keep animals and discover for yourselves the mysteries of their mating and procreation. I wonder what the results would have been. At least you would not have suffered, as I did, from the ingeniously perverted machinations of small boys, or, as your mother did, from the nauseating

and hypocritical sententiousness of the schoolma'am.

After the age of ten you would have been rigorously trained in the use of your minds, and this would have continued until you were old enough to go to a university, when you would not have been sent to Oxford or to Cambridge, but to some university abroad. Here you would have studied foreign languages and foreign people; I should have expected you to make all your worst mistakes and to overcome all the gaucheries of youth. After this you would have returned home for a course in some English university, and then you would have had to adopt a profession. I ought to add that never, from the moment when you first began to talk, would you have been treated by us in a childish manner, or made to feel that you were anything but not-so-grown-up grown-ups. I admit that this method would occasionally have made life difficult for us and perhaps a little perplexing for you. But we should have had our own existences to retire into, and you would have had your thousand acres of fairyland in which to let your imaginations soar again.

I do not, of course, call the town life of the present day, with its traffic, slums, cinemas, poky flats, and boarding schools a natural form of life. In fact, I sometimes hope in secret that air raids will prove an effective means of dispersing our populations over the length and breadth of the land again. If this ever happens, and if enough of us are still alive after the war, we may perhaps not find it so difficult to live a more peaceful and so a fuller existence in the future than we do now.

VIII

I have been writing all through the night, and it is now four in the morning of the twenty-seventh of June. I put out the light for a few minutes and drew back the curtains a short while ago, and opened the French windows and went

out into the garden. The sky was full of the noise of aeroplanes — our own, presumably, since there has been no alarm tonight, and the searchlights were not active. The stars were already beginning to fade; the air had, strangely enough, that peculiar scent of cattle and sweet grass that I had always thought typical of the Alps until tonight. There are no cattle, nor is there much sweet grass in London. I wonder where that scent is coming from. It reminds me of the summer holidays I have spent in Bavarian villages, of the all-night tinkling of the cowbells, and of the carved wooden houses with cinerarias and petunias all along their overhanging balconies. 'The Germany that I loved!' — such a good title for so many books which have recently been written. And such an ironical one! Never, I imagine, has there been a country with more potential friends that *less* desired to be loved.

I find it difficult to realize that in three hours more I shall cease to be myself, that self whom I have so struggled to find and whom I have only lately begun to know. When the war first broke out I welcomed the thought of joining up, of submerging my individuality in the ranks of a regiment, of becoming a nonentity with a number instead of an entity with a name. I felt I understood why T. E. Lawrence had become Aircraftsman Shaw, and why poets joined up in the ranks of the International Brigade. Obviously, I thought, they had wrestled for so long with the contesting forces of personality and artistic endeavor inside themselves that they were heartily sick of their individuality and welcomed the possibility of casting it off and merging themselves with the herd.

But during the last nine months I have changed my views. Each day has brought a tale of some new achievement of gallantry, some violent and glorious expression of individuality. No other war has so prodigally offered opportunity to the individual: officer or private, pilot or gunner, patriot or traitor,

each has had his chance to make his name revered or loathed more widely than ever before. The publicity is universal, the issues at stake are colossal and far-reaching. One man's action may ruin a nation, like that of King Leopold of Belgium; or it may save an army, like that of the Belgian officer who blew himself up with a strategic bridge over the Sambre.

So I have lately grown attached again to this personality of mine which has always given me so much trouble in the past and I now find myself fretting at the thought of losing it behind a number and a set of regulations. I suppose that as I put on my uniform I shall say good-bye to my old self. I shall have to forget all those things which have meant so much to me up to now, and, shorn of desire and of feeling, concentrate every atom of my strength on developing myself into a good but mere machine.

Now, youth, the hour of thy dread passion comes:
Thy lovely things must all be laid away.

As with all other wars that were ever fought, we go to fight that there may be no war again. How many twisted smiles this statement must conjure up on the bony lips of those who died in Flanders in the 1914 war. And in how many eager innocent minds of future soldiers will this same conviction burn, I wonder. Who can tell whether my pacifist friend may not be right, after all, to seek a positive result by his new method of dealing with the disease of war, and whether I am not once more simply whittling down my ideals to a point of practicability? I shall never know. But my instinct to fight is so strong that it in some measure simplifies the problem for me. And I would rather trust to this powerful instinct in a tight corner than to any concept of intellectual love; for intellectual love has proved itself so tragically unable to comprehend the forces of evil.

It is broad daylight now. The town is awaking to life. I can hear the clat-

ter of a dust cart a few streets away, and the hollow ringing of the emptied bins. One or two cars have roared up the hill.

I feel as if I were talking to two people who are separated from me by thick plate glass. You cannot hear what I am saying and so your faces are expressionless, though I can see you quite plainly and I have some sort of confidence that, sooner or later, you *will* hear the words I speak. But by then, alas! it may be too late for you to answer. You may shout as loud as you can — I shall not hear. Or, if I do hear, you will never know that I have heard. I wish I could believe in survival after death; but the only form of it that seems to me in the least credible is that form of 'continuity of energy' which a piano wire will give off when it is struck, or the extent to which an electric wave will continue to vibrate after it has left the transmitter. Obviously if the blow on the wire or the energy behind the transmitter is a powerful one, the sound or the wave will continue to make itself felt for a long period; or if a human being has lived or loved or hated violently the vibrations that these strong feelings of his have set up may continue for a while, to be perceptible to people who are still alive, even though he himself may be dead.

No doubt I ought to weigh most carefully every word that I write down; for if I do reach that disputed barricade it will seem to you, on reading this, as if I had returned from it for an inexplicable moment specially to speak to you; and you will be pardonably disappointed if I don't bring back with me some great and epoch-making truth. But great truths are not stumbled upon by accident; they are only discovered by long and patient and often heartbreaking search. Towards the end of my natural life I do feel I might have achieved a certain degree of insight, at any rate into truths which affect the workings of the human heart or the artistic mind. But at the age of twenty-nine I can only tell

you that rocklike sincerity, even if it be humiliating, — which it only is to the ‘foolish proud,’ — is the quality of spirit which it seems to me most desirable for a human being to achieve. It is also most difficult to achieve because it must mean losing one’s soul before one can find it again, giving up each desire, each greed, ambition, pride, and affectation, taking out each secret shelf of one’s character, examining and dusting it and replacing it only if it is strong enough to bear its load of human sorrow.

So I hope that you will never take anything on trust. Try to test each piece of knowledge you may glean from other people in the intercourse of life against your own experience. Accept nothing, believe nothing until a belief forces itself upon you, forces its roots into every cavity of your consciousness, and becomes an integral part of your way of thought. If you develop more quickly than I did, you might well begin your training in skepticism while you are still at school. You will be a pest to your friends, of course. But you must not be afraid of this. Remain a skeptic for ten or fifteen years; then take Granville-Barker’s advice and crystallize your beliefs and your intentions at the age of thirty. If you are like me, you will resent having to do even this. It seems a conscious limitation of one’s mental powers, an insult to one’s spirit to round off one’s development in this arbitrary manner. But remember that a man lives only once, and he lives for only about seventy years; so that if he ever intends to achieve and perfect a way of living or of working he will *have* to restrict his talents and sensitivity to the sphere in which they will be most effectual. It seems to me that, just as a writer must crystallize his style before he can effectively convey what he wants to say, so one must crystallize one’s way of living before one can live life fully and constructively. Naturally a writer’s style alters and strengthens as

a result of his experience; and we may find our way of living altering and growing fuller as we acquire more skill in living. We may even find that at the age of thirty we chose wrongly, and that our style was after all not the most suited to our subject matter. If that should happen, it seems to me, we ought to have the wisdom and the courage to abandon it at once, however old and set in our ways we may have become, and to start again from a new beginning. It will be almost insuperably difficult. We shall weep tears of impotence and despair at the realization that we once made so fundamental a mistake. But *it can* be done, for it *has* been done.

When you are confronted with an impossible task, ask yourselves always whether you are the first who has ever had to achieve it. Almost certainly you will not be. The records of our history go back nearly seven thousand years. In that time neither man’s nature nor his relative circumstances have changed so very greatly. Almost certainly there will have been men or women before you who were faced with the same task and who had less certainty than you that it could be accomplished; yet they did accomplish it. So it should not be so hard for you as it was for them, who came before you. You will have their example. They had only their courage, and their faith in the omnipotence of man.

For man is omnipotent. There is no goal he can imagine in the realm of mind which he cannot reach sooner or later in the realm of matter. There is no force yet discovered which is strong enough to foil him: through his children he can overcome even the apparent finality of death. There is no fear so potent that it will forever deter him, nor any suffering so great that he cannot endure it for his spirit’s sake. In him is every quality that he attributes to his gods: beauty, wisdom, omniscience, omnipotence, divinity. There is even immortality.

FAIRY TALE

BY MARGARET McGOVERN

ONE day as Our Lord, The Unfolding One,
Played the shadow game with His cousin John,
He no shadow made
In that sunlit glade.

And John seeing this, running swiftly after,
Caught Him with a kiss and breathless laughter,
And pointed to his own,
And how The Child had none.

There was a bird — the sky was so blue!
Just one word was all The Baby knew;
How the glade rang
While young John sang!

‘The bird hath a shadow,
And I have, too,
All the world hath shadows,
But none have You.
What art Thou made of?’
And The Baby said: Love.

AUTOMOBILE COSTS PER MILE

	No. 1 <i>July 31, 1915 to Feb. 1, 1918</i>	No. 2 <i>Apr. 19, 1918 to June 30, 1921</i>	No. 3 <i>June 30, 1921 to Mar. 13, 1925</i>	No. 4 <i>Mar. 13, 1925 to Feb. 21, 1927</i>	No. 5 <i>Apr. 16, 1927 to May 9, 1932</i>	No. 6* <i>May 9, 1932 to Dec. 1, 1934</i>	No. 7 <i>Dec. 1, 1934 to Dec. 23, 1936</i>	No. 8 <i>Dec. 23, 1936 to Oct. 24, 1940</i>
Cost	\$792.00	\$1,379.74	\$2,238.22	\$3,775.00	\$3,800.00	\$600.00	\$804.45	\$996.70
Depreciation (cost less trade-in allowance).....	3.0 cents	4.9 cents	5.0 cents	10.6 cents	7.8 cents	1.7 cents	2.3 cents	1.3 cents
Repairs, upkeep, and accessories..	2.6 "	4.7 "	1.9 "	1.6 "	2.8 "	0.7 "	0.7 "	0.8 "
Tires.....	2.0 "	2.4 "	1.0 "	0.2 "	0.6 "	0.2 "	0.3 "	0.1 "
Insurance, licenses, etc.....	1.5 "	1.9 "	1.6 "	1.6 "	1.3 "	1.0 "	0.9 "	0.6 "
Gasoline.....	1.5 "	1.7 "	2.0 "	2.3 "	1.9 "	1.1 "	1.2 "	1.3 "
Garage.....	0.4 "	2.4 "	1.0 "	0.6 "	1.9 "	1.5 "	1.2 "	0.6 "
TOTAL COST PER MILE.....	11.0 cents	18.0 cents	12.5 cents	16.9 cents	16.3 cents	6.2 cents	6.6 cents	4.7 cents
Miles driven.....	14,000	13,494	33,100	19,614	47,580	20,805	19,249	44,810
Miles per gallon	12.7	16.3	12.1	10.0	10.0	13.9	15.0	14.2
Cost of operation per mile, omitting garage and depreciation...	7.6 cents	10.7 cents	6.5 cents	5.7 cents	6.6 cents	3.0 cents	3.1 cents	2.8 cents

TOTAL COST.....\$23,735.15

TOTAL MILES.....212,652

COST PER MILE.....11.1 cents

* Used car when bought

HOW MUCH DID YOUR CAR COST?

BY ROYAL S. KELLOGG

ON July 31 last I completed a quarter century of owning and operating automobiles. There were eight of them altogether, of a wide variety of styles and sizes, and they were always used by my family or myself, never for commercial purposes.

During these twenty-five years, and up to October 24, my cars were driven nearly 213,000 miles in the eastern half of the United States and Canada at a total out-of-pocket expense of just under \$24,000, or approximately 11 cents per mile. They have used over 17,000 gallons of gasoline, which is a fair-sized puddle. All the driving was done by myself or my family. There were no paid chauffeurs, else the transportation bill would have been greatly increased. There have been some extra repair bills caused by going into ditches on slippery or gravel roads, but no one has ever been hurt in the slightest degree, nor another car ever damaged, so the safety record would seem to be pretty good.

An exact account has been kept of every item of cost of operating these vehicles clear down to automobile club dues, polishing materials, and so forth. The record was begun in 1915, because then personal transportation was a luxury and not the necessity it has since become. I wanted to know how much the luxury was costing me. Once started, the record has been maintained to date, mostly to satisfy curiosity and occasionally to justify or furnish the basis for a trade-in. After twenty-five years, such record keeping is certainly no novelty

and sometimes a bother, so henceforth perhaps I shall do no more than count up my yearly gallons of gasoline for income-tax deductions. Yet there is a possibility that the individual performance of my cars might be of comparative interest to other drivers.

My first car was purchased on July 31, 1915. The laid-down cost in Chicago, including extra tire and tube, was \$792. It had four cylinders, 106-inch wheel base, and was, of course, a 'touring' car, as indicated by such a price at that time. Limousines and sedans were then only for those who had plenty of money to spend. It was driven 14,000 miles in 30 months, which was very little compared to what is done in these days of continental highways. There weren't any good roads then outside of city streets — and even they were rough. The cost of operation came to 11 cents per mile, with depreciation put at purchase price less trade-in allowance towards its successor.

Depreciation and insurance costs were high because of the relatively small distance driven. There were no accidents of any consequence, and general upkeep was not out of line with the conditions of the times and the quality of cars then available. The detailed record, of course, shows various items which are now seldom or ever incurred. There were frequent tire repairs and replacements — the first 'non-skid' casing was bought in 1916; such items as a dust robe and goggles are reminders of the happily by-gone days of country dirt roads; and there was frequent replacement of light

bulbs. There are also keen recollections of pulling off to the side of the road on a hot July day, demounting a tire, mending a tube, and pumping it up by hand. There is another recollection of driving through deeply rutted roads full of water and getting the magneto so wet the car wouldn't run. There are also items about the purchase of an oil stove and numerous gallons of kerosene to keep the garage from freezing in the winter, as well as alcohol for the radiator. Anti-freeze compounds had not yet appeared, and even a few years later some economically disposed drivers were filling their radiators with kerosene or honey!

The Automobile Show in February 1918 led to car No. 2. This was delivered to me in New York City on April 19, 1918, for \$1379.74. In the following period of a little over three years it was driven 13,494 miles, at a cost of 18 cents per mile. This was the high mark for automobile costs in my experience. No. 2 was a four-cylinder open car of 112-inch wheel base and supposedly good make, but owing to construction during wartime, or some other unknown cause, it developed just about every kind of possible trouble from start to finish, and was most cheerfully parted with on June 30, 1921.

Part of the high operating costs were caused by war prices, but the unusual item of 4.7 cents per mile for repairs, upkeep, and accessories was due chiefly to continual failures and breakdowns, with plenty of high-priced labor for replacement. Clutch, rear end, transmission, and generator troubles were always occurring; batteries had a short life and so did brake linings and springs. Tire prices, of course, were high at this time, and gasoline went up to 35 cents a gallon, whereas with car No. 1 the regular price was 11 cents, with an occasional country price of 9 cents. The only good thing about this car was that it had an economical engine. It gave 16.3 miles per gallon average during the entire period, whereas its predecessor had given

only 12.7 miles per gallon. However, as has been abundantly demonstrated since, the cost of gasoline is only a minor item in the total cost of operating a car.

The final combination of trouble with car No. 2 which led to its prompt banishment thereafter was a Decoration Day week-end run into the Catskills in 1921. The mileage was not great, but there were a broken fan belt, a puncture, a persistently breaking cylinder-head gasket, and a broken spring, so that when the party finally hobbled home a search was immediately begun for car No. 3.

This was a six-cylinder, 119-inch wheel-base touring car acquired on June 30, 1921, and run till March 13, 1925. A turn-in allowance of \$715 for No. 2 had been quickly accepted. Number 3 was driven 33,100 miles, at a total cost of 12.5 cents a mile, with very little trouble, and hence was a great satisfaction compared with its predecessor. It was purchased as a touring car, but later a 'California' top was put on for \$360, so that the total cost was \$2238.22. For the first time it was possible to have driving comfort in any kind of weather, but the makers of the California top were not long thereafter put out of business by the great improvements and reductions in selling prices which the automobile manufacturers made in closed bodies.

Gasoline was still expensive in those days, and this third car of ours gave only 12.1 miles per gallon during its history. The largest items were for pistons and rings, push rods, and crankshaft bearings, after three years of use. A storage battery lasted less than two years. Tire costs and total upkeep, however, had fallen markedly. After almost forty-five months of service it was decided to try out a much heavier closed car because a great deal of country driving was done on long trips, with all kinds of roads.

Car No. 4 had six cylinders and a 136-inch wheel base. I bought it on March 13, 1925 for \$3775, and kept it until February 21, 1927, during which time it was driven 19,614 miles. It was then

traded in toward a car of the same make and size with another type of body.

The depreciation cost of 10.6 cents per mile was very heavy because of the short period the car was kept. However, its actual operating costs were less than any of its predecessors, although the gasoline was heavier because we could average only ten miles per gallon. There was a lot of carbon cleaning and valve grinding. Large balloon tires were just coming in, and they were punctured frequently. Even so, the life of tires at that time was getting to be pretty good.

Our fifth car was an extravagance of which I was fully cognizant when No. 4 was turned in on April 16, 1927. No. 5 cost \$3800 complete. To make up for this large initial cost, it was run until May 9, 1932, a total of 47,580 miles.

As with No. 4, gasoline yielded ten miles per gallon. The first battery lasted only fourteen months, and there was considerable carbon trouble. One day when the car was parked on a grade, it got away, rolled down, and smashed a hydrant. The repair bill on the automobile was \$100. Neighborhood damage was many times that figure, but it was promptly taken care of by the insurance company, so there was renewed thankfulness for that protection.

While some parts of car No. 5 were not as good as they should have been for the price, on the whole it gave a great deal of satisfaction and comfort for a large amount of rough country driving. My chart will show that the operating cost was reasonable for a heavy car in the early '30's.

By May 9, 1932, there was plenty of disposition on the part of many of us to economize. There was also less need of taking long, hard country trips, and a very evident advantage in having a small, light car for town and local driving. What little value there was left in No. 5, therefore, — about \$100, — was turned in toward No. 6, which cost \$600 and was the only used car with which I have had experience. It had six cylin-

ders, was a good make and in good condition, with only about 3000 miles on the speedometer; and the record from May 9, 1932 to December 1, 1934 for 20,805 miles was gratifyingly economical.

The purchase of this car was abundantly justified by the realization of the anticipated saving of 10 cents a mile over its two predecessors. Car No. 6 was a free-wheeler, which added materially to gasoline mileage on long trips.

When December 1, 1934, came round, there was an opportunity to purchase a new car of the same make and much more desirable than No. 6, so it was acquired for \$804.45, including heater, and was immediately driven on a 3000-mile winter trip, with much snow and ice, at a total cash outlay of \$55.71, and this included garage expenses en route, a set of chains, and some other items beyond gasoline, oil, and grease.

This account was highly satisfactory for a new and exceedingly comfortable little car. Once again, however, the attractions of the annual Automobile Show proved irresistible and so car No. 8 came on the scene on December 23, 1936 (1937 model) and was still running strong, with 44,810 miles on the speedometer, when turned in on October 24, 1940. It was an eight-cylinder job with 122-inch wheel base, handled easier, rode better, and was in every way more satisfactory and serviceable than any car previously owned. The total cost in dollars for forty-six months of operation was \$2107.17, which figures up to 4.7 cents a mile and is the best record to date.

It should be noted here that cars Nos. 3, 6, and 7 were of the same make, and that this was true likewise of Nos. 4 and 5. The first two had four cylinders, the next five six cylinders, and the last one eight. Only two of the manufacturers of these cars are still of importance in the automobile field. They are the makers of Nos. 3, 6, 7, and 8.

A glance across my table is sufficient to show that depreciation is the most important single item of cost in automo-

bile ownership if the car is operated without a paid chauffeur. It is also obvious that the mileage charge for depreciation depends directly upon the number of miles driven and the original cost of the car. With car No. 1, depreciation was 27 per cent of the total cost. With car No. 4 — a high-priced car run a comparatively short time — depreciation was 63 per cent of the total, while with No. 6, the cheapest car of all, it was again 27 per cent. No. 8, however, costing considerably more, is overtaking No. 6 in this respect because of the much greater distance driven, although the original cost was \$397 more.

The items for repairs, upkeep, and accessories ranged from 4.7 cents per mile with No. 2 down to three quarters of a cent per mile in the last three cars in the list. This is overwhelming evidence of the vast improvement made in automobiles during the past decade. For the first ten years, oil was changed every 500 miles, as nearly as possible, and the car was greased just as frequently, even when it meant stopping by the roadside on a long trip, donning overalls carried under the back seat, crawling under the chassis with a grease gun, and prying spring leaves apart with a screw driver to squirt in lubricant. Now a service station does a perfect greasing job every 1000 miles for a dollar, and oil is changed less frequently, with an occasional quart added between times. Better oil and oil filters help. Storage batteries, once a substantial contributor to upkeep costs, now seem to last as long as the car, the only attention needed being a little water at greasing times. Carbon is cleaned out and valves ground but seldom these days, and new spark plugs are infrequent. Springs seldom break — good roads help here — and brake linings are no cause for worry.

The tire story is even more impressive, with a present mileage cost only one tenth that of twenty-five years ago. At that time a smooth, old-fashioned, high-pressure tire frequently gave no more

than 3000 miles of service, interspersed with numerous punctures and blowouts. Today tires run almost indefinitely, and tire trouble is chiefly an unpleasant memory. Car No. 8 came equipped with five six-ply tires of my own choice. After being driven 27,500 miles, four of these tires were traded in toward three new ones on general principles. The previous spare was put on with them and a worn tire relegated to the place of extra, where it was not disturbed for the succeeding 17,000 miles. The present tires show scarcely any signs of use.

Items such as insurance, licenses, and so forth, like depreciation, are affected by size and value of the car and distance driven, — chiefly the last, — so they come down steadily as mileage increases. Gasoline, on the other hand, is little affected in quantity by mileage. Prices per gallon are determined to quite an extent by taxing authorities, local, state, and national, who find the motorist an easy mark and hold him up for increasing millions of dollars. Better gasoline and better motors have offset rising prices per gallon, so that outlay per mile for fuel is less than in 1915.

Garage costs have been a fluctuating item, depending upon whether the car was kept in a public garage or at my own place of residence, in which case no charge was put down.

A truer comparison of the day-to-day, out-of-pocket cost in operating a car is obtained if we leave out the items of depreciation and garage charges and total the others which are unavoidable if a car is to be driven at all. This comparison, shown in the last line of the table, brings out perhaps most clearly of all the great reduction which has taken place in the expense of automobile operation in recent years. Today it costs only about 40 per cent of what it did twenty-five years ago — and that for a car incomparably better in every respect. But will my car of today seem just as out-of-date twenty-five years hence as my old beauty of 1915 seems to me now?

WALT DISNEY

BY PAUL HOLLISTER

I

THE city bakes in an amber coastal plain, shut off from the world by a horseshoe of mountain to the north, east, and south, and by an ocean to the westward. The city is not Hamelin, in Brunswick, but Los Angeles, U.S.A., amid its litter of tributary towns. Two of them, side by side, are Hollywood and Burbank, and between the two, from the floor of the plain, crops up a mountain made of ultramarine and olive. They call the mountain 'Lookout,' but it might be the Koppelberg Hill itself. . . .

Walt Disney's new studio, a jewel on the Burbank flat, has no apparent communication with the mountain, which stands so far away that its long afternoon shadows do not temper the 112-degree August heat. But it is near enough so that Mr. Disney could, within five minutes, attain the apron of the ridge, pass by sorcery through the sealed green door, and see how his Productions are proceeding underground.

For he is the Pied Piper of our time, perhaps of all time. *'I'm able,'* said Robert Browning's Piper, *'By means of a secret charm, to draw All creatures living beneath the sun, That creep or swim or fly or run, After me so as you never saw.'*

In his suave 'modern' office Walt wears a pied ensemble consisting of a tasty pair of wine-colored flannel trousers, a loose jacket to match, an oarsman's shirt of cotton, and moccasins. His eyes are dark, his height is, say, five-ten, his weight one hundred and fifty. This Kansas City newsboy has been charming

the children of all races and ages out of a melancholy world into a sanctuary-mountain fortified against all attack. But the Pied Piper of Burbank has only just begun.

His first studio was in a corner of a garage. His gleaming newest cost two million dollars, covers several hundred thousand square feet, is as severely gay as a World's Fair model, as immaculate as a hospital, and as functional as a research scientist's dream laboratory. Five years ago the little band of Disney faithful totaled 200 souls; today the payroll shows 1100. Until three years ago the studio had never made a long picture; today's schedule calls for three 'features' and twenty-six 'shorts' a year. That promises the final production of a serpent of celluloid 1900 miles long, of which each linear foot will consist of sixteen 'frames,' or individual pictures. These individual frames will be photographed from a single color drawing on a sheet of translucent celluloid, or from two, three, four, or five such drawings superimposed upon each other, and held before a fixed and opaque water-color drawing of the background of the scene. *Pinocchio*, for instance, required over half a million final drawings. And before each final single — or multiple — color drawing is ready for the camera it has been preceded by an incalculable number of preliminary sketches, moulding the characters, the situations, the action, the expression, to their final needle focus of perfection.

Walt'll be thirty-nine this winter. He was born in Chicago, with Irish, Canadian, German, and American blood in his veins. When he was nine he had a paper route in Kansas City; when he was sixteen he had a train-butcher job. He studied photography in McKinley High in Chicago, and he had always liked to draw. That's all you need to know to understand the man's plot. To be sure, when he was turned down as too young to enlist, he got to France at the wheel of an ambulance, but when he came home he went to drawing again — catalogue illustrations, and free-lance commercial drawings, and finally cartooning for a company that made comical lantern slides. The problem of animating the action of the characters on successive slides absorbed him. He beguiled a group of cartoonists to collaborate with him in making films of fairy tales; the group sold the film to a New York company; the company went broke.

Armed with forty dollars, a suit, a sweater, and his drawing tools, Walt landed in Hollywood in August of 1923 to visit his brother Roy. Roy had a few more dollars of working capital, so the brothers, in a garage, made and photographed enough drawings to add up to a complete short film. Walt took it to the chief Los Angeles motion-picture theatre for a trial projection. The house manager took some urging, but agreed to project it after hours. Disney went into the theatre to watch a regular cartoon film on the bill. Instead, he suddenly saw his own baby projected on the screen. He leapt from his seat, scuttled down the aisle, and announced to the rather frightened audience that the film on the screen was his own. That was his first public showing of the Disney Production. Today that theatre manager is his vice president and sales manager, for Walt has a memory like an elephant, and the loyalty of adhesive plaster. Today the Idaho girl who answered an advertisement for an assistant in the garage is the first and only Mrs. Walt Disney,

and the mother of his two daughters.

Cartooning or 'comic-stripping' in the American manner is very simple. All you do is to think up a character and then put it through the paces of three or four scenes, in your mind, just as a playwright takes his characters through three or four acts. Then you draw each scene in a simple pen-and-ink technique. If the action turns on words spoken by your characters, you draw a balloon with its string near the speaker and letter the words into the balloon. If your character is a familiar animal, so much the better, for animals are droll ('they look so much like humans'), animals are anonymous, and therefore out of reach of controversial prejudices ('everybody loves animals'), and animals are highly animate. So Walt drew *Oswald the Rabbit*. The basic method of cartoon animation of which *Oswald* was a crude example is the basic method of the highly polished product of 1940. The *Oswald* saga was popular. Disney wanted to expand, kept trying to prove to his distributor that he needed more working capital. The distributor declined to put up the money. 'If I cannot raise new money,' reasoned Disney, 'I'd better raise some new ideas.' So he simply created *Mickey Mouse*, just as you would create Niagara Falls, the Tehachapi Mountains, the Panama Canal, or the Hope Diamond.

And then, as the silent-screen titles used to say, came sound.

Overnight, when the first raw sound began to bark at you from your favorite movie screen, it became evident that you wouldn't long be interested in watching a silent mouse. *Plane Crazy* ('Mickey builds a plane, goes on an adventurous flight') was on release to the theatres; the little one-mouse-power factory was readying *Gallop-in' Gaucho* ('Take-off on Doug Fairbanks. Mickey rescues Minnie from Pete in Spanish locale'); a third film, *Steamboat Willie*, as mute as the other two, was ready to go — when sound 'arrived.' *Steamboat Willie* was yanked back into the plant, its story

torn apart, new sequences and new 'gags' were drawn in to show musical instruments, actual music to fit the instruments was recorded and patched into the film by a strange new device called a 'sound track' — and *Steamboat Willie*, delivered to the exhibitors on July 29, 1928, served notice that Walt thenceforth aimed to please not only the eye but the ear.

Today, after twelve years, this young man, who shyly professes his ignorance of classical music, has just made a two-and-one-half-hour picture, the body of which is a full-rigged classical orchestral concert by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony, and the *décor* of which is a pictorial fantasy on the screen contrived to interpret, animate, enrich, expand, and vitalize the music as music has never before come to life. It is called *Fantasia*, and it is a revolution. It projects Creation, for instance, with a little help from Stravinsky. Up round Disney's place it is only a stone's throw from *Steamboat Willie* to Leopold Stokowski, Deems Taylor, Ludwig van Beethoven, Johann Sebastian Bach, and Creation. Mickey's first sound voice in *Steamboat Willie* was Walt Disney's voice, and so it is as Mickey plays the Sorcerer's Apprentice in *Fantasia*, and so it has always been and, please God, may always be.

II

It would help solve international problems if you were to understand the process of making a modern animated cartoon.

Having decided upon a story to tell, you talk about it with your associates. If you cannot kindle them all with enthusiasm for its graphic possibilities, you choose only those who seem to share your hope. Luckily these people can draw, and in the course of infinite experiment on paper and by voice they evolve a great many 'sequences' of interesting pictorial action, and they show them to you, and first thing you know you see

before you tacked on the wall a series of sketches of the dramatic high spots of the story. If it is a pretty long story, too cumbersome for a single group of artists to digest, you choose four or five men as a 'story crew' and give them the first section of the story to sketch in further detail; to another crew you assign the second section. You have thus set twenty or twenty-five seasoned artists off prospecting along a single romantic trail. Each of your four or five crews, or scouting parties, keeps running to you at the head of the file to show you what new treasure it has unearthed. Each of the new sketches you tack in its proper place on a very long wall, and presently all the key pictures of the action of the story are in place before you, the characters are taking on the form of distinct personalities, and the picture has quietly gone into actual production.

Article I of the Disney constitution stipulates that every possible element of a picture shall be not a mere pictorial representation of the character or an element of scenery, but an individual, with clearly defined characteristics. Disney lieutenants have grown gray in the service repeating that Mickey is 'not a mouse, but a *person*.' So your story crew will psychoanalyze each character, and from each man's suggestion will evolve on paper a character with defined proportions and mannerisms. Before you set about drawing your semifinal story, therefore, you turn your characters over to your Model Department, where they not only make accurate portraits of the characters on paper, as a guide for the animators, but even model the characters in plaster so that they may incite the artists to the feeling of vitality that only a three-dimensional statue can give. You now understand why the shelves, the top of the grand piano in Walt's office, the top of the master's desk, and the window ledges hold a ceramic pageant of colored statuettes of kaffir warriors, pygmy pickaninnies, fauns; a noble portrait bust of

Neptune; a ballet figure in which the coryphées are not human beings, but hippopotami, ostriches, and crocodiles slightly under the influence of Degas and Helen Hokinson. You now understand why the files of the Model Department are packed high with photostats of sketch sheets each containing dozens of character notes on each personage in each picture: one such here before me outlines the personality of a baby rabbit, M-9-B, *Snow White* — a character of the utmost triviality in the action of that extravaganza — and on this sheet are forty-three sketches of that single obscure rabbit. With the help of the Disney Model Department a left-handed plumber could draw the Durbar and make it human.

If it is to be a picture to run ten minutes on the screen, you know that you will ultimately have to show the audience 14,400 pictures. If it is a picture to run one hundred minutes, as a feature picture often does, you need only make 144,000 final drawings.

Remember that (thanks to sound) your characters may talk, laugh, sing, sigh, grunt, whinny, and quack; that the trains you draw may rattle and howl and puff and click, that the teakettle on the hob may whistle. For as you can draw with paint and brush, so you can paint with sound. And remember, too, that just as most music stimulates eye responses in most human beings, so most pictures are enriched in the seeing by complementary sounds.

So first you make your music. Just compose it to the precise length you want your picture to play, and, on the staff paper you give your musicians to write on, paste the key sketches of your story, at the minute-and-second points at which they should occur. Your musicians will then write the notes. You now have your orchestra rehearse it, to make sure that it really illustrates the picture-story your drawings will presently tell, and when the score is finally shipshape you bid the musicians blow their best for

the final and imperishable recording of the music on the margin of a ribbon of film — a recording so narrow that to the naked eye the sound track looks like no more than a ruling made with a post-office pen on the wrong kind of paper — a shaggy line not more than one eighth of an inch wide at its loudest.

Since the characters in the story may talk and sing, and since the devices you draw may make characteristic noises, you bid appropriate voices speak lines, or sing, or talk animal-talk, before microphones. You have a secret society of sound-effect men who can make a thunderstorm sound, not as a thunderstorm does on a microphone, but as a Thunderstorm With Personality *should* sound. They will work all afternoon for a proper recording of the word 'Hello.' They won't tell you or anyone else how they achieve their sound effects; they are jealous as panthers. They will spend several hundred dollars to construct a three-foot metal fan operated by electricity so that a singer may chirp a ballad into a glass lamp chimney and thence into the whirling fan, in order that his song may be recorded with a certain querulous flutter. They will record all manner of synthetic sounds for you, and by replaying the music track on one phonograph, and the sound-effects track on another, both at once, and by fiddling with dials controlling each, you can blend the music and the talk so that each helps the other and makes a final master sound track.

Now some more drawings.

The first drawings will be made with black pencils on white paper. Our preliminary key sketch on the wall says that Mickey is wearing a centurion's helmet. Minnie, a scarf thrown over her shoulder as a Roman maiden, appears before him. He takes off his helmet. It must be a courtly gesture. On the screen it should use, say, the whole of ten seconds. You ought to know that you will need 240 drawings to get Mickey's helmet off his head and into the crook of his arm, in

the approved polite-centurion-with-his-helmet-off attitude.

So one of your lieutenants, known as a head animator, sets out to make the 240 drawings. He makes first, on a sheet of translucent paper, Drawing No. 1 (*Mickey with helmet on head*). Over Drawing No. 1 he places a fresh sheet of paper, so No. 1 drawing will show through the sheet. He then draws *Mickey-with-helmet-in-crook-of-elbow* — the final drawing of the sequence, which is therefore Drawing No. 240.

Next, he draws the action logical at what we may call the 'half mile,' then the 'quarter mile'; then he draws the 'three-quarter-post' action. He assigns each fractional series (1 to 60, 61 to 120, 121 to 180, and so on) to one of four assistants, and from his own start-and-finish guide drawings it is a simple matter for each assistant to produce his own series of final drawings. The 240 sketches are then assembled in sequence, given to the camera department, photographed in black-and-white only, one exposure to each drawing, to make a negative film ten seconds long.

If your name is Walt Disney, the animator team who have made this sequence will call your secretary, tell her they have something to show you. She says, 'I'll send him in.' She does. The animator threads his ten-second film into a miniature movie projector. You say, 'Let's see it,' and the 240 drawings, white-on-black now, and sketchy as can be, appear as motion-picture action on a small ground-glass panel.

If the assignment has been carried out with *élan*, the rest of the task is merely to do the 240 drawings all over again, in exquisite India-ink penmanship. These final black-and-white drawings will be sent to the inking division. There each will be copied by simple tracing, on a sheet of transparent and colorless celluloid. When the 240 drawings of this ten-second bit have been inspected for microscopic flaws, and passed, they will proceed to the coloring division, where

young women of steady hand will apply water colors to the areas on the celluloid.

The pigments are made in the Disney laboratory. They are issued to the painters in numbered and sealed and inspected china jars, each containing just enough paint to cover the specific task — not for parsimony so much as to ensure uniformity and permanence of color tone. The completion of the 240 'cels' in color indicates that you're not far from home with your picture.

But if the action has not been well drawn, or (which is more likely) if new ideas have darted in to make the action more effective as entertainment, back goes the assignment to the animators for resketching. If they go stale on it, the episode may go to a new animator group fresh to the problem. A story can go through miraculously from start to finish in a few weeks, or, which is more likely, it can be postponed for months and years while it is being reshaped. But not one of the two hundred odd films put into production and promised has ever been abandoned.

III

'Story conferences' obviously take place throughout the production of a Disney film, from the first consideration of the narrative to the final 'cels.' Let's eavesdrop a random story meeting which took place on Wednesday, December 14, 1938, from 2 to 4.30 p.m. in Music Room No. 1. The stenographic minutes record that there were present Walt, Ben, Ted, Bill, Paul, Webb, Woolie, Dick, Joe, and Steno. (Steno signs the minutes on page 8 merely 'irene.')

The subject is Sequence 10 of *Pinocchio*. On the first board, third row, is pinned a sketch, which is the focus of the discussion.

WALT. We can get a funny action on that big one — the Japanese spider-crab. All his legs don't work the same. Those legs all ought to be working like a piston in an automobile. One is up and the other is down. But it's got rhythm to it. Not too mechanical.

It should be a cycle. The minute you see it, it's funny.

JOE. I'd like to see the procession start right off. The anemone should start with a small shot at the feet and come right back.

WALT. We should have that first thing, and then a close-up of Pinocchio walking. Cut back; they all follow. Suggest them following, but don't show them gathered in the scene. Show them start to gather. He goes through more and more fish. In the close-up he goes by their eyes, and they follow. Then cut to a larger field and you see all these fish — then you've got the laugh. . . . I think it's all right.

JOE. I wish it was the feet and the rock. I would like to see a continuity of business of him being smart with the lobster and just complete the idea of the rock and the Cricket.

WALT. The part where he is riding the sea-horses is a spot I don't like. It gets a little rowdy. I feel that they have lost their purpose. Cut to Pinocchio; he begins to float up; the Cricket is trying to push the sea-horses off him. Leave the Cricket down there pushing the sea-horses. . . . You shouldn't show the fish until the Cricket pulls loose. It's a surprise. You know how a fish goes along: here comes something and he just opens his mouth and swallows it. Maybe the gill would open up there, and the Cricket comes swimming out. But he forgot his hat inside, so he puts the cane in there and swims out to beat hell. The Cricket would have to make some remark as he swam away from the fish. It would have to be a quick thing.

TED. The thought is 'If it isn't one thing, it's another!'

That is how pictures are thought out before they are animated, and while they are being animated. How they ever reach the stage of approval for final drawing and coloring is the mystery of Burbank and the despair of Disney's competitors, and the reason why Disney pictures draw audiences into theatres whether china dishes are being given away or not.

After the 'cels' are colored, the special-effects division seizes them and introduces shadows, and modelings, and pre-determined devices altogether too complex to explain here, so that the finished drawing may contain its maximum of

depth and harmony. Remember that the action of the character on this 'cel' may be played, in the final picture, against a second character, or group of characters, and that while you are making these 240 pictures of Mickey doffing his casque another animator team was making 240 more 'cels' showing Minnie bowing graciously to Mickey. A final 'scene,' one twenty-fourth of a second long, may consist, as it reaches the camera, of a 'setup' of as many as five or six 'cels' superimposed in a 'cel setup' upon a fixed background.

So your final ten-second series of 'cels' may really total from 240 to 1200. They will go to your particular cameraman in the Holy of Holies — the dust-proof, spy-proof, visitor-proof building which is an orderly catacomb of photographic dens, each the lair of a multiplane camera and its operator. Each scene will be 'shot' as a single frame of the endless serpent of Technicolor film which winds out of the Burbank Labyrinth and round and round the earth. But before it issues, remember, it must have a final wiggly pen-ruling traced along its margin — so the sound track is there recorded, to seal the perfectly timed triple alliance between Music, Sound, and Picture.

Picture sequences are elastic: you can make as many drawings or as few as you like to depict a given scene, but you cannot squeeze or stretch a recorded sound track. That is why you completed the sound first and drew the pictures later to fit the sound. To be sure, you had to have a clear conception at the start of precisely what music would best fit your story, but if you are Walt Disney, or one of his musical geniuses, that wasn't really a problem. Walt has no musical training and perfect musical appreciation. His musical director is a prodigy of musical expertness, and his ear goes to an error in recording as unerringly as a wet spaniel puppy goes to a light and costly Aubusson rug.

IV

The only extant record of the pictures Walt has made since *Steamboat Willie* lies here on the desk, and shows that over two hundred shorts and two long features have spun down the twelve years. Let's transcribe from that record a random outline of the plots of the early shorts, for in them you will see a strain of what makes Disney pictures:—

A battle between Mickey and his mice gang [*sic*] and a bunch of cats

Duck revue. Pig sings opera and Mickey sings and dances on piano

Mickey as a train engineer

Mickey plays organ to skeleton's dance

Mickey at beach—saves Minnie from drowning

Auto gags—insects and animals steal picnic lunch

Covered-wagon type of story—western locale

Mickey as taxi-driver

Mickey goes fishing with Pluto

Spring cleaning—gags with Pluto and lawn mower

Hunting—Mickey flying with ducks

Burlesque on athletic events. Bicycle race

Explorer—Mickey with the cannibals—musical ending

Mickey operates steam shovel. Minnie sells box lunches. Chase through steel building. Pete in funny riveter gag

Mickey as a cellist—sells Pluto to raise money for poor family—Christmas

And so on. Chivalry, the chase, a fool dog; gentle, keen, amiable satire of current tastes, of new books, new pictures, new inventions; sympathetic refraction of the minor ills that beset us all; heroism, an unwavering confidence in the ability of machinery to do anything at any time, right or wrong, which probably should be called gadgetry—these are disclosed by the record as a few of the blocks on which the Disney legend grew at the rate of 16 patient pictures a foot, 5280 feet to the mile. And under it all you hear the roll of a surf of laughter—the laughter of little children and very

old men and women, the cleansing, tearful, roaring belly-laugh that remains one of civilization's last claims on immortality.

The growth of the Disney project was pretty helter-skelter. From time to time actors who sing or who make other noises appear for an audition at the plant by the Koppelberg Hill. Years ago a Chautauqua ventriloquist, imitating animals in the playgrounds of public schools on behalf of a local milk company, came to the studio to offer his services. One of his exclusive specialties, performed by pursing his cheek, and by talking very fast in his throat as if he had a larynx full of hot golf balls, was an imitation of a little girl reciting 'Mary Had a Little Lamb.' Disney listened, mildly interested, and remarked, 'Sounds like a damn duck.' A year later, in need of a new character who might serve as salty foil to the gallantry of Mickey, Walt conceived the notion of introducing a hard-boiled, self-reliant, short-tempered and unquenchable duck into a picture called *The Wise Little Hen*. 'Where's that guy that did "Mary's Little Lamb" like a duck last year?' he asked. The ventriloquist's name popped out of the casting file, and overnight the civilized world surrendered to Donald Duck. Walt forgets nothing except the unimportant, irrelevant, and unpleasant. Ruthless self-criticism, manic ingenuity, and precisionism are the assets no other animated-film team has been able to match. It is trite but true that each new film represented new and hard-earned technical victories and was the best the camp could make, but it was admittedly only a step to the next picture, which would be better—'or else.'

As color multiplied graphic opportunities, so it multiplied problems. Every black-and-white sketch is susceptible of a thousand, ten thousand, interpretations in color. When Mickey's familiar short pants first appeared in color, *what color* should they appear in? Of such grave issues are major crises born in

Burbank, for in pictures, as in life, it is dangerous to swap trousers in the middle of a reputation.

Wholly aside from the solemn dictum of publicity policy which declares that 'there is no one in the company except Walt,' there are, as a matter of workaday fact, no surnames on the lot. The day after Deems Taylor started work on *Fantasia* in an office not far from Walt's Corridor, he wanted to consult Walt about several little matters. 'This,' said he timidly to the operator when he picked up the telephone, 'is Mr. Taylor. Could I speak to Mr. Disney's secretary, please?' 'I'll call you right back, Deems,' said the operator; 'her line is busy now.' Walt's secretary presently told him that Walt was tied up, and asked what he wanted. Oh, said Mr. Taylor, he would like to catch a moment of Mr. Disney's time when he was free. 'Okay,' she replied; 'the minute he comes back I'll send him in.' An hour later Walt came into the Taylor den, eased himself on to a corner of the Taylor desk, and said, 'Well, Deems. How's it going? Want me?'

Leopold Stokowski held out for a while, but became 'Stokie' to one and all. He even signed his photographs 'Stoki.' "'Stokie" would have to leave that *e* off,' said Vern. (Vern hires the 650 artists.)

The telephone rings in the immaculate sweatbox where a film is being run. Janet answers: 'Oh, yeah — Herb. I'm in 1-B-9. Say, could you find out where Lorette is? . . . Lorette, is Al going to be free about 4.40? Swell, thanks a lot.' A voice from the wall cracks over a speaker: 'Say, Janet, what account do we charge this projection to?' 'Oh, publicity, I guess, Eddie — thanks.' 'Thanks very much,' says Eddie.

At the office door of each of the inmates is a small card prettily lettered with the names of the occupants. One cubicle contains a certain two who have been a happy and facile working team for a long time. The card says: —

CARL SMITH
vs.
BOB JOHNSON

Another office is the fortress of five young artists. The card outside reads:

ERROL WALTZINGER
ERROL SHANAHAN
ERROL PRIEST
ERROL FLETSCH
ERROL PERKINS

On a desk in another office, in the manner of a Big Executive, is a name in 84-point type; instead of being on a detached fixture, this name is cut from a newspaper, and is pasted on the edge of the desk. The name is HEDY LAMARR, but the LAMARR is blue-penciled out. On the studio door of a talented Japanese artist whose name is Gyo is lettered: steGYOsaurus.

The waitresses in the cafeterias (of which there are roughly five on the premises) wear agreeable and washable uniforms like every other waitress's uniform except that on their left collar tabs are embroidered their given names. You may eat today with the ministrations of Margaret, but tomorrow, like as not, you will be attended by Lucille, Marie, or (so help me) Hebe.

Gertrude Stein has pointed out that familiarity, far from breeding contempt, usually breeds the opposite. Every so often Disney gets tough. When he found out that an undue number of people were arriving too late in the forenoon, and leaving too early, he issued an Ultimatum. With no regard for multi-graphing costs he circulated a Sermon on Tardiness. He pointed out its devitalizing effects. He put himself, as he cannot help doing, into the boots of the ten-o'clock scholars, and dramatized the reasons why they had probably been late. He whipped himself up to a first-rate pitch of stern plausibility, approached his grim climax, and rammed home his point by stating, 'Those who can't find time to do your errands before or after work, why not ask your wife to do them?' Dreadful punitive measures

were implied if Matters were not Corrected. Such drastic measures would probably have taken the form of, say, closing the men's clubroom, free massage parlor, and squash court for a half day.

Punitive measures are not often necessary. One group of animators, envying a brother who was making an early sneak in the afternoon, crossed the wiring of his motorcar so that when he turned on the ignition a series of smart internal explosions, borrowed from the sound-effects department, would ensue, and clouds of black smoke would utter from the louvers. When he slid away from his drawing table about four that afternoon and climbed into his car, a noble bombardment drew every Disney employee on that side of the plant to the windows, cheering. He stayed long after fifty-three trying to find out what was wrong with the car, and he came in at eighty-three next morning. It was recently found necessary to turn out certain lights in the evening, and stop cafeteria service, in order to persuade certain of the brethren to go home from work.

Since celluloid film will burn, and though the new plant is fireproof, the chief engineer recently took it upon himself to lecture a group of staff heads on fire protection. One artist, chided because he had not been at the meeting, scoffed at his dutiful colleagues. 'I should take,' he said, 'a boy-scout lecture on not rubbing sticks together.' 'Wait a minute,' said one who had been present. 'Wait — a — *minute*. Twenty bucks a month extra, just for doing fire-alert inspection twice a day. Is that so hard to take, twenty bucks, now?' 'Whaddye mean, twenty bucks? Twenty bucks for what?' 'Listen — for just stepping outside your office twice a day into the main corridor, and looking both ways, for fire — see? And if there is a fire you report it, and if there is no fire you go back. Not so hard to take, for twenty bucks extra.' The absentee agreed that twenty bucks was not hay. 'But you got to have the examination,

that's all,' went on his adviser. 'You just go down to the main Burbank fire station, and the firemen give you the exam, and you pay five bucks for your certificate, and then you're in.'

Down to the main fire station went the applicant. The city firemen, apprised by telephone of their opportunity, stripped him, put a helmet on his head, a gas mask on his face, and boots on his nakedness, slid him many times down the brass pole. They thumped and measured him, blew smoke in his face, probed his heredity, borrowed his cigarettes, congratulated him, accepted his five dollars, and gave him a certificate. He came back to the Castle Disney proud as a crusader with a paynim scalp. The boys welcomed him to their brotherhood, and after a while they told him all, and paid him back his five dollars. The fire risk is negligible today, but the fire consciousness is pretty well developed.

Here is probably the only factory on earth where practical jokes are a part of the production line. It is inevitable that several hundred men whose lifework it is to produce humorous catastrophes in picture should try a few out on each other.

V

The Disney library contains all the durable children's stories ever told. It also contains five hundred joke books and bound files of the notable humorous publications. It contains a battery of steel filing cabinets which hold a million and a half typed and classified jokes, each legally ascribed to the source from which it was set down. There are 124 classifications of such jokes, and each has from five to twenty subclassifications. A locked case protects first editions of Joe Miller, Alice, and the other important greats in the area of activity of Walt and His Friends. Along one wall is a steel file of sixteen solid cabinets of cartoon jokes, labeled 'Inventions, Mountains, Costume, Mummies, Tunnels, Panthers, Astronomy, Liar, House-

hold, Moderne, Local, Military, Party, Climate, Crime, Organizations, People, Radio, Real Estate, Scandal, Science, Sports, Fish Holidays, Art, Birth, Anatomy, Appearance, Baby, Ailments, and Dumb Dames.' The library also boasts complete scrapbooks of the original key sketches and plots of all Disney pictures, and a lavish collection of old Sears, Roebuck catalogues.

Under the influence of such a source of inspiration, a man can never be sure, in a certain studio, that when he goes for a drink of water in the morning he will not find a school of pretty goldfish swimming about in the cooler. Word came to Walt one day that the boys in 4-B-16 had been developing a new character that they'd like to have him see. 'Swell,' said Walt. 'I'll come right down.' They had gone to great pains, they said, to work up this unusual character, and to photograph a sequence of unusual animation for it. 'Fine,' said Walt. 'That's the stuff. Could a fellow have a peek?' They turned the sketch film on the screen, and the new character they had worked up for Walt proved to be his old friend Popeye the Sailor — perhaps the most popular animated character not made by Disney at all — and incidentally a character Walt loves.

Where do these people come from? They are not graduates of schools of business administration, or of advanced courses in motion-picture production. Some of the older heads are alumni of other animated-cartoon companies. The average age on the lot is not more than twenty-six or twenty-seven. Joe (and that is not his name), whom you might describe as chief technical engineer and who is festooned with academy awards for engineering triumphs, never had any technical training and never got beyond high school. The chief of the staff of guides is a youth just out of U. C. L. A. who did a good deal of writing and acting in college, and who knows he got 'a great break to get in here,' where there is no market for actors on the hoof. The 650

artists, who are the backbone of the establishment (if you don't let the sound-effect men hear you, or the musicians, the photographers, chemists, engineers, story department, traffic, color mixers, or air conditioners), come from wherever artists come from: from the art schools, from free-lancing, from the pages of magazines and books, from advertising agencies and commercial art agencies, and from half-a-dozen other nations as well as most of the States.

On the floor of a lumber room Gyo points to a pile of sketches and wants to know whether you saw Kay Neilson's atmosphere drawings; on the wall is a Tenggren color sketch for the interior of the Dwarf's house in *Snow White*. The preserve is knee-deep in masterpieces. Disney goes after top men in their specialties: he'll be after Picasso, Grant Wood, and Ung any day now. One of the best volunteer 'gag' men is Alois, the Swiss gardener, who gives special coddling to the petunias under the open windows of the story department, for there he can eavesdrop, and into the problem of the story men he can inject a suggestion for a 'twist,' an 'angle,' or a gag suitable for special reward. He has won many such. His petunias are lush and brilliant, and those under the windows of the story department are the best. Two messenger boys thought up a Pluto short, and Walt put it into production.

To choose the 650 Disney artists, to regiment them without freezing their graphic muscles, to condition them in the shalls and shall-nots of the local rendering, to inspire them and above all to make them grow, is probably the nicest responsibility in the whole show. 'Ducks I don't like, I do not,' says Emil, a grade-A animator. 'Ducks I got no patience with.' The fact is that this man can draw a magnificent duck. But Emil likes, he says, 'to futz around with big characters,' so it is Emil who created *Stromboli*, and *The Giant*; it is Emil who created for *Fantasia* a devil who will

scare the whey out of you; it is Emil who created in *Pinocchio* the Whale to end whales. There are Duck Men and Mouse Men. Top Duck Men or Mouse Men wouldn't 'feel' Emil's characters.

Some artists have innate (probably optical) preferences for small, tidy, tight characters, like beetles and chipmunks. Some run to decorative miniatures. Some prefer long, limp, loose contrivances like Pluto. To discover in each artist the caprice he best likes to draw, then to harness that specialty, is just one more example of Walt's determination to use the best available person for every task, even if he has to make that person the best. One man likes pretty girls, reels them off by the mile, and gets miles of them to reel off; another thinks they're stupid. An artist especially expert in facial contortions wails: 'They always give me the Inner Struggles to do.' Another specializes in milkweed-down fairies.

Newcomers are put to school to learn the types of drawing, both as to *Geist* and as to specific application of lines and colors, which will evolve into the final celluloid. There are free night drawing classes for all who want to enroll, under competent instruction. New work by representative 'academic' painters and draftsmen of other sorts marches through the gallery in a constant series of well-attended exhibitions. At noon hour, in the theatre on the lot, a special program of motion pictures runs for thirty minutes. It may be a recent release from a live-action studio, an unusual sequence of exploration pictures of the private life of the Kodiak bear, the Florida alligator, the South African dik-dik, or the training of the Arabian saddle horse; it may be a good corny comedy from the full-life studios over the Koppelberg Hill, or a newsreel of skiing or surf-riding or the explosion of an atom; it is chosen because it is relevant somewhere to what the studio is currently producing.

Your correspondent walks on eggs for

fear of accenting one division at the expense of another. It has been made clear that the graphic artist and his business of producing drawings for photography are the function without which there would be no Disney Productions. And yet one of the soberest analysts on the lot, who by virtue of his traffic-control job might be called Head Dispatcher, says that the supreme value of the Disney enterprise lies in the story department, and the supreme value in the story department is a man named Walt Disney. The story department, of course, consists not only of men of words, but of men who can translate words into picture action — artists who can tell stories as well as storytellers who can draw. For these men, battalioned into their four 'units,' exist the service departments: (1) the division which 'inks and paints'; (2) the division which adds 'special effects' to the pictures; (3) the division which takes the photographs of the final drawings; (4) the division which develops and prints and cuts the film; (5) the division which provides the sound, both musical and otherwise; and (6) the housekeeping divisions which provide clean air (no air is used twice, on Walt's order), empty wastebaskets, and look out for fire in corridors.

Somebody has made a successful effort not to festoon the place with the lambrequins and trappings of business pomposity. Walt is the president. Roy is the executive vice president. The rest of the official titles you can put in Mickey's eye. 'We've made a real effort to cut every possible bit of red tape,' says the head of the red-tape division. The Chief Red-Tapir keeps lucid and intimate charts of the status of production of each picture. His charts show the number of film feet which the people and their methods, machines, and chemicals are able and expected to produce, and the performance against those quotas, and cousin charts sum up the hopes and deeds of the service divisions. But the Troupe Disney as a whole regards Herb's charts

as the funniest pictorial treasure in the gallery — perhaps because they are so eloquent with no animation. Herb himself is a little shy about them.

VI

Walt is the spark plug of production. No story starts toward a picture until Walt has bought it or invented it, shaped it, tried it out, and given it a push. The General Production unit is therefore responsible to Walt for getting the picture made. The utmost responsibility for efficient use of the myriad special talents thus rests upon the central casting bureau, which assigns men, squads and companies of men, to the given task which forms a fraction of the whole picture. Through the production pattern of every picture Walt threads in and out like a guiding outline. Having done single-handed, at one time or another, nearly everything that is being done in the studio, and having designed every functional fraction of the plant, Walt knives into the most minute step of the most microscopic element in an effort to help, help, help. 'He knows every detail of every process in the place,' they say. 'Don't look to me for the answers,' he warns; 'all I want you to use me for is approval.'

To the unending daily encounters with his people he brings not only the stimulus of working with a likable enthusiast, but uncanny accuracy. 'He can top a gag like nobody else,' says one, topping a gag being a certain divine ability to twist and sharpen a point so that its direction and timing pierce the human heart. Strangely, having The Boss bust in doesn't make for shoddy politics. 'We have our apple polishers,' says never-mind-who, 'but with Walt and Roy there is no politics net.' When a boy or girl who just hasn't made the grade is recommended to Walt for dismissal, Walt is more than likely to maintain that the suspect hasn't been used right; often his recommendation for differ-

ent work for the suspect proves successful, salvages a job. 'That son of a gun can see good in a person when ninety per cent of the rest of the people can't.'

When Walt laughs, he laughs inside; he doesn't buckle walls, as Benchley (the Reluctant Dragon Benchley) does. In a rebuke Walt leaves no doubt: 'You just don't get the *angle*,' he declares. His scoldings are often loud and clear, and then he is contrite and says, 'I was just excited. When I am excited, I get loud. Getting loud when I am excited is just my nature. I just can't help it.' 'We have never found Walt's judgment lacking,' his playmates say; 'wouldn't we be foolish not to use it all we can?' 'The only employee that's against Walt is the electric elevator,' they say. The staff voted not to unionize.

Among the other reasons why people like to work for Disney is money. The average pay is higher than the average in any other Hollywood studio. (We are now talking studios, and not star salaries.) It is a reasonable guess that none but the extreme peaks at the top of the enterprise draw more than three hundred dollars a week, and a certainty that the least-paid draw more than is paid for like work elsewhere. The employment mortality rate is strikingly low. Disney needs to spend no nights lying awake worrying about star salaries, for Disney's stars are in his head, and in his eyes, and in the eyes and minds of 1100 people on the lot, and that saves him a lot of time to dream about new stars at night. Most of the profit the company has made has gone back into the business. The \$1,500,000 borrowed to make *Snow White* was repaid within three months after *Snow White* reached the screen.

But of the elements that make for personal economic security, and relating to money, three systems sustain a high tempo of ambition and provide its outlets. One is a system of rewards for suggestions, which may range all the way from a routine matter of conveying paper from one side of the desk to the

other (the basis of all American office organization) to a suggestion for a new method of changing a typewriter ribbon under water, suitable for animation. The suggestion system holds open house every working day. And it pays off.

The second system bases on the principle of bonuses customarily paid to contractors who complete their work, above standard, under the allotted time. Production units who make a picture better and faster for less than the budget share in the savings they make.

The third system is the familiar 'periodic salary review' common to enlightened business, except that in the Disney plant it is not periodic but constant: the man set to each task is recorded for his excellence in quality, quantity, and 'savvy,' and his status is automatically improved. 'There are more jobs to be done perfectly here than there are people to do 'em perfectly, so when they do 'em perfectly they get more dough.' It works.

'Why do people work here? And that means you,' your correspondent said to a responsible individual in the scheme. He tousled his hair, scowled hard into his coke to aid thinking, and answered: 'You know, you and I have seen some outfits that *had* it. They had *something*. The thing here is like that — you know, you can't help feeling that you're going to grab that goddam Holy Grail. That sounds terrible. I just can't express it exactly.'

'Where are you going to be ten years from now?' was asked of Walt. 'Going along, I guess,' he replied. 'Doing the same sort of thing, only I hope it won't be — and I know it will be better.' Pause. 'Or else,' he added.

'What are you doing about the war?' was asked of a story man. 'Trying to do our daily job as well as we can,' he said. 'When the foreign market was cut off we stepped up production for the countries that haven't gone crazy. If the government comes along and asks us to make propaganda films, okay, we'll make prop-

aganda films. Glad to. So far there's only one man from Washington been out here, but he was from the Army, and he wanted to see something about the cameras, or something. . . . Look, Gyo, the more I think about that question of whether the music strip for the *Fantasia* book can run across each two pages in a tint block or a half-tone screen, the less I like the screen idea. Let's see if we can't . . .'

Let's see if we can't . . .

Let's see if we can't build a skyscraper of vitamins. Let's see if we can't have a dogfight of butterflies in the interest of peace on earth. Let's have a conference of cattails and platypuses and bright new false teeth. Let's get into an oyster and be a pearl, to dominate the diadem of the beautiful and tender Princess Caroline Elizabeth, who wears a hibiscus over one ear, and who is rescued by a prince named Gus, who is a centaur — a zebra centaur, and none of your black-and-white zebras, but an orange-and-black Princeton-Freshman zebra. Let's go play badminton in a seven-billion-dollar sound-recording chamber. Let's, by all means, have a rescue — and a chase. Let's have a chase in which Stokowski chases Koussevitzky, who chases Barbirolli, who chases President Angell, who chases Einstein, who chases Mickey Mouse. Let's have a rescue in which Donald sues the Secretary of the Interior for infringement of personality (Walt will kill this because it is too topical to be clear in Peru, and too political to be decent). Let's see if we can't turn music and science and sculpture and painting and writing upside down and shake them out and reassemble the pieces in a fashion which might make people sit still for ten minutes and giggle and weep, instead of bombing schools. If we could only get enough people to do that, multiplied by ten minutes, just think what Herb could do with his charts! The whole thing is simply a matter of production. The new plant can take it.

Let's see if we can't . . .

LAYLOCKS

BY RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

'THAT's a fine job of spring ploughing, Nathan,' I heard Father say. 'I don't know when I've seen a better one.'

Mr. Hardy said, 'Glad you liked it; nice piece of land to plough. That nigh horse, he's kind of collar-shy. Shouldn't never be drove hard nor spoken to rough. Needs to be kind of eased along. Goes good, once he leans to it.'

Father said, 'Come in and sit down, Nathan. I've got some russet cider that's just about prime—but don't drink a gallon of it. It might surprise you. I've some chores to tend to. Jackie,' he said to me, 'go down cellar and get Mr. Hardy some cider. You know those big old pewter mugs. Take one of them and fill it from the barrel under the stairs. There's buttermilk there, too, in a stone crock—you can have some of that if you want it.'

Mr. Hardy wiped his lip thoughtfully. 'Mighty good cidy,' he said; 'cool and tasty and strong, per dram, as a hummingbird's wings. I won't drink no gallon of *this* cidy after a day's ploughin'. Wouldn't get home on my own legs—and that, considerin' my age and disabilities, might be a downright scandal. But I might take another quart if you'd step and fetch it for me.'

I did so, removing a slight moustache of buttermilk from my own upper lip as I handed him the tankard. 'We had pewter mugs like these,' he said, 'but Pa and his brothers melted most of them down for bullets. Pa was a good shot after squirrels. What you been doin', son, lately?' he asked politely.

I said, 'Well, I've been in school all year, Mr. Hardy. I've been reading and studying history in school.'

'Now readin' is a queer thing,' said Mr. Hardy. 'You read easy?' he asked.

I said, 'Why, yes, if it's interesting, what I'm reading.'

He said, 'I always read hard and slow when I was young. Guess I'd read that way now if it hadn't bin for that man from Maine—Sixth Heavy Artillery, I think it was—who got that sore toe.'

'Sore toe?' I asked, and sat down to listen.

'Aayess. In Andersonville.'

'You mean the prison?' I asked—for, considering my stature as a pitcher, I had large ears.

'Andersonville prison, thet's right. An' a dreadful mean prison it was. I got took there after the Wilderness, near Spottsylvania, after that fightin' at the place they called the Bloody Angle.'

'Why did they call it that?' I interrupted.

'Why? Because it was an angle and it was bloody—I guess about the bloodiest angle in the War. Son,' he said, turning to me and lifting his hand, 'if you see one of these-here professional heroes clamoring for more pension, just ask him, "Was you at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania?" and if he says, "No, but I was at Bermuda Hundred," then you can walk away. But if he says "Yes," then ask him if he remembers the Bloody Angle, and if he says "Yes," then ask him which time of day he was on our

side of it — and if he answers right, give him your coat and shirt and the hand of the princess, your daughter, in marriage.’

I laughed and curled up in my chair. ‘I haven’t got a daughter,’ I said.

‘No, you hain’t. But maybe you will have some day. And if you do, save her for one of them boys from the Bloody Angle, if there’s any left then. It was a terrible place and we was all crazy, we and the Rebels. I guess we was kind of like wild beasts, for we *wouldn’t* go back, neither side. Someone hit me with a rifle, I guess, and I was took prisoner there, and that’s how I got to Andersonville and met this man from Maine. Preble, was he, or Drisko? I disremember. That had the sore toe.’

‘Was he wounded in the toe?’ I asked, for I had heard about wounds.

‘No, he wa’n’t wounded. He just got a sore toe in Andersonville. You see,’ he explained patiently, ‘if you got anything like a sore toe in Andersonville, chances was you died. It was onhealthy there. Now me, I was shot in the arm by a minny ball at the Angle, and then this Rebel hit me so I was onconscious and didn’t know nothin’ till I woke up in a wagon, and then I didn’t have no shoes — the Rebels was boot-and-shoe hungry. But this man from Maine had fit and struggled after he was took and he kept one shoe, on his left foot, he said. So when I got to know him, we bein’ in the same hole in the ground, he had been trompin’ around for days with one shoe on, and that ain’t good for no one. You must have two shoes or none at all. I got along best I could with none, but this man Drisko, or Preble, he took pride in havin’ one shoe and boasted about it. An’ he tromped all over that prison sayin’ that he was a fightin’ man and never lost both his shoes. But when I met him he was limpin’ bad, and he kep’ sayin’, “I’ve got an awful sore toe.” Big toe on his right foot it was. And it was sore, too — big as two toes. He tried wrappin’ it up, but that didn’t do

no good, and after while he took sick and got to moanin’. “If I had a knife,” he’d say, “I could cut that toe off and I’d be all right. If I could only get me a knife. Ain’t none of you boys got a knife hid away somewheres? I could cut this toe off if I could find me a knife. Ain’t they no one in all this camp got a knife? I got a sore toe and I gotta cut it off” — like that.

‘It got to be real tiresome, listenin’ to him. So we others went around askin’, and after a day or so we found a man who said he could get us a knife if we made it worth his while. We didn’t have nothin’ to make it worth his while with, except this Maine man had a New Testament his Ma gave him. So we took that and swapped it for the knife, and I made a private deal with this man that when we was through with the knife I would trade it back to him for half the New Testament. Knives and readin’ matter was both valuable, and so he would get his knife back *and* the Gospels, and I keep the Epistles for my pains. Well, when we got back with the knife, we seen it was no use cuttin’ off his toe. His whole foot was bad and it needed amputatin’ above the ankle, and we didn’t have no saw to do that with and we was stumped. Finely a little runt from Minnesota, he learned about it and he said he knew a man — wouldn’t tell us who it was — who’d made a saw out of a piece of wagon tire he’d found; said he was goin’ to escape with it. So I went back to the man who had the knife and I tore Revelations out of my part, in spite of his complaints, and I give it to the man from Minnesota and — to make a long story short — he come back with the saw.

‘All this took a lot of time — days, maybe. I don’t remember. The prison ground was big and we was all puny, some bein’ wounded and all of us near starved and needin’ water. It took a long time to find these men and tryin’ to keep this Maine man fed and comfortable as could be. You had to stand in

line for rations which wa'n't fit to eat, and they was many of us couldn't stand long. I was like that. Kep' fallin' down. And all this tradin' made me mad, but I didn't have strength enough to fight. They was some good and generous men, but most was mean and hagglin' — tryin' too hard to live, and bribin' their way from day to day. Sometimes I was real disgusted and sometimes I was proud of our people. But after while I got the saw and I had the knife already and two-three of us crawled in the hole where this Maine man was and laid him down and took the pants off him. He kep' saying, "I got an awful sore toe." He'd said that so much that's why I remember him — except his name. Preble, or Drisko — maybe he was Drisko Preble, or Preble Drisko — kind of pesters me not to remember how he was called.

'Well, when we took a look at him with his pants off we knew it was no use. The gangrene was way up his leg, and with just a knife and a dull saw we'd have butchered him tryin' to help him. So I looked at the others and they looked at me and I said, "Ain't nothin' we can do, brother, except help you take it easy. We can't cut and saw you up now."

'He said, "I got a sore toe. I got an awful sore toe."

'I said, "Wake up! Come to! What you want to do?" We took him and shook him and after a while he kind of come to and asked questions. We told him how things was and he asked us for his Testament. We told him we had had to trade it for a knife and a saw to cut his foot off. He said, "You give me that knife. I got an awful sore toe." So I gave him the knife and we went out.

'Next day I took the knife before we buried him in his hole and I swapped it back for the Epistles. I had a kind of argument with the man who had the Testament, but I had the knife and he only had the Testament, so I took back

the Epistles to where we was, the few of us who had kind of taken care of this man from Maine. And that's when I learned to read real good and easy. We used to take turns, but I kep' my hands on the Epistles and I read them aloud and to myself until I knew every word by heart and I could look at a printed page and read the whole of it easy, without spellin' a word.'

Mr. Hardy finished his drink and sighed. 'I talked too much,' he said, 'and told you things you didn't ought to know. But you got me started talkin' about readin' and history. Now readin' is a queer thing. You look at black marks on white paper and sudden you begin to howl like a hound dog in front of a full moon. And I swan I don't know why. Take me. I'd never cried once in my life. After I was exchanged out of Andersonville and left the hospital I got well and began to feel good, and I was able to march with what was left of our regiment in the review at Washington. You know Old Abe was dead and the war was over, and some of the boys was cryin' as we marched and some was laughin' and a lot was drunk, but I just stomped along, — "Hay foot, straw foot, belly full of bean soup," — not feeling anything, just not havin' any feelings at all. Seemed like at that time I'd been through everything. Everything. I'd known battle, wounds, prison; my family was dead and my Captain and my friends, so I just stomped along in that parade sayin' to myself, "What of it?" And I went home at last and was mustered out and turned in my rifle and accoutrements. And everyone was real nice to me and I didn't feel nothing at all. Seemed I didn't have nothing left to feel with.

'Then, one day in the spring I was on the cars goin' to Worcester, where I was told there was work to be had. It was a fine day, all the apple trees in bloom and the laylocks, and I remembered it was so the day we was mustered in at Pom-

fret — seemed like the orchards never bloomed the way they did that year, and the little girls put laylocks in the barrels of our muskets. And I remembered that and how it smelled and the cheerin' while I was on this train goin' to Worcester to look for work. I must have seemed kind of thoughtful, for a woman spoke to me — a real nice woman she was — and said, "Soldier, have you read this? I think it's beautiful." I don't know how she knew I'd been a soldier. Perhaps I had on some old uniform clothes or maybe I limped a little, but she handed me a book or a magazine, I don't know which, but I do know what the type looked like, and I read: —

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BURIAL HYMN

"When laylocks" — he spelt it wrong, but I knew what he meant — "When laylocks last in the dooryard bloomed . . ." Just those few words jumpin' at me from the page, and first thing I knew, or maybe didn't know, I was standin' in the aisle with my hands over my eyes and screaming, — so they said to me

afterwards, — "Oh, Jesus Christ, what have they done to me! Oh God, what have we done! 'When laylocks last in the dooryard bloomed'" — and I kep' cryin' all the way to the hospital they took me to. I was sick there a long time, just from readin' them few words. And no one answered my questions.'

After a while Corporal Hardy rose with some difficulty and said, 'I have talked too much and I have talked foolish. Tell your Pa his cidy was too good for a tired man, but I thank him kindly for it. You forget what I told you, son,' and he went his way.

A little later Father came in. 'What did Nathan have to say?' he asked me.

I said, 'He told me about a man in Andersonville who had a sore toe and something about a poem he read in a train, but he got kind of excited telling about that.'

'What sort of a poem?' Father asked.

'I don't know, but it began, "When laylocks last in the dooryard bloomed."'

Father said, 'Not laylocks. Lilacs.'

FOR ATLANTIC READERS AND WRITERS

THE *Atlantic Monthly*, in association with the American Institute of Architects, will award a prize of \$1000 to the author of the best essay on 'The Fine Arts in America.' A second prize of \$500 will be awarded to the runner-up. Manuscripts intended for the prize should be not more than 5000 or less than 2000 words in length; they must be submitted to the *Atlantic Monthly* on or before April 1, 1941. The judges reserve the right to reject any or all of the manuscripts, but it is their hope that the prize-winning paper will be available for publication in the June issue.

These awards have been made possible thanks to the generosity of the Waid Education Fund of the American Institute of Architects.

If you have definite and constructive ideas about the place of the fine arts in America today, *now* is your time to speak out. Detailed announcements will be sent on request to those who are interested.

A PROPOSAL FOR ACTION IN THE FAR EAST

What we should do:—

1. Place a complete embargo upon all trade with Japan.
2. Extend all possible aid to China, both in money and in materials.
3. Arrange with Great Britain and the Dutch Government for joint use of British, Dutch, and American bases and ports in the Orient.
4. Arrange our naval forces so as to make possible a blockade of Japanese trade should Japan attack us, or move against Singapore or the East Indies.

The reasons:—

If we do not act, Russia, coerced by fear, may join Japan in the division of China, and fail to interfere with the advance of Germany in the Balkans and the Near East. If we do not act, the countries, protectorates, and colonies of Africa and the Near East will be discouraged from supporting the British cause. If we do not act, South America and Mexico may feel that their safety lies only in a policy of appeasement.

If we continue to supply Japan with war materials, we enable Japan to increase its reserves. Japan will remain such a threat that Britain and Australia will continue to maintain a substantial force, desperately needed elsewhere, in the Far East. It would be catastrophic if Japan, from its new vantage point in Indo-China, were permitted to subdue China and become strong by absorbing the wealth of Asia. We should then be face to face with a strengthened, predatory Axis nation and subject both to the economic pressure which can be imposed by a totalitarian power that will starve its own people for the sake of trade, and to the military pressure which will make it necessary permanently to maintain a two-ocean navy and a standing army of wartime proportions.

With its source of supplies diminished, Japan will rapidly deteriorate as a military power and China can be trusted to neutralize it. Informed opinion leads us to believe that if the proposed action were taken, the force of circumstances would make of Japan a peaceful nation rather than a predatory power. But if Japan should choose to fight, the war would be a naval affair and would not drain from Britain the materials we are now sending there. On the contrary, such a war would consolidate American opinion and expedite the production of war materials. The Japanese navy would not be a serious menace to trade routes, either to the east or to the west. If it should seek a general naval engagement, it could be compelled to do so at a distance from its bases. Naval opinion gives it little chance for success. With the Japanese navy rendered ineffective, we could then direct our entire attention to defense against the other Axis powers.

Whether or not Japan fights, the suggested stand would bring wavering countries to the side of the democracies, would hearten general resistance by the conquered countries, and would correspondingly discourage the totalitarian rulers and their people. Finally, it would save China, a potentially powerful nation of 400,000,000, upon whose friendship we can rely.

HENRY B. CABOT	SHELDON GLUECK	W. BARTON LEACH	PHILIP W. THAYER
A. JAMES CASNER	LIVINGSTON HALL	JAMES A. MCLAUGHLIN	EDWARD S. THURSTON
E. MERRICK DODD	ELDON R. JAMES	AUSTIN W. SCOTT	SAM BASS WARNER
GEORGE K. GARDNER	JAMES M. LANDIS	WARREN A. SEAVEY	JOSEPH WARREN

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., October 24, 1940

[The above are all members of the Faculty of the Harvard Law School. — THE EDITORS]

STRATEGY WITH A ONE-OCEAN NAVY

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM D. PULESTON

I

THERE are three possible outcomes of the war: a German victory, a deadlock followed by a negotiated peace, or a German reverse eventuating in a British victory. A German victory would require an immediate and protracted national effort by Americans; if they can cope with this situation they can confront any other with equanimity.

It is important, therefore, to envisage as accurately as possible the situation that would result from the assumed early victory of Hitler, remembering that it is a hypothetical assumption which will probably not occur and certainly will not happen exactly as suggested. Calm reflection upon the possibilities of the worst possible situation will prepare Americans to react promptly to the condition that actually develops, and throw light on the future relations of Great Britain and the United States.

In the negotiations that resulted in the exchange of destroyers for bases, President Roosevelt was assured by Prime Minister Churchill that the British Government would under no circumstances surrender or scuttle the British fleet. It is probable, however, that if the United Kingdom yields, another government may succeed to power. Not only Churchill and his cabinet but all Britain knows that Pétain's unconditional surrender did not reduce the severity of the German terms to France. No sensible person in the United Kingdom would

expect any mercy from a triumphant Hitler. If conditions in the United Kingdom gradually became unbearable, Churchill's cabinet could make suitable dispositions of the army, navy, and air force that would prevent these forces from being trapped by the Germans. Such action by the present British Government would be required by their pledge to us and even more by their obligations to the great overseas dominions, who would be exposed to the fury of Hitler if the imperial forces surrendered.

The armed forces could reënforce every part of the British Empire; in the true military sense their departure would constitute a mammoth redeployment of the fighting men of the Empire. When the collapse of France was imminent, Churchill urged a similar course of action upon the French cabinet as the supreme duty of France to itself and its colonial empire.

The abandonment, probably temporary, of the British Isles would not be too high a price to pay for the survival of the remainder of the Empire. Even if London, Liverpool, and the populous industrial cities of the Midlands are reduced to brick dust, they could be rapidly rebuilt if the Empire finally wins.

Should sentiment cause the British military to hesitate to abandon their civilian population, a glance across the Channel will show that the disarmed French soldiers, sailors, and aviators are utterly unable to improve the conditions of French civilians. By surrendering, the

The opinions expressed herein are the personal views of the writer. — AUTHOR

British military can remain helpless eyewitnesses of the suffering of their countrymen, but they will only add to the national mortification and increase the number of Hitler's hostages. By evacuating the British Isles, they can certainly increase the protection of the overseas Empire; and by continuing the struggle abroad they can obtain better terms for the United Kingdom, and probably, for fortune usually favors the brave, eventually overcome Germany. Pride in their past and hope for their future equally demand that British forces continue the war even if the United Kingdom is forced to surrender.

The most immediate danger to the United Kingdom is from the German air raids. To date the British air force has successfully resisted the German air force and carried the air war deep into German territory. It is a fair assumption that most of the aircraft factories, air-dromes, and airfields in the United Kingdom will have been destroyed and all reasonable hope of maintaining the air force abandoned before yielding will be considered. If such a fateful decision should be reached, all remaining bombing planes and all medium-range fighting planes could reach British or friendly territory by refueling at intermediate bases.

There are over two million soldiers under arms in the British Isles, half of them superbly trained veterans capable of campaigning anywhere in the world. Every British commonwealth, practically every crown colony, and India are represented in this truly imperial army. The British merchant marine can furnish transports. It is not likely that an army, navy, and air force which evacuated over 85 per cent of a trapped army from Dunkirk will be unable to withdraw from their own islands. And they could withdraw in good order, with all equipment, formations intact, ready to resume the fight with Hitler in any part of the world.

The navy is at present distributed between the British Isles, Gibraltar, and Alexandria. If worst came to worst, it

could cover the withdrawal of the army from the United Kingdom. When this major task had been accomplished, the Home Fleet could fall back upon Gibraltar, the Azores, Newfoundland, Bermuda, or Canada. Light cruisers, destroyers, mosquito vessels, and submarines could operate from Iceland and the Azores against German commerce and communications with the British Isles. If Gibraltar becomes untenable, the ships based there can retire to the Azores or Cape Verde Islands, maintain their communications with Canada and South Africa, and continue to blockade the Mediterranean. If Egypt is forced to capitulate, the British squadron based on Alexandria can retire to Aden, Karachi, Bombay, Colombo, Australia; or, if desirable, the whole British fleet could concentrate at Capetown and proceed to the Far East.

To oppose the British navy, the Axis powers will have immediately available only the remnants of the German fleet, which will be needed to maintain Germany's communications with her forces in the British Isles, and the Italian navy. Mussolini's ambitions centre around the Mediterranean basin; he would be willing to see Gibraltar returned to Spain provided he could establish his forces in Egypt, control the Suez Canal, and obtain a share of the Mosul oil; he would resent, even if he acquiesced in, Russian control of Constantinople. To protect his share of the spoils from his allies and to maintain the communications of his African armies, Mussolini will retain the bulk of his fleet in the eastern Mediterranean and Red seas.

The collapse of the British Isles would release the German army and much of the air force for operations in eastern and southeastern Europe, even in Asia Minor and Africa. The German success would create a tension in the relations between Italy, Russia, and Germany as they attempted a temporary settlement of the Balkans and Asia Minor.

If, then, both British squadrons were

forced to evacuate the Mediterranean, either squadron, measured by the results of Italo-British naval engagements, would be more than a match for any Italian squadron that Mussolini could spare from the eastern Mediterranean. During this same time Hitler would require all the remnants of his surface fleet to protect the cross-channel and North Sea communications of his army of occupation in the United Kingdom. Hitler can quickly repair and complete ships captured in the United Kingdom, but they would not be sufficient, even with Pétain's navy, to overcome the British control of the Atlantic.

The probabilities are that, even if the United Kingdom surrendered, enough of the British navy would be left to control the eastern Atlantic and the northern half of the Indian Ocean. If suitable precautions were taken, ample soldiers could be sent from England to reënforce their own bases or seize others. Certainly a goodly number of the Royal Air Force would escape; and on that gallant corps a new and greater air force can be built. If Hitler captures the British Isles, he would only disperse, not destroy, the British armed forces.

If this estimate of the situation resulting from the hypothetical German capture of the British Isles is substantially correct, our present Atlantic squadron will be enough to cope with any Axis forces that could evade the British fleet in the Atlantic. Even in the event of complete disaster leading to the surrender of the British fleet, our fleet would still have time to reach the Caribbean Sea before Hitler could organize an overseas expedition capable of crossing the Atlantic. And our homogeneous fleet would have a decisive advantage in a naval battle over a hastily assembled coalition armada.

II

Japan's partnership in the Axis must now be considered. At the very moment when conversations were in progress be-

tween the State Department, the British Ambassador, and the Minister from Australia concerning the future status of the Far East, Germany, Italy, and Japan announced their resolve to coöperate in establishing the new order in Europe, Africa, and Asia; they emphasized that this alliance was launched against the United States, Great Britain, and China by excepting Russia from its provisions.

The conferences in Rome and Berlin that preceded the agreement were initiated by Hitler after he had postponed his much advertised invasion of England; the results were announced in a theatrical manner in Berlin. It is probable that Hitler wished to turn the eyes of his followers to a more distant view. It is conceivable that Hitler and Mussolini really believed that the Japanese threat would frighten Americans and cause them to stop all aid to Britain.

The announcement only revealed what was already known in every well-informed chancellery. Japan began the operations of the aggressor nations with her invasion of Manchuria in 1931; since the European war of 1939 she has followed the devious course of non-belligerency invented by Mussolini. Like her partners, Japan is actuated solely by her own interests; if she is drawn into this war she will confine her operations to the Far East, and any help she gives the Axis will be incidental. Neither Germany nor Italy can assist Japan while the British fleet is in being, although they might temporarily benefit from any diversion of American aid to Britain. But Great Britain will also profit by American intervention in the Far East; on balance she might be the gainer.

The permanent beneficiaries of Japan's unmasking are Americans, many of whom hitherto trusted Japan's assurances of friendship for the United States. They can no longer be deceived. Americans east of the Mississippi are more familiar with the strategy of the Atlantic than the Pacific; Americans west of the Rockies are keenly aware of the problem

of Eastern Asia. The adherence of Japan to the Axis should show all Americans that the naval strategies of the Atlantic and the Pacific are inseparable parts of the same problem; and it should remind them that, if the British fleet surrenders, the United States will face a naval threat in two oceans, with one fleet.

To meet this danger Americans do not today possess a two-ocean navy, but they do have the most powerful one-ocean navy in the world, including battleships, aircraft carriers, heavy and light cruisers, destroyers, submarines, mine layers and sweepers, with necessary supply ships. The squadrons into which the several types are formed have cruised in company for years; they have been drilled until they respond simultaneously or in succession to a single visual or sound signal of the Commander-in-Chief. The fleet is always accompanied by its own completely integrated naval aviation and can maintain aloft its own fighting, observation, and bombing planes; its sea-going submarines can keep their stations in fair weather or foul; its cruisers and destroyers can scout or screen, attack or defend, as the situation demands. Its main batteries of 16, 14, and 8 inch guns would be its major offensive weapon, supplemented by torpedoes. It has been trained tactically for a major naval battle on the surface, under the surface, and in the air.

Our central position facing both Atlantic and Pacific will permit our navy to take the initiative in either ocean. If the situation in the Far East should be more acute, the fleet could suddenly appear in Manila, where its presence would prevent any further aggressions on the part of the Japanese until they had fought our numerically superior fleet in the Manila-Singapore area.

Under cover of our fleet, the garrison and fortifications in Manila and Guam could be strengthened. China and the Netherlands East Indies would be aided, the Soviet would be relieved of some of its fears of Japan, and the British posi-

tion in the Far East improved. When these measures had been accomplished, the fleet could return to Hawaii, or, if the situation in the Atlantic demanded, it could continue to the Caribbean.

While our fleet was in the Far East, the security of the South Atlantic from Axis aggression would depend upon the ability of the British navy to maintain control of the Atlantic Ocean. If the British fleet lost control of the Atlantic, our army could protect the United States and Canada from invasion until the return of the fleet to the Atlantic, and army aviation could hamper an Axis attack on South America.

If it were considered wiser to secure our position in the Atlantic first, the fleet could proceed immediately to the eastern Caribbean, where it would be in the best strategic position to intercept any Axis forces attempting to attack North or South America. Under its temporary protection, vital positions in the Atlantic could be rapidly strengthened to forestall any Axis invasion. The fleet could then return to the strategic centre of gravity of both oceans, the Hawaiian Islands.

While the United States fleet was in the Atlantic, the Japanese would have a free hand in the western Pacific and could overrun the Philippines. If the absence of our fleet was prolonged, the Japanese might be tempted to occupy the Netherlands East Indies and perhaps attack Singapore. When our fleet returned to the Hawaiian Islands, it would be in an excellent position to operate against the overseas communications of Japanese armies in Manchuria, North China, Eastern China, Indo-China, the Philippines, and perhaps the Dutch East Indies. Stated differently, the Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Japanese navy, with a fleet numerically inferior to ours, would have in addition to the fundamental task of keeping open the trade routes of the Japanese islands the further responsibility of maintaining the supply lines of the huge armies of occupation.

The Japanese navy is efficient, its officers and men are brave and well trained, but it could not accomplish this insuperable task.

III

Even taking full advantage of our superior central position and the Panama Canal, the fleet will have to be smartly and correctly handled to protect our interests in the Atlantic and Pacific; and Congress was wise to make appropriation for a two-ocean navy. But time will be required to construct this new navy, and in the meanwhile we must concentrate our national energies on making doubly sure that we can meet any immediate emergency. We must also have a long look ahead to see where our steps are taking us. We have undertaken the defense of Canada and Latin America; we are considering with Great Britain and Australia the problems of the Pacific. At first glance these undertakings seem to break with our former policies; actually they result from a logical application of the Monroe Doctrine and open-door policies to the present world situation.

A two-ocean navy when actually completed would reinsure the Western Hemisphere against invasion, protect trade routes in both oceans for essential raw materials, and defend American interests in all parts of the world. The cost of its construction and maintenance will be enormous and continuous, for fleet obsolescence is almost as costly as a naval battle. Even so, a two-ocean navy will be more economical than a standing army of two million men; also it is sounder strategy to keep the enemy at a distance with a two-ocean navy than to permit a landing on our shore.

The surest protection against enemy aviation is the occupation of bases from which attacks could be launched. Alaska, Hawaii, and other possessions in the Pacific protect our west coast; our recently acquired bases in the Atlantic

greatly strengthen our position there, and the mutual defense pacts being negotiated with South America will protect our southern frontier. Absolute security must be reserved for another world, but when our present defense program and treaties are complete the United States will be the best-protected country in the world.

The cost of a two-ocean navy will be truly colossal; the diversion of so much productivity and man power to naval use will inevitably and continuously reduce the American standard of living no matter how wisely and economically the fleets are built and maintained. Americans should recall that as long as the British navy was willing and able to secure the Atlantic the United States was under no such naval necessity. Numerous excellent reasons can be advanced to support Great Britain, but none more compelling than the financial burden the United States would bear if the British Empire should be destroyed and Hitler permitted to develop the ship-building facilities of western Europe. The problem we confront today may not be a temporary one. Time is not necessarily on our side; and unless we are sound in our judgments, and energetic in action, time will serve Hitler.

The situation in the Atlantic is critical, but not acute; if the United Kingdom can successfully resist, — and General Strong, of the United States Army, has staked his professional reputation that it can withstand Hitler, — the naval situation in the Atlantic may never become acute. At present we have an opportunity to strengthen our bases in Guam and the Philippines. If at the same time the United States can extend enough assistance to Great Britain, Germany may be defeated before our two-ocean navy is completed. Hitler's downfall would remove the reason for a two-ocean navy, and relieve this and succeeding generations of Americans from the burden of supporting such an armada.

READING GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS

BY T. H. WHITE

Look at the peace of inanimate things,
The sanity of stones,
The probity of pasture fields, dead trees,
Old hills, and patient bones.

Giraldus tells us the Archbishop stood
To preach at Parc-y-cappel
'On a verdant plain' — wherefore the people
Built there a chapel.

This bishop in 1188
Preached them the third crusade.
(A footnote adds that 'Chapel Field' now marks
The sermon that he made.)

Think, when at Parc-y-cappel, what young Taffy
Here took the Cross.
Did he sing, marching Europe, sad Welsh hymns
And look at a loss?

Think of that stream of miserable men,
The half not knowing
Where with their mormals, sags and wretched staffs
They were meekly going.

Think of the Sickness of the Hoste, the famine,
The ant-like army's woe:
Betrayed by leaders, knackered by black Arabs,
Eight hundred years ago.

The sorrow-serpent wound by that Archbishop
Has wound away in pain —
But Chapel Field, now churchless, is once more
A verdant plain.

Look at the peace of inanimate things,
The sanity of stones,
The probity of pasture fields, dead trees,
Old hills, and patient bones.

THE GUILTY ONES

BY SHOLEM ASCH

I

THE house in which I was born, in a small Polish town, stood among a number of other Jewish dwellings which clustered around the old synagogue like a flock of sheep around their shepherd. There were also, to be sure, Christian neighbors living within this group of little Jewish houses, and Jews and Christians lived side by side in peace throughout the year. An identical poverty cemented them together, even as the long, cruel winter froze up their houses in the same cold and the same snow. But when religious holidays came along for the inhabitants of these little houses, relations between the neighbors changed for the worse. Christmas could be lived through, for at that time the Christian neighbors were quite well disposed towards their Jewish friends. But at Easter time relations became strained. A severe crisis was reached around Holy Thursday, when the Catholics would lead a procession with their holy images through the poor Jewish street. During that time not a Jew dared show himself outside the house.

Nevertheless, we managed somehow or other to get along. In the city we Jews shared a joint authority with the Christians, but beyond the city limits the Christians were sole rulers. Under their jurisdiction lay the green forest for which I longed so ardently in the springtime; the broad, sunny meadows and the clear, murmuring lake where I loved to go swimming in summer. In order to get to the lake I would have to pass through the

Gentile cobblers' lane. On one beautiful Sabbath afternoon during the Pentecost, at the beginning of June, — I couldn't have been more than six or seven years old at the time, — I was wearing my brand-new coat which had been sewed for me at Passover, and I decided to start out for the lake; I was stealing through the cobblers' lane, skipping from house to house in order to keep clear of the dogs, when the cobblers' lane Christians 'surrounded' me. The 'Christians' were three or four boys my own age. They were armed with sticks and had two dogs with them. And suddenly, there was my new hat lying in the dust on the ground, and one Christian was holding me down with my curls in his hand. A second had hold of the tail of my new Sabbath coat and was threatening to rip it off. And they kept asking me a simple question, which I had to answer on the spot: —

'Did you kill Christ? Did you?'

I must confess to my shame that at that time I had not yet heard of Christ. To be sure, I knew that the God of the Christians was called Jesus, but Christ was an unknown name to me. I didn't even know whether it referred to a human being.

At first I denied that I had killed the Christ. But I saw that my new coat was in danger. 'Never mind the curls,' I thought, 'but how shall I dare go home to Mama with my new coat in ribbons?' So I confessed to the murder. I was not the first to plead guilty to an uncommitted crime under the torture of an

inquisition, and I said, 'Yes, I killed Christ.'

Well, they needed no more than that. Anyone with a sufficiently lively imagination can form his own conception of the appearance, when the inquisition had finished executing its sentence, not only of my Sabbath coat but of my body, to say nothing of my side curls!

II

Now, of course, I know the name 'Christ.' The followers of his teaching have seen to it that his name is carried far and wide through the world. But it came to me first not through love, not through good works, nor through faith and compassion, in accordance with the teaching of Jesus the Nazarene; it came to me through fear and terror, through blood and fire. Every Christian holiday in my childhood years was turned into days of fright and suffering. All the torments which the Christian world has made us endure throughout the years of our history are awakened in our blood at the mention of his name. Because of this, that name arouses no pride in Israel, no hope and solace, as might be expected, but only fear, pain, and terror. And these lines are intended as nothing more than a way of justifying myself against those boys of the cobblers' lane who are still holding me even today by my side curls and the tail of my coat in terror of their savage dogs.

Just as the Gentile world has hated the Jew throughout our long history, so it has hated Judaism a thousandfold more. Christian scholars, with very few exceptions, have made it their concern above all to feed the flames of Gehenna that the Christian world, in the name of Jesus' cross, kindled for the people Jesus descended from.

We are not here concerned whether Jesus and the first Christian martyrs were in fact tried and condemned by Jews, or by a Jewish Sanhedrin. The question is quite a different one. The

question is — and this is the most important thing — whether historic Jewry and the Jews of today, or of all preceding generations, are responsible for the outrages committed in their time by certain irresponsible elements and corrupt priests. In other words, the question must be put as follows: Are those who we assume were members of the court which tried Jesus and the first Christian martyrs really representative of Jewry, venerated and recognized by the Jewry of history and the Jewry of today as their spiritual teachers and leaders? Or were they unworthy individuals who succeeded in setting themselves up on the shoulders of the people and ruling them through violence, as happens in every community?

If Jesus the Nazarene really existed and lived on earth as we are told in the New Testament, his earthly existence did not consist merely of symbolism, which is what some would persuade us; his life consisted of actions, of day-to-day contact with his fellow men. Who were the rulers to whose power and decree every Jew in Palestine during the time of Jesus was subject?

At that time there were two powers ruling over the Jews — Rome and the priesthood. The two competed with each other in taxing the life out of the Jewish masses. The representative of the hated foreign power was Pilate, the cruel and tyrannical Procurator, who employed every inhuman means possible to torment the Jewish masses. And what Rome left over was eaten up by a corrupt and degenerate priesthood.

It is neither the first nor the only time that Satan leaped up to the seat of Moses or of Peter; the sanctity of the Synagogue and of the Church has not always been able to guard the institutions of the Lord from the corruption of the demon. But no one of the present day would think of condemning contemporary Catholicism or of decrying the Catholic faith because an Alexander VI or Paul IV once usurped Peter's chair in Rome.

The Jewish Papacy, or priesthood, was neither better nor worse than any other priesthood. The Jewish priesthood numbers great prophets in its ranks. The greatest part of the priesthood consisted of humble folk exploited by the superior clergy and reduced to the status of a class of temple servitors.

The high priesthood in the time of Jesus had reached the lowest level in Jewish history. In Jewish writings of the period or directly after, there have been preserved sufficiently marked hints depicting the high priesthood as exploiting, corrupt, and degenerate Roman agents. Josephus, who was himself descended from the high priesthood and who in his writings points to his heritage with exaggerated pride, delivers one such judgment on the priesthood of his own time or a little before: —

At that time King Agrippa made Ishmael, the son of Piaby, the High Priest, and a war soon arose between the High Priest and the people of Jerusalem. Both had gathered together for themselves a band of the worst elements among the most debased class of people, and these became their leaders. When they quarreled they used the foulest language and assaulted each other with stones — and there was no one to forbid them this — and this was their [i.e., the high priests'] leadership. . . .

They had the effrontery to send their slaves in to the people's threshing-sheds for them to take away the tithe and the heave-offering, which the High Priest was to have for himself. . . . Thus it came about that the poorest priests died of hunger. — *Jewish Antiquities*, Book XX, ch. 8.

The great Jewish historian, Graetz, sums up the priesthood in Jesus' time as follows, from Jewish sources preserved in the Talmud: —

The high priests constituted an exclusive caste which had seized for itself all power over the Jews, both the Jews in the country and those in the Diaspora. Placed in authority by the Roman government, from whom he had bought the high office for himself, the high priest was the only legitimate representative of

the Jews in Roman eyes. He received from the Roman rulers all the physical support necessary for imprisonment, the suppression of rebellion, and the confiscation of property. The families of the high priesthood had already seen to it that all legal power should be concentrated in their hands. Every former high priest was entitled to a seat in the great Sanhedrin; in fact, these families actually did fill every seat there with their own people. The competition for the post of high priest was very intense, and every year in order to mitigate it the Procurator would put the position up for auction, in some cases even several times a year. The retiring high priest, of course, straightway occupied the place awaiting him in the Sanhedrin, the place which gave him and his caste control of Jewish life.

The high priests exploited their power for their own advantage. There are proofs in the Talmud of their having enslaved the other priests, while they themselves possessed fantastic riches, accumulated through the exaction of taxes and the payments for the sacrifices brought by the people. They established a monopoly in sacrificial doves, which were the most popular form of sacrifice, since it was the duty of every woman to sacrifice one after bearing a child. They kept their own shops on the Mount of Olives, where they dealt in heave-offerings, contrary to rabbinic law.

It is a fortunate circumstance that there is a passage preserved in the Talmud which is obviously a verse from a song of hate popular in Jerusalem among the people. This song reflects all the contempt that the Jewish masses felt for these tyrants of the priesthood and their bitter rage toward them, which bore no fruit till much later, during the siege of Jerusalem, when the people tore one of them, Hanan ben Hanan, — who had murdered Saint James, Jesus' brother, — limb from limb and flung his carcass to the gutter dogs. This is the song the Jerusalem masses sang: —

Woe unto us because of the House of Beitus,
 Woe unto us because of their lead-loaded whips,
 Woe unto us because of the House of Ananus,
 Woe unto us because of their betrayals.
 Woe unto us because of the House of Katros
 (Kantiros)
 Woe unto us because of their pens
 (with which they inscribe their decrees and be-
 trayals)
 Woe unto us because of the House of Ishmael
 (the House of Piaby)
 Woe unto us because of their clenched fists.
 They themselves have become high priests,
 They have made their sons into treasurers
 And their sons-in-law into high officers,
 And their servants whip us with whips of lead.

I call upon all those who are acquainted with Jewish law and the procedure of a Jewish court trying a man for his life to bear witness that it is impossible, according to Jewish law, to deliver a judgment similar to that pronounced on Jesus by the Sanhedrin. It is impossible with respect both to the time and circumstances of the trial and to the sentence itself.

According to Pharisaic doctrine, the entire trial was impossible from the very beginning. According to this teaching a court deliberating on a human life cannot be convoked at night, but must meet specifically during the day; it cannot sit on the eve of a holiday, but must do so specifically on a weekday; and it may not convene directly after a man's arrest, but must wait for some time (forty days) in order to give the defense every possibility of preparing itself. And with respect to the sentence itself — this is so unheard of, so unjust, that it cries aloud to heaven, as has been established by the entire body of Jewish scholarship.

As Professor Chvolson and other Jewish scholars after him correctly observe, Jesus had not been struggling against the genuine, upright Pharisees, even if we were to assume that all the passages against the Pharisees which were placed in Jesus' mouth during the time of the greatest political dissension are authentic. Jesus was struggling against the false Pharisees, the 'hypocrites' who imposed

declaratory statutes on the people and did not observe the commandments themselves. Not only Jesus fought against them, but many Pharisaic rabbis themselves did so.

There was also an economic factor mixed in with the hatred of the Pharisees. The ordinary, uneducated man of the people, who could not gain entry to the Pharisaic caste, was handicapped by this in buying and selling food, or in bringing his products to the Jerusalem market.

Jesus, with his sensitive feeling for justice and burning devotion to the poor and the oppressed, who consorted with and was surrounded by the lowest of the low, could not, of course, show any enthusiasm for those of the learned who fenced off God's teaching for themselves. He neither shut his eyes to this nor stopped up his mouth from expressing his feelings towards them. But in no way could that have carried the dissension so far as to cause them to persecute him for it. In the first place, Jesus never said anything against their doctrines, or against the honest Pharisees. On the contrary, he told the people that the 'Pharisees sit on the seat of Moses. Therefore shall ye do that which they command you to do, only the other also shall ye not neglect.' Then he added, 'It is easier for the heavens and the earth to vanish than for one letter of the Law.' In no way could he have called forth such bitterness as to make them forget themselves and cause the guardians of the law to break the law they themselves had created.

The New Testament reports that they, the judges of the Sanhedrin, sentenced Jesus unanimously. We know of four Pharisaic members of the Sanhedrin in Jesus' time. Two we know of from the Jewish sources, Johanan ben Zakkai and Rabbi Gamaliel; the two recorded in the New Testament were Rabbi Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. Rabbi ben Zakkai was the most beloved disciple of Rabbi Hillel and the guardian of Hillel's tradition, who based the entire Jewish

religion on the single foundation of 'loving your neighbor as yourself.' If this man had been present at the trial he would certainly have protested against that judicial murder, carried out in opposition to all the laws of the Torah. The second Pharisee, Rabbi Gamaliel, who also broke the monopoly on the sacrificial doves introduced by the priests, placed himself on Peter's side during the latter's trial and saved him; he would never have assented to the session of the court which tried Jesus.

As for Joseph of Arimathea, who pleaded with Pilate for the tortured body of Jesus in order to give it a Jewish burial — would it have been possible for him to agree to the priestly trial? Or Rabbi Nicodemus, who came to Jesus in secret to carry on a discussion with him — the rabbi who canceled the Passover sacrifice in order to attend the burial of the tortured Jesus, he who placed in Jesus' grave the same spices he had been saving for his own burial? Even though he might have been at the nocturnal trial of Jesus as a member of the Sanhedrin, is it conceivable that he would have cast his vote for the indictment?

No, neither Rabbi Johanan ben Zakkai nor Rabbi Gamaliel, neither Joseph of Arimathea nor Rabbi Nicodemus, nor any of the other Pharisaic rabbis were present at the trial as members of the Sanhedrin, or even knew that such a trial was going to take place.

III

In that case, who did constitute the Sanhedrin before which Jesus was brought to trial? Matthew, Mark, and Luke are quite clear on this point; the authors of the Synoptic Gospels do not state that Jesus was set before the Sanhedrin of the Pharisees. The account does not mention one word about the Pharisees; the first to make mention of them is the much later John.

Matthew relates: 'But those who had seized Jesus took him away to the house

of Caiaphas the high priest, where the scribes and elders had gathered' (xxvi. 57).

Mark writes: 'They took Jesus away to the high priest, and all the high priests and scribes and elders met there with him' (xiv. 53).

Luke writes: 'When day broke, the elders of the people all met along with the high priests and scribes, and had him brought before their Sanhedrin' (xxii. 66).

Not one of them mentions the word 'Pharisee,' and we may be quite certain that, considering the mood of the writers of these three books towards the Pharisees, they would surely not have missed making explicit mention by name if they had found the slightest hint that the Pharisees had participated in that session of the Sanhedrin.

We know who the majority of the Sanhedrin were; they were all former high priests who as such were entitled to a seat in the Sanhedrin. At least the elder Hanan and his son Eliezer were present at the session, not to speak of the High Priest Joseph Caiaphas. And there may have been present a number of former high priests who had occupied the office for a year or less and hence were entitled to a seat. They all belonged to the four or five families we have enumerated, whom the people held in contempt, of which the bitter song about them is evidence. All of them, of course, were Sadducees.

The scribes were present at the trial. And who were they? At one time, during the days of Ezra, directly after the period of the prophets, the word 'scribe' meant a lawgiver. The scribes were the successors to the prophets. Ben-Sirah says about them: 'They are the investigators of the laws and ordinances.' In the time of Jesus, under the Second Temple, they no longer occupied that position. No doubt what is meant by 'scribes' on this occasion is 'court secretaries' attached to the Temple-Sanhedrin, which was dominated by the Sadducees. They

were a section of the *amarcalin* (executives, administrators), whose appointments the high priests had divided up among their sons-in-law.

This also applies to the 'elders of the people.' An 'elder of the people' was no longer a primitive judge, or sheikh of a tribe; the title was merely honorific, bestowed by the high priest on a distinguished citizen. It was unnecessary to be an old man to bear this title. One need not have been old in years at all; one might have been 'old in wisdom,' or have distinguished oneself in some respected field. At any rate the word could obviously not have meant judges, or scholars, because there is no indication that it was ever used in this sense at that period. The 'elders of the people' were simply citizens entitled to participate in sessions of the Sanhedrin, together with other advisers whom the high priest selected from the lay population to confer with on important matters. They also accompanied committees to the procurator in Cæsarea, or delegations to the imperial seat in Rome. Josephus lists many of them as organizers of the insurrection against Rome. All of them were members of the wealthy aristocracy, and related to the high priest or to respected aristocratic Sadducean leaders.

On the basis of all this, it is possible to form some clear conception of what took place at the trial of Jesus.

At first, according to Mark's testimony, the high priests wanted to postpone Jesus' trial till after the holiday, in order to avoid a riot among the people (Mark xiv. 1-2), and to have enough time to bring the Sanhedrin together to prepare the trial in the prescribed manner. All at once they changed their minds. This change could have come about only through pressure from an external force, since a Jewish group never would have dared to disturb the atmosphere of the Holy Day, to which all Jews were equally devoted (see Philo), and risk the danger of provoking an up-

rising in Jerusalem at a time when hundreds of thousands of pilgrims were present, which might have caused much bloodshed.

This stubborn insistence on seizing Jesus at once on the eve of a holiday, and bringing him to trial at night, in order to hand him over to the Roman government for crucifixion, could have been displayed only by the Roman government itself after it became aware of the presence in Jerusalem of this dangerous agitator, whom a great procession of the people had conducted into the Temple and publicly proclaimed as the Jewish king (which is how they understood the word 'Messiah').

It is evident that Pilate had ordered the high priest to ignore the risk of a holiday disturbance and pay no attention to the danger of bloodshed, but to seize the agitator at once; and also not to let himself be hampered by any Jewish procedure or any Jewish law, but to place Jesus on trial immediately with a finished indictment and then hand him over to the Procurator, who was the only one who had the right to carry out the sentence of death. The fact that the government had not wished to rely on the high priest's messengers to seize Jesus, and had these messengers escorted to the garden of Gethsemane by one of their own tribunes and a full cohort of legionaries, proves that Pilate could not have been so unpleasantly surprised on the next day when the Jews led Jesus before him. Unfortunately, however, the agitator had not been preaching revolt against the Roman government or against the Emperor, which is the only thing for which a sentence of crucifixion could have been carried out. On the contrary, he had even said: 'Render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's,' and he had personally submitted to taxation. His crime was against religion and against the Temple — and only the high priest could decide on such matters. The only way to avoid sparing the life of this agitator would be to have a trial by the

Sanhedrin. Accordingly he was taken off to the high priest instead of being brought bound into the chambers of the Procurator.

He is not set before the Sanhedrin — no, the august Sanhedrin does not sit at the house of the high priest, but in the house beyond 'the slippery stones on the bridge at the entrance to the Temple court.' The Sanhedrin is not in session tonight; tomorrow, on the eve of a holiday, a session will be impossible. A legal session of the Sanhedrin can be called only on a weekday, and because of this Jesus is brought to the house of the high priest, in the courtyard of Joseph Caiaphas. There is a small courtroom there, in which, to be sure, priests or civilians may be tried for such minor crimes against the Temple as are punishable by the lash. A call is immediately sent out to those members of the Sanhedrin who can be found at once, and who can be relied upon not to make any difficulties about the extraordinary time and place of sitting, and who can also be relied upon to hand down a severe sentence. Those are the Sadducees. (Josephus relates that the Sadducees were far more severe in court than the Pharisees.)

Not one of the Pharisees is called. The former high priests are called in, all of them accredited members of the Sanhedrin. They are all in the great palace of the high priest in office: the 'scribes,' the officials of the Temple, perhaps also the interpreters of the law in the Sadducean tradition, and a number of the 'elders of the people' — that is, councilors, wealthy aristocrats from the Sadducean families, sons-in-law, brothers-in-law, fathers-in-law of the high priests' families, all of them high officials in the Temple administration. Many of them dwell in the great house of the high priest himself; a few have come from the provinces or from the rich city of Jericho as pilgrims over the holiday, and are certainly, as is customary, stopping at their relatives' houses as guests. And it is also

very easy to find those who are not living at the palace of the high priest — they are all in the luxurious aristocratic quarter in the topmost part of the city.

The plenum of the seventy-one members of the Sanhedrin was not necessary for this court deliberating on a matter of life and death; a small plenum of twenty-three was sufficient. And these twenty-three members of the Sanhedrin, with the requisite scribes and court officials, are rapidly assembled, without causing any great disturbance to the dangerous slumber of the city. And the prisoner is found guilty of blasphemy against God, not on any testimony offered by impartial witnesses, but by his own words, spoken in the presence of his judges. And in these words he did not explicitly mention God by name, but by a euphemism or substitute. What he did — in the manner of every Jew of his time — was to address God by one of His attributes (power); for this he might have been punished, according to the Jewish law, with thirty-nine stripes. But instead his judges handed down the fatal sentence which became one of the most important factors in the history of the world, and a source of misery and suffering which festers like a perennial sore in the flesh of the nation which bore him as a light unto the nations.

As for the Pharisees, on the second day they and the rabbis were confronted by a *fait accompli*, just as twenty years later they were confronted by a *fait accompli* when one of the high priests, Hanan ben Hanan, who was undoubtedly present at the trial also, murdered the brother of the condemned man, Jacob ben Joseph, or Saint James. The one difference was that when Hanan ben Hanan committed that crime the contemporary spiritual leaders of the Jews, the rabbis, had someone before whom they could protest the legal murder — and in fact they did address the sharpest possible protest to Agrippa the Second, the Jewish king, who removed the high

priest from office. But on the occasion of the legal assassination of Jesus they did not have anyone to protest to, since the only one to whom they could address a protest and a petition of justice for the murdered was the victim's executioner himself — Pilate.

Historic Jewry which developed according to the teachings of the Pharisees — that historic Jewry and the Jew of today do not bear any responsibility for a sentence handed down by the small clique of Temple priests which came entirely from the sect of the Sadducees. This Sadducean sect became totally obliterated in Jewish life after the destruction of the Temple.

It is painful to think that everything we know of Jesus dates from at least thirty years after his death, when passions and not facts were already in possession of the floor. This historical silence has enabled honest and adventurous scholars to set up speculative theories of the most diverse kinds, but as a rule it has merely been of service to them in settling accounts with their enemies, the Jews, permitting them to pour out their Satanic hate on the people from which Jesus sprang.

IV

I have the utmost reverence for the authors of the New Testament. As a Jew, I believe with all my heart that many chapters and parables were written in the holy spirit. I am thankful to these men for having enriched Jewish literature with many profound moral passages. The Epistle of the Apostle James is a part of Jewish literature, not to speak of many passages in the Synoptic Gospels — as, for example, the Sermon on the Mount. The war between ourselves and James and Simeon was a war between brothers. And is it so remarkable that Luke, the companion of Paul, began to share the mortal anger and primitive hatred of Paul towards his brethren? That same bubbling

Jewish passion with which Paul pursued Jesus' followers at Damascus was carried over by him after Damascus on to his own compatriots. He infected all those around him with a sectarian passion for his faith, and Paul sacrificed everything for his faith — not only his health and his life, but also his great love for his own people.

And the Pauline creed was victorious over the Jacobite. Not deeds but faith is important. Faith atones for everything, even for Paul's guilt against his own people.

It is from this Pauline version that everything we possess concerning the life and death of Jesus originates. Is it strange, then, the stubbornness with which this creed has taken Pontius Pilate under its protection and made Israel into the scapegoat for the sin of Jesus' murder?

If Pontius Pilate had genuinely desired to rescue Jesus from the hands of the Jews, would it have been so difficult for him? Since when had Pontius paid attention to the wishes of the Jewish masses and hastened to give in to them? This man, who had on his conscience thousands and thousands of Jewish lives, who had made the Temple court into a blood bath many times over and mingled the blood of the Galileans with the blood of their sacrifices, who had never omitted a single opportunity of degrading and humiliating the Jews, whom the testimony of Jewish historians like Josephus and Philo makes out to have been proud, arrogant, brutal, venal, and merciless — this man is supposed to have suddenly taken up the cause of a Jewish rebel whom the priests brought before him. He did his best to rescue him from their hands, but, alas! the poor fellow couldn't manage it, because the Jewish masses were standing outside and demanding the liberation, not of Jesus, but of Barabbas.

If this is so, what is the reason he had Jesus tortured and beaten by his soldiers? Why did he have the crown of

thorns and the purple mantle put on him, and make a mockery of him with the inscription 'King of the Jews'? It was not the Jewish stoning which killed Jesus, but the Roman crucifixion. And to ascribe to Pontius Pilate the Jewish custom of washing his hands after the murder of Jesus appeals to common sense just as much as to say that Hitler would rend his garments and sit in mourning over a Jew murdered in Nazi Poland.

No, it is not the Jews of that time, and certainly not the Jews of today, who are to be held responsible for the murderous deed committed against Jesus of Nazareth! The blame for this is to be laid at the door of Rome, as none other than Tacitus himself testifies in the only place he mentions Jesus' name. In connection with Nero's outrages against the Christian martyrs he innocently writes: 'Christ, the founder of the religion of that name, was executed by Pontius Pilate as a criminal.'

And at the beginning of the second century this was the accepted opinion among the pagans and throughout the Roman Empire. It was only later, with the spread of the new faith, that the guilt for Jesus' death was placed on the shoulders of our race.

The Jewish admixture in the new church was so strong that the outer pagan world could not form any clear line of demarcation between Jews and Christians. The contempt the pagan world had shown for Judaism had of course been carried over to that branch of Jewry calling itself Christian, after the name of a 'criminal' who was known as 'Christ,' whom Pontius Pilate had executed. Even the purely pagan element that went over to Christianity were so Judaized before their conversion that they were also without more ado cast into the cauldron seething over the flames of Gentile hate which had been kindled for the Jews. It must not be forgotten for a moment that in the first century the synagogue was the threshold

to the church — to say nothing of the church in Jerusalem, at the head of which stood Saint James. And even Paul, who went out to the Gentiles, could never find any Gentiles willing to listen to him in the temples of Zeus or Aphrodite, Venus or Diana, nor even in the philosophic porches at Athens. It was only in the synagogue that he could find his Gentiles. Because of this, no matter how many times Paul renounced the Jews, — 'and now I shall go out unto the Gentiles,' — as soon as he arrived at a city he would look for the synagogue.

What sort of 'Gentiles' were they, who could be found in the synagogue? They were the 'Gentiles' who 'were seeking out God' — that is, the Judaized pagans. The translation of the Old Testament into Greek, as well as other Jewish writings written in Greek or translated into it, bore its fruit on a soil ripe for the Jewish doctrines. Many pagans began to seek out the Lord. These were the pagans who besieged the synagogue, listened to rabbinic homilies, and 'searched for God.' In Jewish writings they were referred to as 'the pious ones of the nations of the world' — and were thought to be entitled to their portion in the next world. They were the centre of the war which broke out between the Jerusalem church and the Pauline church — on the question of circumcision and other burdensome Jewish rituals.

These Gentiles were found on the most diverse levels of society, from the very lowest to the wealthiest and most aristocratic families. They often penetrated even as far as the insulated entourage of the Emperor himself; Poppæa, first the mistress and then the wife of Nero, was one of these God-seeking pagans (it is mentioned somewhere that she was officially converted to Judaism). Paul was sent to them as the apostle to the uncircumcised. Many of them were Judaized to such an extent that they insisted on being circumcised; they also

kept certain other Jewish commandments, and in this way were distinguished from the other sensible Christians. Paul, whose goal was the establishment of a unified church, declared himself against them, and castigated them in his epistles.

In order to win over these pious Judaized pagans from Judaism, and elaborate a unitary religion accessible to every pagan and founded not on deeds but on faith alone, it was necessary to sever the bond which still connected Judaism with the new religion. It had to be demonstrated that from the very beginning the divine mission of Jesus met with obstacles, not from the pagans and the Gentiles, but specifically from the Jews. The people whom God had selected from among the nations for the sake of Jesus had been so stiffnecked in rejecting the Messiah that God had rejected them and poured his wrath out upon them. And of course it was necessary to transfer the guilt for the murder of Jesus from his pagan executioner Pontius Pilate to a Rabbi Johanan ben Zakkai, or Jewry as a whole.

This is not intended to mean that Jesus met with no opposition at all from the Jews, or that they were prepared to accept him as the Messiah. Beyond any doubt Jesus encountered severe opposition to certain of his acts and speeches. There is no question here of justifying the Jewish opposition, and a Jew living today certainly need assume no responsibility for it.

The community into which Jesus was born was impoverished, but well ordered. Here is how Josephus describes it:—

As for ourselves we inhabit a land which does not lie along any sea. We are not concerned with commerce, nor do we associate with people connected with these two occupations. The cities in which we live are far from the sea. We possess a fertile land which we try to cultivate for our inhabitants. Our chief concern consists of giving our children a good education. We regard that as our most essential duty. — *Against Apion*

Jesus was born into an ordered community ruled by laws and decrees. He knew very well what to expect in laying hands on any of the laws or traditions which so much of their blood had made sacred for the people. Jesus was prepared to pay for the mission in which he had such holy faith with not merely his life, but his agony and torment. He had foretold it often, and he did not break faith. What befell Jesus among the Jews would have befallen him in any other community of the ancient or modern world if he had come to lay it asunder. But what is at issue here is not the price Jesus paid for committing a crime against his own society. The point is that Jesus paid this price in utter guiltlessness. He committed no crime that might have justified the high price. Jesus did not come to tear asunder the society he lived in; on the contrary, he came to strengthen, to secure, and to extend it. Jesus was not a Christian; he was a Jew.

It is true, of course, that Jesus did and said certain things which might have called forth excitement among the scholars and had him brought to judgment — to give them an explanation, for instance, of the desecration of the Sabbath, which as a matter of fact in this case was in complete harmony with Jewish law. Not so easy to accept were his angry responses to the question concerning ritual ablution, or his consorting with women of base and sinful conduct. But it was not his failure to wash his hands before eating (which is a tradition, not a law), nor his consorting with publicans and sinners; it was not even his calling the Temple a nest of murderers, nor his saying that he would destroy the Temple in three days and then rebuild it; nor was it his declaring that he would be sitting on the right hand of Power, in which he did not utter God's name but expressed it after the manner of every Jew as 'power' — not one of these offenses called for the penalty of death. All the minor 'crimes' were punishable with

thirty-nine stripes at most, or a pronouncement that the miracles in question were accomplished with the power of the devil. There were other respected rabbis who committed similar crimes, for which they were flogged, without losing any of their esteem in Jewish eyes — the confession of sin was Jewish custom. But, to balance all that, Jesus held discourses and expounded parables that taught the world of the love and the fear of God, of the resurrection of the dead, and of the Kingdom of Heaven, and many other things which not only are in harmony with Jewish teaching and tradition, but are of its essence, profoundly rooted in the Jewish soul.

I venture to say that the Jews of today have a deeper spiritual communion with the primitive Christian church of Jerusalem than with the apostate Sadducean sect which indicted and sentenced Jesus. Our entire past before Paul was a bond with the primitive church, as well as the whole Jewish conception of the immortality of the soul, which the Sadducees did not accept. Rome vanished away like melted lead in the furnace of the new Christian faith, and so also did the Sadducees. The rituals in the Temple were the essence of their faith, and when the Temple collapsed and the sacrifices came to an end they also ceased to be. The survivors mingled with the pagans or were, no doubt, submerged in the sea of Gentiles that poured through the gates of the new faith which Paul had thrown open.

While the Temple was still standing in all its splendor, and wreaths of smoke were still curling up from the sacrifices on the altar, the Pharisaic rabbi, Johanan ben Zakkai, in the midst of the tumult of insurrection against Rome, slipped out through the gates of the beleaguered city in a casket like a corpse, and presented himself to Vespasian with a single request: he asked for the city of Yabneh and its learned men! Through this he found a Jewry that could live without a Temple and without Jerusa-

lem. Instead of a material temple hewn out by hand, he set up a shrine dedicated to God in the hearts of Jews. The Torah and the ethical law — that is the new fatherland which the Jew can carry with him wherever he may be driven. And it is that new fatherland, that new temple which Johanan set up in our hearts, which has preserved us till this day.

On Cæsar's throne in Cæsar's city there sits the new Pontiff Maximus, the vicar of the Jewish fishermen from Capernaum. In place of a corrupt priesthood and a semi-idolatrous caste of Sadducees a purified and refined Judaism has emerged. Those guilty of Jesus' death have received a just punishment; they have been annihilated and blotted out. The bonds uniting the two faiths have been sundered. The child has been cut loose from its cord. And even though they spring from the same seed and are both intertwined about the ark of the covenant of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses and the Prophets — nevertheless both faiths, the Jewish and the Christian, stand distinct in all their forms.

Why cannot a bridge be thrown between the two faiths, a bridge between two great moral forces whose essence is professedly a belief in God — a bridge that shall rest on the twin pillars of love of God and love of Man?

The bridge could not possibly have been built in the Old World; there were too many painful memories in the past and evil deeds in the present. America, which itself arose out of religious persecution, and was founded and nurtured in the highest ideal of divine aspiration imminent in the two faiths — America, which has produced the greatest Amos of modern times in the figure of a new prophet, Lincoln, and which has become the only haven of God in a world steeped in its own sinful blood and the only moral force of a world in upheaval — it is America whom God has chosen to fulfill the new religious mission entrusted to its hands.

THE TWO MARK TWAINS

BY ROBERT M. GAY

MARK TWAIN left an autobiography of some 400,000 words, of which Albert Bigelow Paine published about half in 1924. Now Bernard DeVoto publishes half of the other half, and assures us that there is nothing in the remaining quarter of supreme interest. The new book, *Mark Twain in Eruption*, contains many passages heretofore not only unpublished but suppressed, either by the author's direction or by the decision of the estate. They do not prove to be soul-shaking revelations.

I approached the book half expecting to find it a kind of chamber of horrors. In it, I suspected, we should at last get to the bottom of Mark Twain's tragic mystery which we have heard so much about. What I found is extremely interesting and characteristic, sometimes distressing and sometimes laughable, but not different in essence from what was already known. There are records of black moods, but we were already aware that Mark Twain had such moods, in which he looked upon the race as worms, democracy as decaying if not already as good as dead, human conduct as merely a mechanism, as the behaviorists have found it since. But I should not say that these pages reflect the mind of an unhappy old man or of one who thought he had failed.

The darkest impression one gets from the 'eruptions' is that Mark Twain was puzzled or baffled by phenomena too complex for him to comprehend. The very violence and irrationality of his tirades are those of a feeling rather than

a thinking man. He has set down his dislikes of certain persons with vigor and sometimes with violence, and they help us to round out our picture of him. But his notes on minstrel shows, mesmerism, his early memories, his own methods of writing and speaking, make grand reading. I would not give one of them for all his sombre musings or petulant tirades upon his times and the men and women he despised. Mr. DeVoto's Introduction, besides compressing much useful information in small space, arrives at what seem sound conclusions regarding Mark Twain's inability to express the mental confusion I have mentioned.

We now probably have everything anybody is likely to want from the unpublished manuscripts, and, with the publication of *Mark Twain's Travels with Mr. Brown* (edited with an introduction by Franklin Walker and G. Ezra Dane), everything from the earliest hitherto unreprinted works. This book is a collection of letters written in 1866-1867 to the *Alta California*, about Mark Twain's travels, between the Sandwich Islands voyage and the European tour. All of these sketches were preliminary practice for *Innocents Abroad* and *Roughing It*, and are therefore valuable to the scholar as well as amusing to the general reader. The present book has the freshness, good-humored impudence, straight-faced hyperbole, and shrewd observation of the young journalist feeling his oats. Much of it is also very good writing of its kind.

Neither this book nor *Mark Twain in*

Eruption contains much of that which made him magical and inimitable. But the latest work, like the earliest, illustrates his power as a raconteur; and really no one could tell a story better. If the fault of the early writing is uncertainty of taste, that of the late is wordiness, though this may be the result of dictation. But both prove once more his artistry even in telling the most trifling anecdote: the sense of timing and climax, of the very tones of a speaking voice, of the values of over- and under-statement, of the effect of surprise. He is always best when most spontaneous, and yet one can never be certain that his apparent spontaneity is not the result of shrewd planning. But much of this writing is really the result of rhetoric delicately applied. It is when he forgets rhetoric and effect and relies on his intuitions and especially on his memories of his boyhood that he becomes charming.

The history of Mark Twain's reputation is a curious one, and in some ways exasperating to his lovers. A perverse fate has pursued it. Ever since his greater works appeared, opinion about him has flown off at tangents, until it seemed as if he never would receive a sober appraisal. At one time it was his morality that was questioned; at another, his taste; at a third, his spiritual honesty. He was accepted by the great public as a mere jester, and by the critics was used as an example to illustrate critical theories. Thousands of pages were covered in showing what he was not, but hardly ever did anyone try to show what he really was. The reason was partly that there were two Mark Twains: one, the man I have called the rhetorician; the other, one whom we may call the poet. The former was showy, obvious, and delightful, but hardly competent to win a position as a great writer. The latter was often hidden behind the jester and showman, and was sometimes, even in his best work, in abeyance.

Perhaps the showman was diffident

about the poet, afraid of his tenderness, wistfulness, and human sympathy. Strength is always afraid that sentiment is effeminate, and the realist in Mark Twain was never quite at ease with the dreamer. When he relied on his intuitions he was nearly always right and true, and instinctively he was a lover of his kind. But he hardly ever expressed this love without self-consciousness except when he was viewing the world through the somewhat nostalgic atmosphere that surrounded his boyhood memories. In *Mark Twain in Eruption* it is a little pathetic to see how, the moment his mind goes back far enough, his style kindles, his smartness disappears, charm suffuses the most trivial incident.

I wonder whether his later critics have not mistaken what was really the matter with him in his old age. They have assumed that he became cynical and pessimistic. But he always was so. His mind always told him that life was bad. But his feelings told him that it was good, and as long as his feelings had fuel to burn, as long as they were engaged with affections formed before he became a thinking being, he could safely let them be. All his life he had a good and a bad angel at his two shoulders; there is nothing new in the melancholy of the *Autobiography* — only, the time came when he had used all the memories about which his good angel could sing and was left only with later impressions about which his bad angel could prose or snarl.

In this he is really not different from other men. The Greeks made poetry the daughter of Memory; and perhaps the myth suggests the reason why so many great novelists have written their masterpiece about the memories of their youth.

If I can trust my own memory, the popular view of Mark Twain before the turn of the century was that he was a writer of excruciatingly funny stories and of books for children. Of the latter, two — *The Prince and the Pauper* and *Joan*

of *Arc* — were quite safe reading for children, but two others, — *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, — though no doubt very amusing, were far too rowdy for nice little boys and girls. It is hard for me to believe that *Tom Sawyer* was published before I was born and *Huckleberry Finn* when I was five years old, because I certainly never read them until I had grown up. In our provincial neighborhood Mark Twain was a familiar name all through my boyhood, because many of his sketches — no doubt his worst — were favorites with parlor elocutionists; but my own lack of acquaintance with his masterpieces suggests that they were carefully kept out of my reach.

My elders no doubt thought they were protecting my taste and morals, and I cannot believe that they were unique or even unusual in this. Van Wyck Brooks records that the books were excluded from the public libraries of my home town. I certainly remember that some of my playmates were reading *Huckleberry Finn* secretly in the attic.

It is possible that the general public ran true to form in liking the worst books best; but this hardly accounts for the slowness of the professional critics and literary historians to recognize that *Tom Sawyer*, *Life on the Mississippi*, and *Huckleberry Finn* were national masterpieces. Reasons can be assigned, the main one being critical inertia and timidity. Gradually, nevertheless, the realization came that Mark Twain was one of our great writers, whom it was not extravagant to compare with Dickens, Molière, Dumas, and Cervantes. These comparisons really were made, though somewhat casually, before he attained,

in the nineteen-twenties, a vogue among the intellectuals.

In that peculiar decade he became the centre of a controversy which tended further to postpone a final estimate of his quality. Everyone remembers it, I suppose, and it has not even yet entirely subsided. It began when the cult of the frontier or Middle West found in him a handy example of a product strictly made-in-America. It was only a step to the conclusion that his history presented a parable of the distressful condition of the artist in America. This theory found an eloquent advocate in Van Wyck Brooks and a pugnacious opponent in Bernard DeVoto. The fallacy in the theory was perhaps natural to intellectuals: it treated Mark Twain as if he were an intellectual. But if there was ever an intuitionist it was he. He was so creative that whenever he attempted philosophic thought he seemed like a great, solemn, lovable baby. His at times astonishing insight and wisdom were the fruit, not of philosophy, but of human sympathy. His illuminations came through his feelings.

Has not the time come to continue the work laid out by DeVoto in *Mark Twain's America*? To reëxamine the works, not for what they lack, but for what they have? Concerning his greatest work, nearly everybody is now agreed that it has exuberance of vitality. Like all great fiction, it has a positively therapeutic power, not only because it contains the great cure-all, laughter, but because it is so completely sane. This sanity, which shows as a balance of laughter and tears, of observation and imagination, of thought and feeling, is found only in a few writers, and these of the greatest.

MOUNTAIN CHRISTMAS

BY KATHARINE O. WRIGHT

IT is surprising to find in the backwoods such a Christmas as the Pine Mountain celebration, but there it is, hidden behind the great ridge that scallops the sky for a hundred and thirty miles across southeastern Kentucky. Fault strata, in which coal lies at crazy, unavailable angles, the long mountain lifts a 'Wall of China' between the available coal to the east and the undeveloped wilderness to the west. Harlan County on both sides, yet it would be hard to find two more contrasting worlds. To the east, amidst labor troubles, the race memories of some seventeen nationalities blending with modern America; to the west, the ways and speech of pioneer America preserved by isolation. The CCC boys have engineered a much-needed road across the gigantic cliffs of Pine Mountain, connecting industrial America with pioneer America. It is interesting to speculate upon the outcome, but we were speaking of Christmas in the backwoods 'yon side' Pine Mountain.

There, in some remote cabin, an old man by the name of Yeoman, or Gentry, or Christian, may tell you, 'Christmas don't rightfully come on December twenty-fifth — hits true date be January sixth, when oxen kneel in their stalls at midnight to pray and the elder flower blossoms, shore as life.' Something there of Old England, something of Scotch-Irish mysticism still strong; while to the east, in row upon row of miners' shacks, Christmas is reminiscent of many an old country.

Take house 5, in row D. The door

is open and the air is sweet with the almond-cinnamon scent of Hungarian Christmas cakes. Darkies, lighting fire-crackers in the row, sniff it ruefully and shout, 'Chris'mus gif'!' Plantation hopes still cropping out! Across the row an ikon in candlelight bespeaks 'White Russia,' gone forever except in hearts. Farther along, the coal dust has been wiped from a window that red paper *tompte* may dance across the pane, as Swedish as can be. A Czechoslovakian fiddler, a Negro banjo player, Welsh miners caroling — glints of old Christmases fast fading amidst coal dust as old folk from old countries pass on and the young grasp the new. Plenty of drinking marks the day, a varied wassail on the coal-mining side of the ridge, — perhaps the Italians make the best, — and it's all preferable to the ungarnished, unadulterated 'moonshine' of pioneer origin that sets young bucks shooting worse than firecrackers on both sides of the ridge. Saddest are the houses in mining towns along the Poor Fork of the Cumberland and in remote hollows of the hills, where nothing marks Christmas from any other day in the year. Perhaps a 'bust of shooting' is preferable.

But when winds blow fresh and cold across what hemlocks are left on 'yon side' it may be that Mammy will raise a 'song-ballet' that goes back deep into Scotch-Irish or English Christmas. Happen it is 'The Cherry Tree Carol': —

Joseph was an old man, an old man was he,
And he married the Virgin, Mary, the Queen of
Galilee.

There follows in the song the miracle of the cherry tree bending its boughs that Mary may pluck of the crimson fruit because she is with child. The silence of mountain fastnesses has preserved this tune, these lovely words; and mountain fastnesses give way, necessarily, in time. Perhaps only for a short time now are the folk treasures collected by Cecil Sharp and others still there: such ancient customs and speech, such old jokes and riddle songs as twisted the tongues of pioneers, such beautiful songs as 'The Cherry Tree Carol.' All credit to those who have conscientiously preserved these race memories for future generations.

Perhaps it is not amiss here to recall how Christmas in the Kentucky mountains came to smack of Old England. In 1611, James I settled hundreds of English and Scotch Protestants in Ireland with the hope that these intelligent artisans and yeomanry might become a controlling element among the Catholics. Vain hope! Their industry turned a swampy north of Ireland into Ulster County, but there was such friction — religious, political, industrial — that after a hundred years thousands of their descendants took ship for America. During one week alone, in 1727, six shiploads are reported to have landed in Philadelphia. Swarming into Pennsylvania and other seaboard states, they went seeking independence down the long corridors of the Appalachians. One of their descendants, a law unto himself today, will tell you, 'My forbears was the game-follerin' kind.' Deeper and deeper into the very heart of the mountains they followed the receding deer, bear, partridge, wild turkey — and independence.

Often they carried with them three books, the most popular in the English of their day: the Bible, *Paradise Lost*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*, all of which they used for random reference. When, far from schools, the ability to read died out of later generations, it became the burning wish of older folk to have restored the

power to use these books for inspiration. In 1913 William Creech, Sr., deeded all his rare bottomland 'yon side' to the Pine Mountain Settlement School — 'because I want all young'uns taught to serve the livin' God. . . . I have heart and cravin' that our people may grow better.' And this land, as he put it, was 'to be used for school purposes as long as the Constitution of the United States stands.'

The speech of these 'game-follerin' kind' was, like their Bible, a King James version. With them into the wilderness went their ideas of Christmas and Easter, their spirituals, songs for courting, songs for putting babies to sleep, riddle, comedy, and incantation, ballads as tragic as any Greek drama — all for vicarious entertainment and to ease their hearts. There was nothing to dilute these race memories. By repetition they lived and grew as they had in the past. Sometimes new experience inspired a new ballad, such as 'Sourwood Mountain,'¹ but it would be patterned after the old: —

Chicken crowing on Sourwood mountain,
Hey, ho, diddle dum dee-ay.
Get your dogs and we'll go hunting,
Hey, ho, diddle dum dee-ay.

In the backwoods the Scotch-Irish were joined by a few Huguenot French and some Germans from the Rhenish Palatinate, also seeking independence. Out-numbered by Scotch-Irish, in time families with such names as Sevier, Napier, or Booher lost their racial identity and found themselves singing, all unwittingly, songs the Danes may have brought into England with their conquest. Christmas 'yon side' has a right to suggest Old England.

When certain influences for civilizing 'mountain whites' introduced Moody and Sankey hymns, some people began to believe their own songs were devil's

¹ Collected in Harlan County, Kentucky, by Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway, and included in *The Lonesome Tunes*, published by H. W. Gray & Co. — AUTHOR

ditties.' 'Ef a whole community believes a thing is wrong ye begin to yoreself,' declared an inhibited singer of beautiful ballads. However, Pine Mountain Settlement, in Uncle William's bottomland, was one of the places where folks kept on singing their own songs. The immemorial 'Edward' did not lose face, nor did 'The Nightingale,' although the bird himself never sang in Kentucky woods:—

Good morning, good morning, good morning to thee.

Now where are you going, my pretty lady?

I'm going a-walking by the banks o' the sea

To see the waters a-gliding, hear the nightingale sing.

The songs that were brought there from the outside world were, as far as possible, in keeping with the fine heritage of the people. Pine Mountain became a centre of great interest to the collectors of folklore. Cecil Sharp found treasure here, so did Howard Brockway, Loraine Wyman, Percy MacKaye, John Niles, and many others. Almost any mountain child, walking from five to forty miles to stay and 'git larnin',' might bring in some new version of a rare old song.

Along about the middle of December, Pine Mountain Christmas is 'norated' up one wild creek and down another. At the head of some hollow an old woman may announce: 'Hit's greens the Settlement wants, and hit's not turnip greens nuther!' Far be it from the School to turn down turnip greens, but each winter it has to prove that man does not live by bread alone. Christmas comes at the time of the year when folk begin to wonder if the 'shucky beans,' dried pumpkin, and salt pork hanging from the rafters will hold out until 'the sprang o' the yahr.' It comes when stock feeding is arduous and mules' feet crunch ice in creek beds. It is celebrated on the 'fotched-on' date of December twenty-fifth, but if anyone still wants to he may go home for Old Christmas, Twelfth Night, the oxen-kneeling time.

Subtly anticipation creeps over weav-

ing room, carpenter shop, schoolroom, kitchen, and barnyard, especially the barnyard, where John Shackelford, taking his turn at the milking stool, casts a wary glance at the oxen standing by. A few turkeys driven gobbling from a farmer's high pasture may be a first intimation, but Christmas is on the way when a bevy of old neighbors ride in at the Settlement gate. 'Neighbors' may live anywhere within a radius of twenty miles, and these have left their homes at dawn to get here, crossing the backbone of a ridge and tracing more than one creek. They are mounted on high-pommeled sidesaddles, and their long skirts sway with the ambling of their nags. Tied behind each are bunches of holly, mistletoe, and cedar blue with berries. Weathered cheeks are warm with excitement, old eyes peer sharply from beneath black cotton sunbonnets. One wears a skirt of madder-red homespun, a note of gayety in the winter landscape. Guiding her nag with one hand, she bears aloft in the other the granddaddy of all mistletoe boughs.

'Hit growed so high in a sycamore tree Amos was obleeged for to shoot hit down.'

Look askance and she will reassure you, 'He kitched hit stidfast when hit come a-tumblin'.' And so the waxy berries are intact.

All unintentionally a holly leaf spurs her nag. Someone screams, 'Mount down, Granny, afore ye git nag-flung!'

And they all mount down and are invited into Laurel House, where greens are swapped for a good hot dinner and quilt scraps, which are much in demand by all but Granny. Her eyes have beheld a flaxen-haired doll, sent from New York for some mountain child.

'Quilt scraps — yes, but —'

Her companions scoff. 'Whoever heerd tell the like? A granny what's raised up a kitten bilin' o' young'uns, to say nothin' o' greats and grands, hankerin' attar a poppy doll!'

'Hain't I pined attar a play-pretty

ever sence I's big enough to stand up around a cheer?' she inquires, and the doll is hers.

Fingering it wonderingly, she cries, 'Lord love ye, leetle yaller-headed shut-eye! I'll set ye on my fireboard whar nary a young'un kin lay prankin' hand on ye — 'ceptin' mebbe Amos's least un,' she relents. 'Mebbe hit mought set and rock ye.'

Later, when she rides away down Greasy Creek with her cronies, the sophisticated puppet stares from her saddlebag, a somewhat alarmed expression in its wide blue eyes.

Careful pruning does not hurt a holly thicket, old trees spare well their mistletoe; laurel, called ivy, is cut where fields must be cleared for corn; even the 'feisty' saw brier is brought from the fields, indigo berries and coppery leaves to lend enchantment. When each of the dozen or so houses scattered over the bottomland has before its door a pile of greens, work speeds up of its own accord that time may be found for weaving garlands. Loom, printing press, broom, fountain pen, lathe, and rolling pin seem to work the faster, for boys and girls, young and old, take to wreath-making. At night sheep huddle against the cold and the long mountain looms black almost sheer above the Settlement, but indoors fires leap on hearths and rooms are redolent of cedar, pine, and galax.

At Far House, Fairannie, named out of a ballad, sits bent above a growing wreath. Intent, absorbed, what matter if her fingers are pricked and resinous? She is weaving holly and cedar berries with white pine. There comes a moment when she lifts in her capable arms such a wreath as could not be bought for love or money on Fifth Avenue, and hangs it above the fireboard. The other young'uns 'bust out singin',' for with the 'histing' of Fairannie's wreath Far House has become capable of any festive possibility. Each house experiences a similar transformation. The Lord knows what may happen now! Sometimes, from

sheer exuberance, boys and girls break into set-running, the dance their ancestors brought into the mountains along with the Bible and *Paradise Lost*.

'Roost the lamps high, and set the furniture outdoors!' a strapping youth shouts, and he is off, a girl on his arm. Couple after couple swing into the double circle, and the rhythm begins to grow. The 'caller' has a peculiar falsetto twang in his voice; he calls as did his granddaddy: 'Home Swing! — Shoot that Owl! — Lady round the gent and the gent don't go, Lady round the lady and the gent also!' All the better if there is a fiddle or someone to 'beat the banjo' across the knee, but music is not requisite — rhythm is the thing! Rhythm compounded of clapping, stepping, and calling, rhythm so insistent and compelling as to sweep the dancers out of themselves. Many single organisms become one pulsating whole, in which want, failure, and discouragement have no place. Outside in the mountains, set-running, augmented by 'moonshine,' may become Dionysian; here it is delight.

Cecil Sharp recognized in its ancient figures old dances lost to civilization in England, and took it back there, whence it sprang, and where it is now widely danced in thin-soled shoes, which the mountaineers say is not right. It takes brogues and a peculiar horizontal step to work up the rhythm that is set-running. The Kentucky Running Set in England today is a beautiful thing, danced lightly and swiftly to fine music.

Each night during the week before Christmas, Pine Mountain boys and girls enact a different carol in Laurel House dining hall.² On the first night the girls sing from the oak balcony that runs around three sides of the room. There is a gloom of shadow up there this week, as the room below is lit only by candles. At one point in the song the girls lean

² Since the writing of this article, Laurel House has unfortunately burned down, interrupting this tradition. — AUTHOR

over into the light and loop the balcony with 'ivy' garlands. The next night the boys drag in a Yule log, singing as they drag. Again a group may present 'The Twelve Days of Christmas,' a song whose origin is lost in English folklore. One mountain version has these lines:—

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave
to me
Twelve calling birds and the part of a pa'r tree.

It seems to the youngsters, as they return to their respective houses these nights, that Orion up yonder favors their side of the mountain. Gaudily brilliant, he has plunged his sword in the top as though to leap across.

But all this green-bringing and garlanding, this dancing, Yule logging, corn popping, and caroling, is but the prelude to the Nativity Play. The day it is given the neighbors ride in from near and far, hitching nags and 'mule critters' outside the Church House. Non-denominational, the Church House is built of cream limestone, cut by men and boys from the base of the mountain where it stands. The neighbors enter: 'totterish' old folk, young bucks, mothers with babes at their breasts and young ones by the hand. They take their places in the dusky interior. The Play is the tradition of the founders of the school and generations of boys and girls, who have made it their own. The Church House smells of cedar and straw. Silence falls upon the watchers.

Prophets announce the Holy Night. Through the pointed clear-glass window a star shines upon Mary and her Least One in the manger. She bends her lovely face and sings. Wise men bring gifts.

The striped homespun blankets become the shepherds, keeping watch.

Stepping in from field and stable, the actors take their parts with a faith and naturalness surpassing studied art. Perhaps only to the Oberammergau plays can the breath-taking reality of their presentation be compared. In the dusk a granny sits watching. She has been schooled to hardship, and it is not her way to show her feelings, but now she wipes her eyes, unashamed. She snuggles to her a little girl, who in turn clasps a flaxen-haired doll. The audience vents its feelings in a mountain song which, while not of their neighborhood, they like to sing:—

When Mary birthed Jesus 'twas in a cow's stall
With wise men and farmers and shepherds and all.
But high from the heavens a star's light did fall
And the promise of ages it then did recall.

I wonder as I wander out under the sky
How Jesus, the Saviour, did come for to die
For poor, onery people like you and like I—
I wonder as I wander out under the sky.³

The Play is over. Slowly, 'still-turned,' the watchers wend their way out of the Church House, perhaps to receive some gift from a tree, but nothing to what they have received—a warmth that will last some until 'the sprang o' the yahr' comes to do some garlanding of her own.

Only when the wind is right can the sound of a train be heard on the far side of Pine Mountain, hauling coal out to America. But the new road is letting cars across, even in bad weather, and young mountaineers are preparing themselves for a new world.

³ From a North Carolina collection by John Jacob Niles, *Songs from the Hill-Folk*. — AUTHOR

ENGLAND UNDER FIRE

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

I

IT was near midnight, no moon, and the sky overcast. The air was brooding. The slow surge of the tide making around the rocks below could be heard deeply, in diapason, a sound as if the universal were in soliloquy. The hour, the dark, the calm, the tide — here it was, the right conjunction in circumstance for the invasion of England. The experts had warned us of it. But though you may have found out too often what experts are to be misled by them, yet you did feel that fate need not have been quite so theatrical, for things were bad enough. If we were doomed, then let fate get on with it.

The darkness was absolute. In what shape would the enemy come? You should be in England now, anywhere here would do, to learn what night is when a power lies in wait against you that has a form unknown. The soldier walking beside me paused. His face glowed as he lit his pipe. 'I wish,' he said bitterly, as we resumed our patrol, 'that fellow in Germany would come out. Let us get at him, and get it over.'

We had not spoken for some time, but he had uttered my own thought. It is a common thought. It comes to all of us. Idle words are sure to fly up out of smouldering anger, impatience, and anxiety. It was black and heavy, our summer world, and its stillness was not only delusive but ugly. This quiet would be burst open. Where would the clangor begin? Then, while we stood considering this, there being no hurry

about it that we could see, — we could not so much as see each other, — we heard low voices. We could not place the speakers, who were serious and subdued. We eavesdropped. The words we heard were of probabilities, guesses prompted by a late and scant broadcast we had missed. The only certainty was that heavy attacks by war planes had been made on our country that day.

So it had begun! We bent our ears for more, but no more came. The murmuring ceased. We tried to find the speakers, but nobody was about. Only a sea mew cried from mid-air, very like a short derisive laugh, small and idiotic.

The Day had come? London attacked at last? That invincible might of the German fleet in the air which has so frightened Europe — it had struck home? We could not tell, and it was useless to attempt to telephone. The telephone is off, in war, in the very hour when you would give a full purse to hear a known and trusted voice. Patience now is not only a virtue but compulsory. We must wait for morning. Those broadcasts! So often they excite but cannot satisfy. Still, was that air invasion beaten off? We wanted to know. We dared to hope so. Yet, is it easy to stop an incursion of numberless locusts?

The night remained silent about it. There was nothing to do but turn in. The ticks of the clock could be counted. One could do that. If sleep were refused, then stare at the place where the window ought to be, like a gymnosophist, till it

shaped. There was enough, meanwhile, to keep one's thoughts going. This war is of so entirely new an order that you can be as speculative about it as an ant when its hill has been kicked upside down. Civilization has progressed so far that it will have to begin again, though how and with what we don't know; not yet. New powers are at large which have made the lessons of the last war and its following peace — political, military, economic, and moral — as obsolete as mediæval weapons, feudal society, and chivalry. Even today's children must dimly surmise that a new life has begun for them, young though they are, as they pause before their rural schoolhouse to wonder why the legs of a German airman are dangling over its parapet. Front lines are with Agincourt. While you are still thinking the trouble is nowhere near you, explosions begin in that place, without a prelude. Down you go into a ditch, or flat on the pavement, if there is no broken glass on it, resting your head on an arm, and keeping the mouth a little open. The front line runs across every roof. The cradle, the free library, and the cinema are outposts. . . .

Well, had the fabulous power which reduced Rotterdam to rubble and bones now made London desolate? While we were waiting to hear about that, there was an encouraging fact to keep us company. It was the only one we had. But in the long run it might prove to be the cardinal fact. In more than one way Dunkirk was a revelation. Outnumbered there, our men in the sky lightly maintained the tradition of those seafarers who once on a time, with a smaller fleet of better ships, mishandled in confident abandon the maritime tradition of great Spain. Do not think that parallel from 1588 is a solace far-fetched. There are virtues of the unpredictable human spirit, as well as vices, which will never become obsolete, in any new era. And, when condemning a democratic people for senility and slowness,

remember also that many of them will be young, vivacious, honest, and simple souls, undisturbed by a legend of an implacable bogey. They will not have given much attention to it. Then again, it is the high pleasure in sport for an outside team to laugh to itself while it takes its chances at walloping the proud favorite in the last match. I could then, that anxious night, while waiting for what I should hear at daylight, recall the name of John Hawkins, and with satisfying relevance to the present tribulation of my people.

That Devonian, in consultation with his friend Drake and other cronies who had been to sea, aware of what the English might sight some day in the offing, boldly discarded the ancient notion of a fighting ship, which was a castle afloat for soldiers; and his act scared the traditionalists. But Hawkins had noticed that sailors, not soldiers, were the fellows to time gunfire when seas were running. He wanted nimble ships with striking power, and he built them, aware that he had the men to work them. Magnitude did not intimidate him. Now our history books tell us that 'He blew with his winds and they were scattered.' I agree, and without the aid of mysticism. But I suspect that the impulse to that phrase came of Queen Elizabeth's diplomatic art when issuing her medal for the victory. She remembered she was a heretic, and excommunicate, and so found pleasure in pointing to the probability that God, as the world could now observe, seemed to have been on her side, after all. For the truth is, the Spaniards in that far-off July had a fair wind all up the English Channel. It carried them along to their task, which was to protect Parma's army on its way over to London. But while on their course to do this, favored with a proper wind, they were outsailed and outgunned. The prestige and august legend of Spain were of no avail. This incomprehensible novelty bewildered the Spaniards, and shook their nerve. That

was why, as they were anchored in Calais Roads one night, panic seized them when fire ships came. The scattering began. Next day, off Gravelines, they were hammered till they turned away, and the wind did begin to blow which broke them up, that foul wind which set crippled galleons inshore, and drove them to run for home, if they could make it, by the north about. Parma's army was left standing on the sand dunes.

Thus, by the look of it, the winds of God, and long before the event, may blow into a receptive mind a creative thought that is destined to bias the event. Hawkins seems to have been so favored, and to have believed what came to his mind with all his heart. The winds which to indifferent weathercocks appear to blow where they list perchance are quickening with creative notions the minds and hearts of the just, if they have the will to believe . . . and there was a sign for August 1940. Our men in the sky, we had seen, had a confidence in their craft which sent them lightly against the dreaded German air force, to shoot it down, two and three to one.

Some of those men we know, and what we know of them makes still more mysterious their performances aloft. Down on the earth, at table, or idle while off duty, they perplex us. We look for signs of their singular aptitude, as that of Valkyries, but nothing shows except the poise of ownership, shyness, and good humor. I notice, when with them, that the subject of flying should be avoided. Talk of anything but that. I can but guess that when they are above the clouds, and out of sight, they are transfigured. They have a secret. I should like to watch them up there, but have no wings. It is impossible for mortals to approach the horns of the moon. These men leave us. Later, while people sleep, there falls from the clear firmament a dreadful music, though nothing can be seen above except the immemorial constellations, and one might suppose

that at last one could hear the very quiring of the stars on their way to what we shall never know. To that companionship with Orion our young friends, who sat at table with us, are translated. Their unearthly music falls to us from space, from between Ursa Major and Perseus. They are changed into the Dawn Patrol.

One of these pilots, a youngster of our acquaintance, after France had surrendered was worried because fifteen messmates had been left in a Biscayan port. He went to his superior at his aerodrome in central England. 'Let's get them out of it, sir.'

Out of it? What was he talking about! The enemy was there by then; nothing could be done. Something must be done, protested the junior, and explained what he would do. His superior then also went mad, dropped discretion and superiority, and allowed 'a big old bus' to be emptied of everything. Even its machine guns were removed. Both set out into the blue. 'What will you do if we meet the Jerries?' asked the senior, while over the sea, for they had no arms. 'Dive on the beggars,' said the pilot. But they had a clear run. They found their men, who, so the narrator told us, were as cheerful as if victory were at hand. 'I think,' said their senior, looking at his watch, while merrymaking proceeded, 'we ought to be going.' This the boys could not dispute, as they saw the Germans were beginning to arrive. 'Then,' explained our informant, 'we packed in the whole fifteen with a shoehorn, and got 'em home to lunch. They were hungry. . . . No. Nothing happened.'

II

The news, when we heard it early next morning, was as terse as the report from a flat market. Its geography was cryptic, and less easily solved than a crossword puzzle. London, however, so far was not involved. That cool laconic relation over the air addressed before

breakfast to an acute and popular interest was nothing like the story we used to get of the final struggle for the English Football Cup, in the happy days of long ago. The chief thing in it was that our Hurricanes and Spitfires were as right as ever, news as good as the word that we could continue to live on, for the time being, and look up. I can see now that our authorities were harshly careful because they knew no more than the rest of us what was in the wind, or still to come. There had been so many surprises in this war to shock us into silence that there might be others. No applause, please!

Were we wrong, then, in assuming that the invasion had begun? It looked like it. Still, instinct as well as circumstance warned us that Hitler, somehow, though we knew not how, must drive to a conclusion; and reason said that he had begun his drive. We were aware that it would give him rapture to do to London what he did to Warsaw, if he could. No doubt of that. Those Nazis always had a rankling hatred of us more poisonous than anything they felt for the French; and a reminder that English Liberals, from the end of the last war, had been Germany's only rational friends in Europe was enough to jump them into loud and corybantic hysteria. Something else came to me. Only a few days ago, on August 8, a surprise attack was made on Dover and the shipping in the Channel by remarkable clouds of planes. That was ominous. The Germans are superstitious over dates. We have noted that. Hitler, whenever he consulted his astrologist, would have brooded over August 8, for it was Germany's Black Day, so named by Ludendorff. On that day, in 1918, in an attack by Australians and Londoners before Amiens, the German army began to topple, and thereafter continued to go over till November, from the North Sea to the Alps. Hitler, of course, would blame us for that. It was the day fixed by the stars for the return compliment, to compensate gloriously one more of those abundant Ger-

man humiliations. Irrational? Yes, but the militarist and the gambler are more superstitious than a black African in his banana patch. War is irrational; it is anarchy.

That attack on Dover and the ships had an end so cheering that Londoners soon forgot it. It was a danger past. It was without special significance. This brings us to the point when it ought to be admitted that whether Britons are confident, or only thick-headed, is a doubt which halts some of us, nervously aware that old habits of thought, the result of long immunity from invasion, do not allow us to view our peril with the requisite concern, in this new era for everybody. We do know, having his own word for it, that it is Hitler's will, irrevocable as ever, to blot us out; but the odd fact is that, though we have witnessed in horror his methods when blotting out other people, it is rare to meet a man or woman at home who has anything more than a puzzled look, or a smile, for the threat of the abolition of our ancient establishment. What, push over those hills? How blot us? Mop up the sea? Naturally it is difficult for a Briton, if his home is where the funnels of ships are as commonplace as chimneys, to believe that a great army fully furnished can be shipped overseas and landed as easily as tanks cross a frontier; the sea is wet, and that doubter perhaps knows a thing or two of the mystery of stevedoring. He wonders how stevedoring would be managed under gunfire. He thinks such a problem must puzzle even Hitler.

Then he hesitates. He reflects anew. Has he overlooked an important quantity in his reckoning? Is there a deciding factor of which he has never heard? He remembers the many incredible events that have been to Hitler's advantage, since the war began, triumphs won so cheaply, to all appearance, that they might have come of magic art. There is excuse enough for doubt, when one frowns into the future, trying to discern

what is there, and seeing little even when helped by an understanding of everything implied by ships and the sea; excuse enough, while one gazes round the horizon of another morning, which is undefiled, so far — quite unable to judge, with all one knows of war and peace, where next the infernal plague will break out. This new era!

It is in that moment of pause and doubt, while feeling the impartial geniality of the sun, smelling wood smoke (autumn is near), noticing absently the sprightliness of the swallows, so strangely unconcerned, and the stillness and aloofness of the elms, and hearing the voices of children at play, that a hate of the Nazis falls over the mind like the sudden chill of a cloud across the sun — a shadow one would put off, if one could, but cannot. Those men, fouling life, driving dirt into thought, rendering even the morning light unreal! Because of them, the very laughter of innocence at play is dismaying, for tonight it may be blotted out. For what? Hitler's horoscope! This hate of the obscene — hardly felt in the last war, I can affirm — must be reckoned with. I spoke today to a young soldier, a simple man, who was in the retreat to the sea. His own part in it did not seem to interest him, but he did recall, low-voiced, some wayside scenes in a deliberate hunting down of homeless civilians by German planes, which flew low, playful with machine guns on helpless crowds. A Belgian child by the roadside stirred among the dead, and this youth went to help her, and raised her. Her arm fell off. He does not fear invasion. He wants it to come. I left him cleaning his rifle by a beach.

He is wrong? Yes, I suppose he is; and so am I. Hate is wrong. But that child's arm fell off. She opened her eyes to see who touched her and then died. So what can we do? Tell me that. Is innocence to perish because of one man's horoscope? Is its laughter to be silenced for that? Shall we allow an insensate fool to put out the light, and thereafter sit in

darkness? If hate, though of what is foul, is unlovely, yet the prospect of continuous darkness, unrelieved by a gleam of reason, in which cruelty is absolute, seems a good deal worse. I cannot justify hate, but would say merely that we hate a prospect in which life loses all the values for which we care. Not even that legendary Star, by the light of which men built their great cathedrals, the star they still celebrate with music appropriate to the aisles of Chartres and Canterbury, will show a ray in the darkness that threatens us. We need not be Christian men to hate the imminence of purgatory without hope.

That is why, when recently a relative wrote to tell me, in wry words, that he practised with his bayonet on dummies erected in the cloisters of abbey ruins where monks once illuminated missals and early texts of our faith and origin, I found I could not disagree with him about it. He said that, except with machinery, we have got nowhere worth mentioning in ten centuries. The irony of it, he felt, ought to be sharpened later against whoever and whatever are blameworthy, and he desired to live for that. Just now, though, he admitted, we had no time for backward glances in appraisal; our enemy is on the encircling horizon, and we have no room to spare. The golf course is a land mine, the public park is cultivated into a surprise for visitors we do not want, and the bathing beach is altered to scarify an ichthyosaurus, should it try to land. No church bells may ring for prayers. The chimes are now the tocsin.

III

My friend's letter came on the morning of the day when Hitler had his first serious defeat of the war. Even as I read it, the man who wrote it was busy with his battery shooting down six German bombers. For me, the hour was unsullied. There was nothing overhead but idle gulls. I thrust the letter into a

pocket while inspecting three fine trout a gunner had caught in the stream beside his post. A few minutes later a young matron asked me whether I had heard the screaming bomb fall in the night. What, there? No. Had she? Had she not! I was still inclined to reject that bomb, but she described the beast. It alighted three fields behind her children's bedroom, after its vile song, but they slept on, and she was thankful for that, while she watched a hayrick burning. She fancied at first the old church tower was alight, it seemed to be red-hot, but that was only the reflection, she found. How silly the Germans were, dropping bombs there!

This was puzzling. I was traveling far that day, to places where bombs were more probable. Jerry must be up to something, to have included so unlikely a spot in his battle orders. And what a grand feature he makes of terror! Even his bombs must scream before they burst.

I had to go, and at once forgot one odd and irresponsible bomb. My train at length neared a seaport old in story. I must not name it — though it would vastly improve the omen of this yarn if I could. The train remained at a platform long enough for an appreciation of the scene without, which included one admiral, several captains, a number of other naval officers, mingling with blue-jackets and marines — mostly British, but some French — in a manner more casual and on the level than I remember of the other war. The nonchalant French seamen appeared to be well salted. The admiral was wearing an old raincoat, though it was a warm day, to hide his high office. Pay no attention to me! A matured commander stood near my window, giving affable advice to a junior French naval officer, and that figure of his was one for a civilian to remember, when trusting that our invisible ships are keeping their eyes open. I relished the head and bearing of that mariner, while my train waited. . . .

We passengers gazed sharply at each

other round our compartment. Our eyes asked the question. What was that? Wasn't it the wailing note? It was. It continued to wail. The people in the station, I noticed, did not run. Their interest was in the sky. Women remained just where the warning found them, with their children and parcels. Why lose your train because of an unpleasant noise? Our guard appeared. He told us we could go on, if we wanted to, or get out. There was a raid on.

Nobody got out. The train resumed its journey, and as it was rounding a curve we had a broad view of a battle in modern war. What we saw was an array of impassive balloons, looking on at the show as we were, an audience of silvery hobgoblins at a superior height. Below them a White Ensign was tranquilly unrolling from a flagstaff. That was all. No; distantly, a great number of circular cloudlets of shrapnel were forming instantaneously and soundlessly, livid patches in the blue. A column of dark smoke leaned away solidly from an object out of sight. The man opposite turned from the window, and opened his newspaper. So did I. That is all.

All? Not exactly, but it is most of what you see of war in its latest phase till chance blows the affair right over and around you, a blasting storm, a deafening and numbing typhoon. And chance is sure to do that; and you may not have long to wait. This, as the train drew away from battle, did not occur to me. I assumed the affair at that port was incidental, a touch to keep us reminded that our foe could show himself anywhere in our islands; but we knew that already.

Three hours later we were ending our journey, with a short walk below barren hills to our porch. The land was so calm with a prescience of autumn that we forgot war was about. By a seventeenth-century barn a group of soldiers were lounging. As we neared them I saw them stiffen. Then they began to stargaze in the afternoon. Of course we did the

same. From an ambush of fair-weather cumulus overhead came a continuous urgency of machine guns. Cartridge cases showered about us, but we paid no attention to that by-product of battle — which was foolish of us, for where the cases are, there the bullets are also. Where were those planes? Nothing was aloft but a ferocious noise. Through a clear chasm in the clouds we thought once we could discern some scintillating atoms. An intermittent droning from one cloud, a sergeant by me was confident, was that of a Jerry. A tiny silver butterfly flew off the rim of it and melted in another cloud. As the sergeant spoke, a Spitfire sang low from over the hill behind us, and went up into that concealment as sharply as a rocket. We heard two bursts from a gun, there was a pause, and then a flaming meteor dropped from the belly of the cloud, headfirst, rotating, with a long tail as red as burnished copper following it. 'Got 'im!' murmured the sergeant. A fountain sprang high close to the beach. We waited for whatever was next. The crepitating confusion was in one of its intervals, and longer than usual.

The soldiers said they had seen four other Jerries drop farther out to sea. While I continued to gaze upwards vacantly, I cannot say for what, a Spitfire fell from a cloud, a mile out. Another followed it. They dropped obliquely shorewards to destruction, but saved themselves in unison — I heard myself exclaim when they were about to strike the beach. Both upended, and rolled easily away from disaster, in a sort of elegant hilarity. The sergeant gunner chuckled. 'They always do that after a show.'

Not till next day did we hear that our island had been attacked by continuous droves of enemy planes. Fifty-three had fallen along our own stretch of coast, in as short a time as it took our defenders to become aware that at last they were engaged in a decisive affair. When one attack was dispersed, another

swarm from France approached the land. We have had many such visitations since, and some of them worse, for the invasion of us has begun. Along the dim ridges of the hills every night the searchlights radiate and intersect, and are often brilliant enough to put out the Milky Way. Soon we are listening to the enemy. His power vibrates the dark, and one wishes one knew precisely how to locate it. It seems prevalent. At times there is a flash, and an upheaval below made by him, or by them, and our walls shudder. Somebody near has caught it. The guns roll around the night like drums. Their round expansions of shrapnel are as if orange glow-lamps were festooned aloft in clusters and glittered in a desultory way. Metal showers rain and rattle down. Through these doings in the dark, the lord star Jupiter eyes all magnificently, his survey by no means intermittent. Somehow, I am glad of that. How long will this one last?

Morning comes again, not too soon — indeed, we are pleased to meet it — and tales of the night before begin to arrive from our neighbors. Some discipline is then applied to the mind, firmly, to enable progress to be made with whatever task — such as this story for you — one has in hand. In the evening there is a stroll to the inn. Men from the garrison drop in, at the hour for the broadcast, when we get the day's news. There have been, we are told, attacks everywhere, as usual. We had guessed that; we have had some. But what the men want to hear is 'the scores for the day.' (I use their own phrase for it.) Sometimes it is six to one against Jerry; now and then it drops to two to one.

In London, as elsewhere, the war is accepted as an unavoidable inclemency. The hour of a storm cannot be forecast, and though it is sure to strike sometime that day, and probably more than twice, work ought to be done. Wheels must be kept turning. Man is the most adaptable of all animals. In the heavens, suddenly, the detonations begin their larks, dam-

mit, right over the Sunday dinner. It is advisable to leave that on the table, and descend to the dugout. Your neighbors will be there, also without their dinners, but with cards and gramophone. During the hours of work, though, only perfunctory attention is given to the siren. Ten minutes are bestowed on a shelter, as formal acknowledgment of kindly official instructions, and then, unless ruin has come close, men and women go up to their tasks. Mustn't waste time! But what a cold hatred of the Nazis accumulates! 'They shall pay for this!' decided the aged shopkeeper in the by-street, when she came out to rescue from plaster and broken glass what was left of her stock. Many of us are in full sympathy with her, for one reason or another. 'Last time,' mused an onlooker, 'the Kaiser ran into Holland. Where will Hitler go?' It was then seen, with complete satisfaction, that he has nowhere to go. For we are all aware that this ruin of a continent need not have come about, but the Nazis had resolved, with religious fervor, to make it. 'Right,' as once defined by the German Minister of Justice, 'is what is in the interests of the German *Volk*; wrong is what harms it.'

After that, there was no more to be said. There was but one thing to do. Could it be done? Last June not sufficient reason existed to show that it could be. Today the test is past. It is being done. Our men have taken the measure of the Nazis. The British air force was comparatively small, but it has already destroyed the legend that German propaganda had created of the invincibility of Hitler's air fleet; and his army, at present, is still standing where Parma's stood. In this war of the spirit against machines cruelly directed, the machines encountered at first but a broken spirit, and flew on in triumph. They encountered, over the English Channel, a spirit debonair and resolute, well equipped, and during August the German Armada was showered from the skies.

I do not know how to write of those men who, few in number, went up on wings to avert Nazi dominion of Christendom. Who could do that, in the uproar of a war continuing? It has been called an epic story, a theme for a poet when, in a time to come, he looks back in tranquillity; but I do not know how the silent gratitude of many humble and contrite hearts can arise in the splendor of great verse. For our youth in the air not only saved the day for us; it stemmed what seemed to be the oncoming of an age of darkness. How picture that?

Meanwhile, those same fliers are giving the Nazis an experience from which Germany has been free for over a century. Germany, at long last, is now invaded. Hitler's conjuring has brought that about. The destruction Berlin designed for others is already nearing her precincts. What Berliners rejoiced to hear had been done to Rotterdam and Warsaw is now approaching Potsdam. I do not want to exult. That, too, is hateful. There is cruelty enough in the world without adding to it. Nor could anyone exult after witnessing what may be seen in my own neighborhood. One day in August we chanced on wreckage by the roadside, an extraneous mass which had crushed a hedge of whitethorn and guelder-rose. A ploughman, with a horse on a lead, stood by the wreck gravely, bareheaded. His cap was in his hand. It was the crumpled metal of a German bomber, its colors and outline grotesque in that rustic lane; and tangled with its jagged metal were the bodies of three young Germans. The ploughman merely looked at us, and made a sorrowful gesture. He pointed to the field. 'Another there,' he said.

We found there was. It was one of ours, doubtless the one that had brought down the bomber. But that smaller machine, a Spitfire, was perfect. It had landed in a difficult place with precision. Then its wounded crusader had climbed out of it to rest. There he was, with his head on arm, as if asleep.

THE QUAKER WAY

BY D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD

THE current wave of pacifism has assembled as strange a collection of bedfellows as America has ever seen. They appear to work together for common purposes, but their actual motives are, in many instances, diametrically in opposition.

Some oppose military action because they hate England; some because they are isolationists, caring only for our own land; some because they are supporters of the Nazi régime; some because they are Communists, many of whom are, for the time, fellow travelers with the Nazis; some because they believe it is good military strategy to keep our resources at home; some because they believe we are in no danger; some because they are cynical about all unselfish acts; some because of a literal faithfulness to certain texts of the New Testament; and some, perhaps really very few, because of a conception of the nature of God and the nature of man which makes the method of war impossible.

I

Strangely different from the mass of objectors and far less vocal than most groups, often refusing to lobby at all, is the Religious Society of Friends, whose opposition to participation in war has been maintained, both in theory and in practice, for almost three hundred years. It is interesting to note that some writers are quick to point out the distinctions between the kinds of pacifism and to see that the Quaker objection is different,

not only in degree, but also in kind, from most of the alleged pacifism of our day. Thus Arnold Whitridge in his open letter to American undergraduates, in the August number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, after stating his frank misgivings concerning the popular pacifism of the campus, goes out of his way to make it clear that he is not making the same accusation against all pacifist movements, specifically mentioning in this connection the Quakers. 'Judging by your college papers,' he writes, 'I can't see that your pacifism is founded on any rock of principle. If you take the Quaker stand, then I have the greatest respect for you.' But Professor Whitridge does not conclude the matter on this note. Though he respects the Quaker stand, he does not believe that it can be reasonably defended.

The gist of the matter is that Professor Whitridge seriously doubts the logical tenability of the Quaker position, and it is highly likely that other thoughtful people share his misgiving. The misgiving arises because the Quaker position seems to involve a radical incompatibility. This incompatibility does not arise primarily from the painful conflict of duties in the minds of those who are both citizens and church members, but from the far more painful conflict of moral aims. If Quakers were merely opposed to war, the problem would be comparatively simple. They would then refuse participation in war as a matter of course. Regardless of the issues involved in a given international struggle,

the technique of objection would be the same. Men would refuse military service and would go courageously to prison or to death at the hands of firing squads, with the single-minded sense of duty done. If there is a clear distinction between what belongs to God and what belongs to Cæsar, the Christian can follow the martyrs' course without inner turmoil, no matter how great the physical pain.

But Friends are not merely an anti-war group. The opposition to war is only one of many 'testimonies' which seem to Friends to be of equal importance and to stem from a common root. Opposition to all oppression, to racial prejudice, and to all kinds of slavery — these are quite as important in the slowly developing Quaker way of life as is the opposition to war. What, then, can a Friend do if faithfulness to one of his 'testimonies' means unfaithfulness to another?

Consider the moral predicament of a Friend in England, especially one prominent in public life. This Friend has, let us say, been very active in working for the welfare of oppressed minorities. He wants a new order in Europe and in the world, an order which involves a strict limitation on national sovereignty and, consequently, national conceit. He has taken into his own home refugees, some of whom have come as broken men with the marks of concentration camps upon them.

Now our Friend sees, in 1939 and 1940, the spread of terror which engulfs the minorities he has sought to help. He sees his own land bombed by day and night and recognizes the imminence of actual invasion. By seeing what has happened to other countries he knows what will happen to his own. In short, he knows that his countrymen are fighting for their very lives and the lives of their little ones. The oppression which he so hates, and which he has had more opportunity to see than have most of his countrymen, will increase its hold on the world unless England makes war effec-

tively. If England cannot defend herself, the chance of smaller countries to get free from armed oppression would seem to be negligible. Moreover he knows that, in case of invasion, not only the English people, but those to whom England has given temporary asylum, will be at the mercy of their former oppressors. Peace at this time would break faith with thousands whose only protection from the Gestapo is the British army or other armed forces of Britain.

No one wants to seem inconsistent, but the Friends must seem so to many people. Worse than this, they may seem to be people who evade their responsibilities. 'You are merely letting other people fight your battles for you,' is one easy remark. A distinguished man in Scotland has accused British conscientious objectors of being 'parasites of sin.' If we hold that war is sinful, how can we keep our self-respect when we profit by the protection which the armed forces give, but in which we will not share?

Now what is a sensitive man to do when he understands all this, trying to be fully rational? He has inherited a great tradition of opposition to war, which has gone through many difficult times, and the Friend would be disloyal to his spiritual heritage if he were to break down now and join the army. Friends have kept to their steadfast opposition through the latter part of England's Civil War in the seventeenth century, through the French and Indian War, the American Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, the American Civil War and the first World War, as well as lesser struggles. But in each case there is the same moral predicament. The problem can never be avoided and never fully solved. If we are loyal to the insight and experience of three centuries, we become 'parasites of sin,' and if we join the majority in warlike preparations we do violence to our own consciences. If we refuse to fight we seem to aid Hitler, and if we try to stop Hitler in the only

effective way he can be stopped we weaken the fight for peace.

The appeal to former historical occasions, though it cannot solve our immediate problem, is helpful in sharpening our understanding of the nature of the problem. The one historical occasion which involved a choice most similar to that of our time was the American Civil War. Quakers had been among the pioneers in the struggle to eliminate slavery, as they had been pioneers in the struggle to eliminate war. But slavery was one of the major issues of the war. Certainly those who opposed the war seemed to condone human oppression, and those who opposed oppression in a practical manner seemed to condone war.

There was at least one person outside the Society of Friends who recognized fully and sympathetically the nature of the moral predicament in which Friends were placed, and that man was Abraham Lincoln. Writing to Eliza P. Gurney, the widow of the gifted master of Earlham Hall, President Lincoln stated the problem as follows:—

Your people, the Friends, have had and are having a very great trial. On principle and faith opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma, some have chosen one horn and some the other.

This statement of the dilemma represents not only Lincoln's known ability to get at the heart of a matter without wasting words, but also his familiarity with the Quaker position. His correspondence with individual Friends, as well as with groups of Friends, reveals his deep religious faith as well as the moral tension in his own life. By far the most important part of Lincoln's Quaker correspondence was with Mrs. Gurney. He was greatly drawn to her when she visited the White House and, accordingly, appealed to her for spiritual counsel in the dark days of the war. Her letter to him, embodying her counsel, was found in his breast pocket when the

President was assassinated. Lincoln's reply to this, after outlining the Quaker dilemma, went on to give the best account we have of his own deep faith in the Providence of God.

We may be justified in saying that the dilemma Lincoln stated was, in essence, his own dilemma. 'Engaged as I am in a great war,' he wrote on one occasion, 'I fear it will be difficult for the world to understand how fully I appreciate the principles of peace inculcated in this letter and everywhere by the Society of Friends.'

Now if Lincoln felt the moral tension partly because of his sympathies with Quakers, it may likewise be said that Quakers felt the moral tension of the Civil War all the more keenly because of their sympathy with Lincoln. The great majority of Friends in America, including a substantial number in the South, voted for Lincoln, and a great many approved the Emancipation Proclamation. How, then, could they reasonably oppose the war itself?

It is this question which Professor Whitridge is asking against the background of contemporary events when he says, 'If you take the Quaker stand I have the greatest respect for you, though after reading what Lincoln said to the Quakers their position seems to me untenable.' Later he writes, 'No conscientious objector has ever explained to me how, assuming that Hitler is the aggressor, he can escape this dilemma.' So frank a challenge deserves an equally frank reply.

II

As we turn from the statement of our problem to its attempted solution, our first step is to point out that we have no perfect solution, in the sense of something that can be neatly put in a sentence. The problem is keenly felt and is felt most by those who are advanced farthest. The surest evidence of lack of comprehension of the Quaker way would be a

glib rejection of the dilemma as unreal. Yet, at the same time, there is a sense in which Friends have always maintained, though with humility, that they are able to avoid both horns. Reasonably or not, Friends have not, as a people, allowed themselves to choose between the moral ends involved. Opposed on principle to both war and oppression, they have continued to oppose both in actual practice.

In this connection it is worth while to consider carefully the experience of leading Quakers at the time of the American Civil War, which, as we have already noted, now seems strangely contemporary. We find that the characteristic Friend did not support his refusal to share in the war by real or apparent disinterestedness, so far as the issues of the struggle were concerned. Though conscientiously opposed to war, Friends went on doing all they could in encouraging the escape of slaves, as they had long done in the conduct of the underground railroad. They felt great sympathy for fellow idealists in the Federal army and were honest enough to recognize that a Federal victory was more helpful to the cause they cherished than a Secessionist victory could have been.

It will be generally agreed that the most distinguished Quakers of the nineteenth century were John Bright and John Greenleaf Whittier. Both the British statesman and the American poet were immensely concerned about the issues of the war between the States and did not hesitate to let this be known. Bright's friendship for America, and the great part that he played in swinging British opinion into line with the Federal cause, are important, not only in the history of England, but also in the history of America. Bright's diary for the period of the Civil War gives abundant evidence of his lack of neutrality, even though he was opposed to all war and would not himself participate in it. His note dated April 23, 1865, shows his frank happiness at the outcome.

I now rejoice more than I can tell that the cause of personal freedom and free government has triumphed. The upholders of freedom everywhere should thank God and take courage that men believe that the world is not forsaken by Him who made and rules it.

At the same time John Greenleaf Whittier was continuing to oppose oppression, though he could not share in the war. Whittier was far from a disinterested spectator, inasmuch as the Civil War seemed to him to involve general moral issues, and, when the emancipation was achieved, he was thrilled with joy. He had hoped that the chain of slavery could be loosed in another way than the way in which it was finally loosed, but he was fully conscious of the courage and sacrifice of people who took the way of war. One of the finest of the passages in his wartime poems indicates something of his conviction.

Nursed in the faith that Truth alone is strong
In the endurance which outwearies Wrong,
With meek persistence baffling brutal force,
And trusting God against the universe, —
We, doomed to watch a strife we may not share
With other weapons than the patriot's prayer,
Yet owning, with full hearts and moistened eyes,
The awful beauty of self-sacrifice,
And wrung by keenest sympathy for all
Who give their loved ones for the living wall
'Twixt law and treason . . .

In the same manner Friends have refused, in the present struggle, to choose between their 'testimonies.' Probably there is no group in the world more opposed to the Nazi system than is the Society of Friends, since the Nazi conception of life is the complete antithesis of the Quaker conception.

Friends are not apathetic and they do not rejoice in Hitler's victories. They know what such conquest means to innocent persons. Because they have seen so fully, in relief work, what the Nazi system does to its victims, Friends probably feel the seriousness of the menace even more than most of their neighbors. Thousands of Quaker families have housed and are housing refugees who have known the torture of concen-

tration camps or of expulsion. The most influential of the British Quakers who advocate complete conscientious objection has written recently of Hitler's speech to the Reichstag on July 19 in words that show how keenly the danger is recognized:—

The speech was meant presumably as an offer of peace now, but Hitler suggested no terms upon which peace would become a realistic proposition compelling consideration; no terms that suggested the return of freedom for the eight countries he has invaded and conquered.

In other words, Friends do not pretend that their renunciation of war has destroyed their powers of moral judgment. There is no logical inconsistency in condemning what is patently evil and, at the same time, seeking to overcome this evil in other ways than the ways of military power. The Quaker tradition of active good will is as far removed from isolationism as it is from militarism. We begin our answer, therefore, by refusing to choose between the two ethical goals presented, but the question remains whether this procedure is intellectually respectable.

III

The next step in our answer is to point out the degree to which Quaker opposition to war arises out of something more fundamental than itself.

The Quaker opposition to war arises, not from refusal to face reality, not from the nature of the issues in a particular war, and not from fear of physical death, but from a conception of how the world is to be remade. The statement of the Quaker position which was given out by the conference of all Friends in 1920 begins with the following sentence: 'The fundamental ground of our opposition to war is religious and ethical. It attaches to the nature of God as revealed in Christ and to the nature of man as related to Him.'

We realize that the reasons for pacifism are in many ways more important than

is pacifism itself, and we should do well not to be misled by apparent agreement where none exists. Indeed the word 'pacifist' is coming to be so ambiguous and so lacking in sharpness of content that some of us are increasingly unwilling to use this label and feel far more satisfied with the simple label 'Friend,' which at least has a fairly definite connotation, as well as a long history.

The Quaker position entails an entire way of life. This is fundamentally positive and is always misunderstood when it is expressed in merely negative terms. As a matter of fact, the objection to war is almost incidental and was so expressed by the great leaders of the Society of Friends in the seventeenth century. The modern reader, if he is not well acquainted with these authors, is surprised to note how small a space in the writings of George Fox, Isaac Pennington, Robert Barclay, and William Penn is devoted to the refusal to participate in war. All were clear on the position, but all accepted it as a matter of course, in view of the general position taken. Furthermore the position was never 'adopted' and it was hardly a subject of debate.

This entire way of life, to which conscientious objection to war is incidental, is one which seeks to overcome evil with good, not in isolated cases, but as a consistent and enduring policy. This effort arises from a conviction regarding the love of God and the nature of man as a child of God. If every person has, at least potentially, some kinship with the divine nature, our task is to treat persons in such a way as to draw this out and depend upon it. Though the record of Friends is far from perfect, it is a fact that a long-time effort in overcoming international strife by the development of active goodwill has been undertaken through many years. The record of Friends in reconstruction and child feeding during and after the World War is well known. This program was continued by means of intervisitation and

the establishment of centres of friendliness in European capitals.

It seems to us that if this way had been adopted in 1919 by the victorious nations, and if money had been spent lavishly on it, as men spend money lavishly on war when war comes, there never would have been another war. We believe in putting as much intelligence and effort, as well as money, into the technique of peacemaking as people ever put into the technique of military defense or aggression, and we are willing to risk our chances in that kind of world. However, we know very well that the victorious nations did not follow this way, at least with any seriousness or enthusiasm. American saboteurs of world organization retreated behind our ocean walls; England continued the cruel blockade of the beaten Germany; France put more energy into establishing a ring of enemies around her old enemy than into trying to win the friendship of that enemy. There was still an open door, perhaps as late as 1932, but finally it was allowed to go shut. Then tragedy was upon us.

IV

The final step in our answer is involved in the principle of vocation. It may be the vocation of a special group to adhere loyally and sacrificially to a position which even the members of the group recognize is not yet possible for the nation. Thus one of the most distinguished of the intellectual leaders of the Society of Friends in England specifically refuses to try to bring pressure on his government to stop the war, and, at the same time, encourages his fellow Friends to continue as conscientious objectors.

It is precisely at this point that we are most likely to be misunderstood. In fact, even some Friends have not been fully sympathetic with this solution of the difficulty, though it is the one most in line with Quaker historical expression, which has normally involved a markedly realistic strain.

Realistically, we cannot fail to see the predicament of a nation made up of all kinds of people, most of whom are not pacifists at all. For such a body of men there is not the requisite discipline to make active pacifism possible. Since the nations have not adopted the long-time pacifist method, which we believe will succeed, the attacked nations now have only two practical alternatives, to defend themselves by arms or to succumb to the invader. *Since they let the door go shut, they have now no single good choice.* If the nation does not adopt, in time, the only good way, the only practical thing that statesmen can do is to take the choice of evils. Adherence to the Quaker way does not make it impossible to see that there may actually be a choice of evils, and that the submission to invasion at the hands of those who will destroy freedom may be the worst possible of all choices. This point is so delicate and so important that we do well to clarify it by reference to earlier pronouncements.

The point was recognized fully by Robert Barclay, who, ever since the publication of his *Apology* in the seventeenth century, has been considered the most authoritative exponent of the Quaker way of life. After explaining fully the basis of the Quaker opposition to war, Barclay found that, in honesty, he had to consider the situation of statesmen who must make decisions about the conduct of nations which do not follow the Quaker way. *He found that he could not condemn them for taking the least of possible evils.*

As to what relates to the present magistrates of the Christian world, albeit we deny them not altogether the name of Christians, because of the public profession they make of even Christ's name, though we may boldly affirm, that they are far from the perfection of the Christian religion; because in the state in which they are (as in many places before I have observed), they have not come to the pure dispensation of the gospel. And therefore, while they are in that condition, we shall not say, that war, undertaken upon a just occasion, is altogether unlawful to

them . . . but for such whom Christ has brought hither it is not lawful to defend themselves by arms, but they ought over all to trust to the Lord.

These words of Barclay's can be matched by similar words from Isaac Penington and represent what may be truly called the classic Quaker position. To those who are not careful in their thinking, they may seem very much like straddling the fence, but it ought to be said that to many careful thinkers they have appeared as profound wisdom. Barclay and his fellow Friends of the seventeenth century were highly conscious of the complexity of the world and its moral questions, and refused to be drawn into the fallacy of simplicity.

We are often asked whether we are willing for the entire nation to follow the Quaker way. We are willing and eager, and it is likely that, if the entire nation had adopted our way, there would now be no war. But we recognize, at the same time, the need of time. Friends, to be logical, need not maintain that the sudden adoption of nonresistance after war has started will succeed. Certainly we do not suppose that our love for an aviator, though we have never done anything to make him know it, will keep him from dropping bombs on us. In other words, we do not believe in magic. Love must be tangible to make a difference, and in most cases it cannot be tangible unless it is part of a long-time program. Thus Friends have reason to avoid condemnation of those in charge of affairs of state who are faced with invasion that will destroy the liberties of their people. We do not condemn them for their failure to change programs overnight, but at the same time we hold that they ought not to condemn us or ask us to abandon our way. If we have followed it before, and if we have had some measure of success, why should we not continue to follow it? We plead for a mutuality of tolerance in these difficult matters.

We are working for the long future, and unless, in the various nations, there are bodies of men who maintain a perfectionist standard, it is not likely that the ultimate goals will be kept in view. The nation as a whole, though it takes the way of war, as America is now doing in its war preparation, should welcome our conscientious objection, founded as it is on a rock of principle. As a matter of fact many, even among professed militarists, do welcome it. They recognize that a small body of people maintaining a different standard is valuable to the nation as a whole, since it helps to restore and maintain balance.

It is in some such way as this that the dilemma stated by Lincoln has ordinarily been faced in the Society of Friends, and is, no doubt, being faced by most Friends now. We continue to be extremely opposed to oppression; we continue to try what seems to us a better way of opposing it; but we are not bound for that reason to condemn those who oppose it in the only way they see that they can. This is the tradition of Barclay, of Bright, and of Whittier. I realize there are people who will suppose that there is something inconsistent about this, but I am inclined to think it is only those who miss the profound truth of the dual nature of moral demands who make this judgment upon us. In any case, this is the way in which at least one Friend faces the dilemma, and I can honestly say that I have put hours of painful effort into the clarification of my own thought. At the end I still recognize the tension and am not completely at peace in my own mind on the subject, but for that fact I am not really sorry. I should be disturbed if it were otherwise.

All of us are living through days of strain, knowing full well that a hairsbreadth of mistake may be disastrous for much that we hold dear. We shall be making no mistake if we encourage each serious and patriotic group to be loyal to its own vocation.

DEAR LORD BELLEVUE

BY MARY MANNING

DEAR Lord Bellevue, that peculiar peer! I can see him now tiptoeing like an elderly faun through the trees of his lost demesne, his mouth crammed with chocolate caramels, talking quietly to himself and in the midst of his ruin as gay as a lark!

We met him when we were children and we only met him twice, but we never forgot him. How could we? It was our first encounter with the half world — with those who are neither alive nor dead — and, like the first pantomime or the first crossing to England, it was burned into our memories forever. One spring — I think it was 1921 — my family, to get some rest from the Irish Troubles, took a small house high up in the Dublin mountains, just above the Bellevue demesne and below a barren heather mountain crowned by the ruins of the Hell Fire Club. During the eighteenth century, when the Irish Peerage was in its scarlet blooming, the Hell Fire Club was the gathering place of all the rakehells and trulls of Dublin. A secret passage was said to lead from the club down to Bellevue house, and rich and numerous were the rumors of the goings-on between Bellevue and Hell Fire.

One trespasses in Ireland as a matter of course, especially when the walls of the demesne are broken down and full of little gaps inviting juvenile delinquency. Many were the delightful hours we children spent in Bellevue woods — fishing in the fishless stream which laughed ironically on its way to Rathfarnham; stealing kindling wood; frightening the

rabbits. One day we were seated on our favorite rock overlooking the stream when Lord Bellevue appeared, smiling genially upon us. We guessed it was he because we had been warned that he was odd and that he wandered lonely as a cloud over his lost land.

‘Good morrow, sweet maids!’ quoth he. ‘Have a sweetie.’ He sat down on a tree stump beside us and slowly pulled a paper bag out of his pocket. We stared at him shyly, afraid to speak. He wore light brown tweeds almost indecently threadbare, an old raincoat fastened here and there with safety pins, and an Edwardian deerstalker hat at a rakish angle over one eye. His face was red and foolish, but there was an innocent kindness in his rolling blue eyes which we found very reassuring.

‘Lovely woods, ain’t they?’ he continued, handing round the paper bag. ‘In a month now there’ll be bluebells in every clearing — as my dear mother would say, “like the waves of the sea.” Think of that, now.’ Our mouths were too full to make any adequate response. ‘Life, life, life,’ caroled Lord Bellevue. ‘Tis just the hours slipping away. But you are young and I am old. My father used to say, “Bring yourself to an anchor, George,” but somehow I never could attach myself to anything for long — human or otherwise. They tried tying me to the leg of a table, but it didn’t work. I brought the table down with me. Curious, ain’t it? So if you want to succeed in life, gels, bring yourself to an anchor.’

From somewhere in the depths of the woods a cuckoo began calling nobody in particular. As if obeying a signal, Lord Bellevue rose to his feet, swept off the deerstalker, and tripped off into the trees. We remained silent, fixed in amazement, for some moments while the cuckoo kept up his monotonous cry. The youngest child, Anna Maria, who had a profoundly grateful nature, summed up the situation. 'Dear Lord Bellevue,' she said, and popped a caramel into her mouth.

Our next meeting was much more momentous. It happened a week later as we were strolling up the lower avenue, having been down to the meadows to see the young lambs. It was a bright soft spring day. Little fleecy clouds chased each other across a pale blue sky, the grass had been washed clean by the rains of yesterday, and the buds on the trees looked like emeralds strung with diamonds. And who should we see come tripping towards us but George Edward Cotton, Fifth Lord Bellevue, without his raincoat but carrying over his shoulder a purple silk umbrella. We instantly began to tremble with nervous laughter.

'Good morrow, gels! Hey nonny nonny,' chanted the titled loon. 'Have a sweetie, my doves.' It was Monday and he was a little bit drunk, but, bless our innocence, we never guessed it. How could we know that he was paid on Saturday, drunk on Sunday, tipsy on Monday, slept on Tuesday, and lived for the rest of the week on chocolate caramels? He stopped suddenly in his tracks and held up a dirty white hand for silence.

'Methought I heard the cuckoo,' he whispered. 'Listen, my angels!' We listened obediently, and immediately the rural silence was broken by the reverberations of a loud explosion somewhere in the plain of Dublin below us. 'Good Ged!' exclaimed Lord Bellevue unperturbed. 'That, my darlings, would be another ambush. The third in a week. God save Ireland!' He lifted the deer-

stalker reverently and replaced it on his head back to front. For the first time I noticed he was wearing tennis shoes tied with string. 'One of those Irish Republican lads,' continued Lord Bellevue, 'has been sleeping in the Grecian temple near the lily pond the last few nights. I was very glad to lend him an old blanket and a few other necessities. Nice chap. We had a most interesting chat about the stars. I was able to put him right on a few astronomical points. Now, gels, how would you like to see my house?' We nodded speechlessly and trotted after him up the avenue like nervous little sheep. 'My house,' he chirruped, indifferent as to whether we were listening or not, 'my house has a history. George the Fourth dined with us in 1821. An extremely expensive business, entertaining royalty. We've been paying for it ever since. You remember what Byron said on that subject:—

But he comes! The Messiah of Royalty comes!
Like a godly Leviathan rolled from the waves!
Then receive him as best such an advent becomes
With a legion of cooks, and an army of slaves!

You see in me, gels, a victim of hereditary bankruptcy. My dear mother was dressed by Worth and I am dressed by Woolworth. Come follow me. The house is a relic of the eighteenth century, that time of splendid living, and'—he sank his voice to a conspiratorial whisper—'it is full of treasures.'

Our hearts beat high. Of course we wanted to get inside that mysterious house, and hadn't we suspected all along that it was full of treasures?

'I must apologize, gels, but I am not allowed to enter my own house through the hall door or, indeed, even the tradesmen's entrance. A broken window adjacent to the butler's pantry serves me at all times. It has also been frequently used by the members of the Irish Republican Army. Follow me.'

Like children under an enchantment, as indeed we were, we scrambled through the window after him, tense with delighted apprehension. Heaven knows

what we expected to find — some sort of pirate treasure, pieces of eight, gold moi-marked, oak chests filled with jewels. . . .

‘The kitchens, you may observe, are empty; so indeed are the larders,’ remarked Lord Bellevue lightly. ‘Ah, life, life! We shall make our way upstairs to the picture gallery first.’ He led us along a dark, winding passage into the front hall. The house held a throbbing silence. Dust lay thick over everything. Occasionally we heard a little frightened scurrying of mice or rats. The air was sombre and cold as death. We looked around expectantly for the treasures, but there wasn’t a thing to be seen; there was nothing, nothing but dirt and spiders. We pattered after him, up the broad shallow curving stairs. Several of the banisters were missing. ‘This,’ said Lord Bellevue with a graceful sweep of the hand, ‘is the picture gallery.’ He pointed at the perfectly blank walls. ‘That portrait over there represents my ancestor John Donnelly of Johnstown, who ran through two fortunes in twenty years, his own and his wife’s. Fine-looking chap, isn’t he? He had twelve runners in blue and yellow liveries clear the roads for his coach and six on his way up from Johnstown for the opening of Grattan’s parliament. Aha, there’s my favorite! Great-granduncle Simon Cotton. He, my nymphs, abducted the Quaker heiress Ann Rudd, kept her shut in his powder closet for three weeks, starved her into submission, and married her. Her father shot Simon in the left leg, — being a Quaker, his aim was half-hearted, — but it was a very happy marriage. Twelve children; two of them lived.’

We stared obediently at the stained yellow walls from which long strips of the tapestry were hanging in tattered streamers, and we avoided each other’s eyes. Lord Bellevue, we could see, was in an ecstasy. He stood in a rapt attitude before each imaginary portrait, examining it through half-closed eyes, explaining the identity of each one to his

bewildered audience. ‘My great-grandfather George Augustus by Romney, my grandfather George William by Lawrence, my father George Albert by O’Connor, and myself, a small water color by Osborne. Rather pleasant, isn’t it? That conversation piece over there shows the family of George William grouped in the great drawing room which I shall show you presently. The wench at the piano is the notorious Amelia Skinner. Now I must show you the dining room, which was planned to seat fifty guests.’ We hurried downstairs after him, glad to leave that ghostly company. In the hall we stopped for a moment as he pointed out the beauties of a nonexistent crystal chandelier, and then he ushered us into a great gloomy room with three long windows opening out on the front shrubbery. It was empty except for some broken beer bottles and a torn newspaper in the massive fireplace.

‘Many delightful and amusing incidents took place in this room,’ said Lord Bellevue. It was now quite plain to us that he was talking to himself. ‘My grandfather George William rode his famous mare “Tudor Rose” round that very table — magnificent piece of Sheraton, isn’t it? The noble creature leaped the table without touching a glass. A wager, of course, following upon winning the Punchestown Plate. On another occasion Simon Cotton walked into the hall stark-naked, balancing a soup tureen of boiling soup on his head. His aunt, Mrs. Lestrangle, was coming down the stairs at the time, saw him, fainted, and died of a heart attack twenty minutes later. Simon was — er — said to be in close touch with the Hell Fire Club. Those, my darlings, were the glorious high-living days which have gone forever. If we’d been able to keep our money, we’d have been all right, but women and gold slipped through our fingers. Hey nonny nonny!’

Then, if you please, he led us wondering sprites into the great drawing room

and showed us the very spot on which his great-aunt Fanny had personally insulted Lady Morgan. He begged us to admire the red damask curtains and to take particular notice of the ceiling, which had been painted by Angelica Kauffmann. We saw only broken plaster revealing the bare boards and cobwebs. Afterwards he urged us towards the long windows 'which commanded a panoramic view of the Bay of Dublin, gels,' and implored us to admire the gardens, 'the clipped hedges and smooth lawns, finest turf in County Dublin. The Grecian temple, gels, was — er — designed by George William for Amelia Skinner.' The gardens we looked upon with our mortal eyes were a jungle — the view was obliterated by exhausted willows and great bramble thickets surging over the windows. The Grecian temple was nowhere to be seen.

At last, exhausted, bewildered, and somehow cheated, we clambered out again into the open air. The first crystalline freshness of the spring day had faded; the sky was sad and lowering, and a light rain was pattering down on the leaves of the shrubbery. We stood there for a minute or two in embarrassed silence, keeping our eyes fixed on the ground. Lord Bellevue was glowing with happiness.

'Lovely old things,' he murmured. 'I like to keep an eye on them meself. And the I.R.A. lads have given me their word not to injure them.'

Something made me look up, and I caught his eyes fixed upon us with an expression of mute entreaty. He was begging for reassurance the way a dog begs for a bone. But I, being young and cruel, remained silent and withheld the words of comfort. Far off in the woods the cuckoo somewhat uncertainly broke into his foolish song.

'Thank you, gels! It has been a delight — a joy to show you my lost world. Farewell!'

He lifted the deerstalker, bowed, and trailed up the avenue in the direction of the gate lodge. He seemed a little shrunken, and the purple silk umbrella drooped dismally over his shoulder. We never saw him again.

Two years ago Anna Maria and I drove up the same mountain road on a fine spring evening in April. On the right I saw the dark mass of the Hell Fire Club crowning the heather mountain, and eagerly I looked down to the left for the familiar demesne walls, the woods of Bellevue. They were gone, the broken stone walls were gone, and yellow freshly painted brick things designed to keep out anything human had taken their place. The trees also had vanished, and Bellevue house stood naked to the cold winds of heaven, old and gray and very much ashamed.

'Bellevue?' I whispered. 'What has happened to Bellevue?'

'Lord Bellevue died ten years ago,' said Anna Maria mournfully, 'and the place was acquired by the Church. It's now a Magdalen convent for fallen women. Isn't it a horrid sight? They've painted everything a gallstone yellow.'

We were both silent for a moment. I thought of Simon Cotton stark-naked carrying a soup tureen on his head. What a trial for the Reverend Mother if he walked!

'Poor Lord Bellevue,' I murmured.

We stood for a while leaning on the bilious wall gazing across the plain of Dublin to the sea. The countryside was bathed in a wicked sort of spring peace which boded no good. Suddenly the convent bell began to toll, breaking the silence with virtuous insistence. Presently it stopped, and high up in the heather behind us somewhere near the Hell Fire Club we heard the unutterably silly but undefeatable call of the cuckoo bird.

'Dear Lord Bellevue,' said Anna Maria.

THE ELECTRIC EYE

Jack of All Trades

BY HARLAND MANCHESTER

I

ONLY a few years ago the American people got their first close-up of a curious little instrument called the 'electric eye.' To the nontechnical person, it was simply a device that would open doors automatically. Few people outside of physical laboratories knew what made it work; they could only observe what happened when it was installed at the entrance of a building.

They saw two metal posts about five feet apart, each with a small round window the size of a baseball. Between these windows streamed a horizontal beam of light — an intangible barrier about three feet from the ground. When your body severed this light beam, the door swung silently open, and waited as though held by an unseen attendant. After you passed through, the door slowly closed, with due regard for your coattails.

Wherever the light beam was installed, people gathered to watch it work. Film stars were photographed using the automatic doors leading to the trains in New York's Pennsylvania Station, and for months the small fry spent their spare time strutting in and out. It was a fascinating toy.

What people observed was one of the simplest of the many tasks which the versatile device has been taught to perform. The beam of light, which came from an ordinary light bulb, fell upon a photoelectric cell, the vital part of the

mechanism. This sensitive cell, which looks like a small light bulb, translated the interruptions of the beam into electrical energy, and a small motor was started which opened the door. Since the turn of the century, physicists had been familiar with the functions of the photoelectric cell, but it had been little more than a laboratory marvel. Now it was harnessed and set to work.

Geared to a multitude of uses, it has brought about one of the most important technological developments of the century. The phototube, as the eye is often called, gave the movies their voice. It sends news photographs over the telephone wires. Upon it rests all progress in television. It has been taught to simulate seeing, hearing, talking, feeling, and even smelling. It steers ships, catches burglars, sorts fruit, sniffs smoke, nabs speeders, counts pills, and matches colors. It does all these things with a swiftness and an infallibility that make men seem clumsy oafs. It has gone into the big factories. It works all day inspecting finished goods, rejects faulty products, and gives an unfailingly accurate report when the whistle blows. It will measure a diameter of a machine part within a hundred-thousandth of an inch, and, as the most reliable device for the measurement of light, it is invaluable to astronomers and physicists.

In the few short years since the photoelectric cell was put to work, its influence

has extended to the tallest building and the smallest village. It has worked an irrevocable change in the lives of 130,000,000 people, and its career of usefulness has only begun.

II

Once the first practical electric eye was developed, laboratory men and manufacturers were quick to perceive the many uses to which it could be adapted. Here was a gadget which enabled a beam of light to move a mechanism in a split second, which would take delicate variations of light and transform them faithfully and instantaneously into corresponding variations of energy, and which was infinitely faster and more accurate in performing its set tasks than the human eye, not to mention the hand.

Rigging up the electric eye to open a door was a simple matter for engineers, but they soon found that with a little ingenuity the eye could be utilized to solve far more complicated traffic problems. It was installed in elevator floors to ensure precise 'leveling off' at landings. Light from a small bulb set in the edge of each floor fell upon the phototube, whose current actuated the braking mechanism at the correct moment. Another eye kept the elevator door from closing on last-second entrants, and injuries and damage suits were cut down.

Put the eye in front of the vehicle door of a public garage, where pedestrians sometimes break the light beam accidentally, and the door will open for automobiles but not for people. For this job there are two beams several feet apart, and both must be intercepted or the eye will not respond. If a car emerges from the garage and breaks the beams in the reverse direction, the eye doesn't open the door again behind it — it knows the difference.

One city garage had an antiquated, single-lane ramp which was used for both entering and leaving. The margin of profit was so low that, rather than re-

model the place, they might as well nail up the doors. They called in the electric eye. Now, when a customer drives up, the door opens and a red light flashes on automatically if a car is coming out. The outbound driver is warned in the same way, and, since the eye can easily make up its mind in a thousandth of a second, there is no chance of a disagreement about the right of way. There is a doctor in a Western city who got tired of opening and shutting his garage door during the gripe season. Now when he rushes to his car he turns a flashlight on the door, and it is open when he gets there. The eye, mounted in a little metal box on the door casing, responds when the light hits it. The door closes after the doctor has driven out, and on his return the rays of his headlights strike the eye and the door opens again.

The eye has been taught all manner of tricks in the measuring and regulation of traffic. Attach it to a recording machine and it will count people or vehicles. Put it in a gate and ask it to count cars going one way and forget the others, and it will obey orders. Eyes installed beside the road will count automobiles and record their speed. There are two beams across the road, and speed is computed by the time which elapses between the breaking of the first and of the second beam. Before spending millions for a new highway, it is advisable to get accurate data on local traffic conditions, and alert state highway departments from coast to coast have been quick to adopt the new tool. One of the most striking examples of the regulation of traffic is the elaborate system used on the Bay Bridge which carries commuters' trains between San Francisco and Oakland. By means of 4000 electric relays, the eye sets track switches, signals reports of approaching trains, and operates controls which establish car speeds. It stands guard before vehicular tunnels with a beam of light as high as the tunnel's roof. If a truck comes along with too high a load, the beam is intercepted,

a warning bell rings, and complications are avoided.

Scores of traffic uses are being tested experimentally. There is the nightly battle of headlights, which blinds drivers and causes accidents. A practical photoelectric device has been patented which will automatically dim the lights of approaching cars. Your headlights act upon a phototube in the cowl of the oncoming automobile, and a mechanism turns on its dimmer; the other driver's headlights do the same for you. After you pass, your lights resume their former brilliance.

For many commercial purposes a strong light source is used to give the eye its signal for action, but so delicate are its perceptions that it can be made to respond to even the faintest light. For instance, Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition was opened by the feeble rays of the star Arcturus, which fell upon a photoelectric cell and caused it to turn on the Exposition's lights. The eye can be 'set' to respond to any degree of daylight, and for this reason it has been installed in the last few years in many schools, factories, offices, and streets for the automatic control of artificial lighting.

A busy teacher may not notice that the sky is overcast and that children's noses are boring into their arithmetic books. The vigilant eye, in its little metal box on the wall, turns on the schoolroom lights when daylight fails, and turns them off when they are no longer needed. This system has been installed in classrooms in East Cleveland, Ohio; Evanston, Illinois; Poughkeepsie, New York; and many other places. It is also used by airports, whose numerous landing lights must be turned on when daylight is inadequate. The device is far more critical of lighting conditions than the human eye, and never fails to put the lamp in the window when pilots need it.

When storms blot out the sun, millions of householders turn on their lights, and utility companies must be prepared

for the added load. Here, too, the electric eye comes in handy. Mounted on the roof, it surveys the sky, and warns the plant engineers well in advance of the rush.

One of the eye's most sensational rôles is that of policeman. For a new man on the force, it has nabbed quite a few burglars. For this purpose, the so-called 'black' or infra-red light is used. The human eye cannot see it, but the electric eye reacts to the invisible rays at either end of the spectrum. The black light from an inconspicuous source near the baseboard of a room may be reflected by a mirror on the opposite wall to a phototube still farther down the room. Or it can be even more complex: you can criss-cross the room with the invisible rays so that no intruder, even if he crawls on his belly, can enter without breaking one of the beams and setting off the alarm. A further refinement is a concealed camera with a flash bulb and a noise-making device. The burglar hears the noise and looks at the camera just in time to be snapped for identification. In the early days of the phototube, some electrical research men in a New Jersey factory were delighted to hear that the stockroom was being pillaged. They tried out the new gadget, with beautiful results. The eye has also been installed to watch over sleepwalkers and mental patients. A light beam is broken if the patient leaves his bed, and an alarm is sounded in the room of a nurse or member of the family.

A number of practical domestic uses have been considered. It would be convenient, for instance, if your porch light turned on automatically when someone approached your door at night. It would be pleasant for a housewife with dough on her hands to start the gas oven by breaking a light beam. In either case, the device would be simple to install, but the cost would be at least \$100. Manufacturers are aware of these possibilities, but at present they can only speculate about future sales prices due

to increased output of equipment. General-purpose phototubes now sell for about one quarter of their price ten years ago, but the tube is only one part of the mechanism. The only application likely to interest today's householder is the burglar alarm. For other purposes the new device can be used more efficiently and economically in the transportation and utility fields, in large buildings and in manufacturing industries.

III

Only a few years ago the electric eye was unknown in American industry. The older engineers pinned their faith on mechanical automatic devices, many of which had served reliably for a long time. A new school of electronic engineers had to be trained to give the eye its chance. Then a revolution which has not yet reached its climax descended upon our factories. In assembly lines and continuous-process plants of every description the electric eye is inspecting products, preventing waste, and saving labor.

It is used in all the big steel mills and automobile plants, in textile and paper factories, in printing shops, food-packaging plants, and scores of other establishments. Everywhere it shows an amazing adaptability. It is reasonably predicted that in another ten years virtually everything that we eat, drink, smoke, read, wear, or ride in will be measured, weighed, sorted, cut, counted, or inspected by the tirelessly peering eye.

In many plants it is doing secret tasks that no one will describe. While big firms like General Electric, Western Electric, Westinghouse, the RCA Manufacturing Company, and the Electronic Control Corporation of Detroit are turning out tubes, application equipment, or both, to fill the great new demand, some of the huge industrial corporations are hiring their own electronic engineers and making their own equipment. When they find new uses which

will reduce manufacturing costs, they keep still about it to preserve their advantage over competitors.

A glance at the eye's known activities in industry is impressive enough. In sheet-steel plants, it measures the long, moving strip for cutting, rhythmically orders the big shears to do their work. When an automatic process machine is clogged by material, the eye stops the machine and prevents expensive breakages and loss of time. Installed in the maw of a giant stamping machine, the eye protects the operator. If his hand blocks the little pencil of light, the jaws are suspended agape until it is safely withdrawn.

No human being or mechanical contrivance can count as fast as the electric eye, and this proficiency has led to many new uses. Consider, for instance, a forty-inch width of finished cloth several miles long which is zipping along between rollers. Sometimes in the best regulated of plants one side starts creeping up on the other. If the 'skew' is not corrected immediately, ruined or inferior material results. Put a phototube over each edge of the cloth, with a light source beneath, and it will count the crosswise threads as they speed by, even if they go as fast as 10,000 threads a second. If the totals of the two counts begin to vary, the eye signals a mechanism which straightens the cloth instantly. Several mills have installed this device.

The fact that the eye will discriminate between color vibrations as well as between light and shade has made it invaluable to makers of paints, inks, and dyes. Mounted in a recording spectrometer, it will make a chart of any color sample, thus providing an easy means of standardization and comparison. In a simpler application, it will separate the brown eggs preferred by Bostonians from the white ones popular in New York, inspect oranges and throw out the green ones, or look at flour and determine its bran content. Brewers, makers of soft drinks, and oil refiners put the

beam through a pipe where liquid is continuously flowing. A change in color, indicating a change in quality, is reported at once.

Installed in a factory chimney, the eye measures the density of the smoke and reports it to the engine room, where the information is useful in regulating the fuel supply. As a smoke detector in warehouses it prevents fire losses.

In any plant where there is a conveyor moving along with a line of objects, the eye is in its element. In the automobile factories, where it has been working for the last five years, it counts painted fenders as they move along an overhead track. The light doesn't mar the finish, and it doesn't make mistakes. When packaged goods move down the line, it counts the sheep and tosses out the goats. The beam can be adjusted to weed out damaged or imperfectly sealed cartons. Put the light beam over a scale bar where packages are filled automatically, and it will stop the flow of material when the proper weight is reached, thereby dispensing with a human inspector. And the eye is eliminating the 'baker's dozen' method when small objects are sold in packages by number. Its count is sure, and no surplus margin is needed.

Introduced at a time when labor-saving devices are multiplying rapidly, the electric eye is one of the most impressive of the lot. A big warehouse which used to employ a large force of girls to sort beans by hand now depends entirely upon the eye, which never misses a speckled bean or a pebble, and doesn't collect wages. It is stated that in counting and sorting operations alone the eye could replace several million workers, a possibility whose social and economic implications cannot be ignored.

IV

Engineers have only begun the task of utilizing the many talents of the electric eye, for its career in industry began

less than a decade ago. It did not even exist as a practical commercial device until 1924. At that time Bell Telephone Laboratories asked Dr. Herbert Eugene Ives, their director of electrooptical research, to work out a method by which photographs could be sent over telephone wires. Dr. Ives believed that the photoelectric cell, long familiar to physicists, could be adapted to the purpose.

To go back to beginnings, the basic principle of the electric eye was discovered accidentally by young Heinrich Hertz in 1887. His discovery of the 'photoelectric effect,' a phrase which may be more simply stated as 'the effect of light upon electricity,' was only an incident of Hertz's experiments with wireless waves. While working on his waves, Hertz noticed something odd, which anyone but a scientist might have disregarded as an irritating interruption. He was watching a device in which a piece of zinc and a piece of burning magnesium wire played a part. There were two electrically charged metallic conductors, separated by a short air gap, and Hertz was jumping electric sparks across the gap. What he observed was a tiny additional discharge of energy which all his experience told him had no business there. Edison had noticed much the same thing a few years before.

In searching for the cause of this small increase in the current that jumped across the gap, Hertz finally ruled out everything else but the invisible ultra-violet light which came from the burning magnesium wire. He concluded that the light had knocked the little stream of energy out of the zinc. It doesn't matter that Hertz used zinc, or that the light was ultra-violet. What he stumbled upon was the fact that when light falls upon metals it makes them spit out electrons.

Hertz had never heard of an electron; no one had. Before anyone could find out what really happened that day in his laboratory, the old conception of the atom — that it was the final indivisible

unit of matter, like a marble, so to speak — had to be demolished. It took daring physicists like Sir J. J. Thomson to demonstrate that the atom was a kind of little solar system; that it has an electrically positive nucleus in the middle, and that around this nucleus swims a school of negatively charged particles called electrons, fantastic midgets of matter no larger than a billionth of a pinpoint, which move at speeds as fast as 160,000 miles a second. Hertz's light, falling on the piece of zinc, had upset the electrical balance of its atoms and had knocked a procession of electrons out of their orbits. They had to go somewhere, and, since they were negatively charged, they were attracted by the positive conductor. They leaped across the gap, closing the circuit, and set up the little stream of energy which he observed.

Soon after Hertz made his discovery, other men came along and built its principles into the photoelectric cell, which has not changed essentially through the years. Simply described, it is a glass bulb which looks like a light bulb, part of which is lined inside with potassium, a silver-colored material. A wire connects this lining with a battery, and another wire from the battery is connected with an upright terminal in the middle of the bulb. Thus we have a circle broken by the gap of air between the silver-colored lining and the central post, or electrode. The potassium is very sensitive to light. Put this bulb in a dark room and nothing happens. The negatively charged electrons in the atoms of potassium swim contentedly in their orbits. But if you turn a flashlight on the bulb, the electrons leave home in droves. Lured by the positive terminal in the middle, they jump madly across the gap, completing the circuit. If you connect a meter to one of the wires outside the bulb, it will show you that a tiny current is flowing. The stronger your light, the stronger the current will be. Cup your hand over the light, and the current will stop instantly. Flash the light in some sort of code, and

the meter shows you that the current is copying it.

Scientists had penetrated the dark wilderness of the atom and returned with this marvelous tool. But for thirty years they couldn't put it to work. The current was too weak. Its strength was only about one ten-billionth of what it takes to run an ordinary household bulb.

The problem of Dr. Ives and his co-workers at the Bell Laboratories was to find a method by which this anæmic current could be multiplied a few million times until it was strong enough to perform a useful function. They found their answer in another electronic device which derived from Hertz's pioneer work — the vacuum tube. Early in the century, Lee De Forest had developed this tube so that it would amplify an electric current. Now a wedding was negotiated between the photoelectric cell and the amplifying vacuum tube. It is customary to think of developments of such importance as the reward of many years' effort, but Dr. Ives and his associates, R. D. Parker, J. W. Horton and A. B. Clark, had the job finished exactly three months after the company asked them to look into the matter. The result was the first commercial application of the photoelectric cell.

Thus converted into a practical device, the eye took its first public bow in June 1924, when news photographs taken at the Republican Convention at Cleveland were sent over the wire to New York. The picture to be transmitted was wrapped around a cylinder, which revolved in a light-proof metal case. A carriage bearing the eye and a thin pencil of light slowly traveled the length of the cylinder, like the needle on an old-fashioned phonograph record. The light beam thus performed a long, tight spiral around the cylinder. The eye scanned the narrow, illuminated band of the photograph, and its sensitive electronic current varied in strength with the lights and shades of the picture.

Bolstered by the amplifying tubes, this varying current went over the wire to the New York office. It could actually be heard by those present in the form of a hoarse, vibrating scream. In the receiving machine, the current hit a metal ribbon which concealed a light beam. The impact of the current made the ribbon shimmy from side to side, emitting a varying stream of light which copied faithfully the degrees of light and shade seen by the eye in Cleveland. The pencil of light fell upon a photographic film wrapped around a revolving cylinder, and thus built up, line by line, a reproduction of the original photograph.

The next morning the pictures were spread across the pages of the newspapers, and soon the word 'telephoto' entered the language. Now the Associated Press telephones pictures every day to more than a hundred newspapers.

Then the electric eye brought in the 'sound track' talking picture film, which supplanted the bulky and fragile records used in the first 'talkies.' By a device similar in principle to the telephoto, the eye opened up the wide field of tele-

vision. Other uses followed rapidly, and its future is limited only by man's imagination.

The young science of electronics is seething with new ideas, and the final effect of photoelectric devices upon the business of living is unpredictable. For instance, there is a hydroelectric substation in the Southwest over which the electric eye has complete charge. It is given a specially made graph which shows the varying load of electricity normally needed throughout the day. With not a human in sight, it methodically releases the amount of water needed from hour to hour. And a machine has been reported which will take a drawing, scan it photoelectrically, and translate its lines into the movements of cutting tools, ejecting the finished part. It is claimed that a number of machines will take orders simultaneously from the same master drawing.

Whether or not this device turns out to be practical, we can be sure that robots of similar significance are on the way. Led forth from the atomic cave of mysteries and harnessed to human affairs, the photoelectric cell will open doors now undreamed of.

WORDS TO A SON

BY FRANCES FROST

THE trees speak in the night, the birds in the dawn
and evening have their mutual language. Listen
to the feathered throat and the leafed one tugging its twig.
Also put your ear to the grass when the wind
bends it at midday and the thrush is silent.

The ploughman's voice when he calls to his horse is the sound
of opening loam and the voice of the standing corn.
The calls of the men to each other out of the fields
under the noon sun have a far bronze clearness:
they are not words but a speaking of the hour
and a burned throat dreaming of the cool of water.

I tell you this of an heroic age:
orchards we have with fruit that rots untasted
save by the mouths of meadow creatures climbing
up to the slope of apples or the mountain
deer come down. And slowly hummock rabbits
girdle the bark of apple undersnow.

The barren hills we have too, sand and thistle,
the empty pasture and the gaping barn,
the doorsills sagging and the silver house
buried in lilacs. Cellar-holes we have,
fireweed the tenant and the last believer.

I tell you this of a great age peopled with heroes:
we have gnawed the shape of the earth as a rabbit gnaws
the bole of a tree, and the shouts of the toothless were sweetest.
We have circled the earth in the air like a dizzy bird,
and the difficult question is finished. The earth is round.

The dark trees speak in the night and the birds with dawn,
the grass at midday speaks, and with midsummer
the melancholy cricket talks of autumn.
The voice of the herdsman calling his cows comes down
with the clang of the wandering bell and the valley welcomes
the briefer shout and the thud of obedient hooves.

Put down your ear to the grass and the wind therein;
lie in the corn and hear the foretelling wings;
stand in the field at midnight, count the stars,
touch with your thumb plough-blisters in your hands:
stand, you, in a change of wind and listen.

THE SEAL ESKIMOS

BY GONTRAN DE PONCINS

[IN 1938 M. de Poncins, a Parisian, decided to live for a year with the Netsilik, the most northerly and primitive tribe of Eskimos, who inhabit King William Land. Bishop Breynat, of the Oblate Fathers, flew him north, and eventually he reached his jumping-off place, Paddy Gibson's store at Gjoa Haven, where he conditioned himself for the bitter months ahead. The first stage of his journey was described in the *Atlantic* for November. — THE EDITORS]

I

IT was in early October that for the first time in my life I saw the sea congeal, saw the moving waters freeze and petrify in waves, in ridges, and in hollows.

There are many people round the world who see this every year, but to me who grew up in a region where the temperature rarely falls to five below, where our peasants still talk of the winter of 1879-1880 when the stream froze solid and bullock carts crossed the ice from bank to bank, the sight was magical, legendary. Imagine, I said to myself, a man going from Cherbourg to Halifax by dog team!

This self-evident exclamation summed up, almost by chance, what was significant about the freezing of the Glacial Ocean. For the sea here is the great winter highway that joins camp to camp, family to family. It is the hunting ground that yields not only sustenance for a season but reserves of provisions

against the lean months to come. It is the habitat of the Eskimo, the 'land' on which his igloo is built, and he lives on the sea and not on the land through many months of the year. Highway, because the runners of the sled glide more smoothly and swiftly over the uniform ice at sea than over the humped and hollowed drifts of variable and uncertain snow on land. Hunting ground — nay, pasture land, wheat field, orchard, in the figurative sense, because fish and seal are more plentiful and constant than caribou, and more to the Eskimo's taste; while the white fox is to him a mere article of commerce, a source of his 'luxuries' and not fundamental to the Eskimo's life. Land, finally, for here by preference the igloo is built: since the water under the ice is warmer than the eternally frozen ground, the house built over the water is warmer than the house built on the ground.

The sea does not freeze solid in a single night. Day after day I watched it, and I saw how, helped by the shifting winds, the grainy-surfaced mirror would crack and break, the waters would flow free, and then the struggle would begin again. Something more powerful than the demonic power of the sea was vanquishing its impetuosity, curbing its restless spirit. Little by little it was forced to yield, and the waves flung by it against the already frozen shore would stop in mid-air, defeated, crystallized. One morning there was left only a small pool of water in the bay, of a green so dark that it was almost black. Out of it

popped a seal, and then another seal. Next day this pool, too, was gone, and there remained only the different shades of green and gray and white to attest the phases of the struggle. I saw the Eskimos move cautiously out from shore, saw them strike the ice smartly with their heels to test its strength, and saw them cross the pack to mark the arrival of the greatest of seasons.

Gibson, meanwhile, had been making ready for the coming of winter. First, as much of the coal as could be stored had to be brought in from the mound that lay by the shore. Then the rest had to be carefully covered over, kept warm, as it were; for when coal freezes it will not burn, and in a land where coal, delivered, is worth one hundred and seventy dollars a ton, you do not willingly waste it. Everything that great cold could damage had to be cared for: electric batteries, for example, which lose half their efficiency when they freeze; the glass jars of tomatoes and of pickles, which would burst in this temperature if they were not insulated. Potatoes that freeze instantly can be thawed out and remain good; but if they are left to freeze gradually, they rot and are lost. In the outbuilding where the trading with the Eskimos went on, the Store, everything had to be got ready in advance, for the Store was desperately cold and damp and a wise man would arrange to work there as swiftly and briefly as possible. Therefore Gibson was sorting his stock, cutting up bolts of calico into three-yard lengths, putting closest at hand on the shelves those articles most in demand.

I found him one day removing one of the planks that formed the steps of his warehouse.

'What are you doing?' I asked.

'Putting a rotten plank in the place of this sound one,' he said. 'A plank like this is worth fifteen dollars, delivered here.'

We went to bed one night amid clear frost and total calm. Towards one in the morning the wind rose suddenly like a

man leaping out of bed and running through a darkened house. The Post groaned, the wireless mast quivered among the whistling antennæ, the snow whipped against the house, and, like the brush of a painter, applied the first coat of the element in which the Post would be blanketed with a thickness of six feet. When day came I went out of doors wearing three layers of clothing, and in the blast that sent the snow now forward on a broad front like an army, now whirling and tossing like a band of dervishes, I seemed to be dressed in a sieve and was bewildered by an incomprehensible impression of nakedness. The snow swirled as do the leaves at home, only this blow was hostile — this was autumn at seventy degrees latitude north.

When the wind fell and the sun returned we went off to the little lake to cut ice for our winter supply of drinking water. The blocks of ice were brought up from the lake to the Post and piled on a trestle made of a couple of long planks placed across three empty barrels. (Left on the ground, they would be covered by the twelve-foot snowdrifts that were on their way.) All winter long we would bring in a block at a time and drop it into the water barrel, where — the barrel standing less than two feet from the stove — it would melt readily and yet not melt too fast. Set three feet from the stove, it would scarcely melt at all.

With an eight-foot crocodile-toothed saw, a breaking back, and aching muscles, we cut long strips of ice, about eighteen inches wide. The strip was then chopped into squares with an axe, after which we strove with hooks to raise the plunging, circling slippery blocks out of the water. That done, the block was trimmed and the load dragged up to the Post. Eventually we raised a high wall of pale green, translucent ice that glittered like crystal when the sun shone through it. But it was killing work. We cut thirty blocks the first day — less

than a third of the winter's need. Next day the freeze was harder, the ice was twenty inches thick on the lake instead of the ten inches possible to work, and we had to put off the rest of the job until the clear water froze and we could cut again in the same channel as before.

Everything is like this in the Arctic, for this is preëminently the land of instability and change. Yesterday a thing was possible: today it cannot be done. The snow, for example. Yesterday it was too soft, too fresh for traveling; today it is firm and right; tomorrow fresh snow may fall again, and if you are not away today, who knows when you will be able to travel?

All this was useful to me as a foretaste of what I was to go through, for it had been arranged that Utak would, for the value in trade of one white fox, take me inland again with his wife and child, I to provide my own grub, and, of course, carry with me the usual small gifts for the camp. By the time we were ready to leave, snow was plentiful, and round the Post the drifts were ten feet high. We had to go to the Store to get my effects together, and to cover those seventy-five yards we were fitted out cap-a-pie, exactly as for a long trek. Standing in the outer porch, we drew a deep breath like sailors about to dive into the sea. Paddy opened the door and a gust of snow blinded us as, head lowered, we literally flung ourselves forth. Before me was a wall of snow six feet high, and over its crest the storm was blowing. I put up my hands and felt my way, sightless, until I reached a point where the drift seemed as hard as iron. There I grappled with it, trying to climb over it. Suddenly I was in it up to the hips, held in place by it, my equilibrium gone so that, had it not been for the ludicrous position in which I found myself, I should have been rolled over and over by the wind. How I got to the Store I cannot say; but when I got there Paddy was kicking steps into a drift before it, and over those steps we reached the door.

The shelves of the Store were covered with snow, blown in through every slight interstice in the wooden building. 'A pocket knife you want, is it? Under that heap of snow, there, in the corner. There's a box of them.'

At this time I was still eating white man's grub. 'Tell you what you do,' said Paddy. 'You make a thick soup of salt pork, beans, rice, and whatever else we have that's filling. After it's cooked you spread it on a plank, like a poultice, put it out in the porch, and it will freeze instantly. Then you take a hammer and break it up into chunks and put the pieces in a sack. Leave the sack out where the stuff will stay frozen, and take it along when you go out on the trail. When you get to an igloo you warm up one of these paving blocks and your dinner is served.'

I was learning, incidentally, that when a thing really freezes it does not like to thaw out again. One evening I opened a tin of peas and put the peas, tin and all, into a pot of water on the stove. The water boiled and bubbled for ten minutes, after which I took the tin out, thinking there would be nothing left in it. The contents were an absolute block. I broke the block into three pieces and put them back into the boiling water. The result was no better. Finally I had to chop the frozen mass into tiny bits before it would even begin to melt.

II

An Eskimo sled varies in length between a dozen and eighteen feet and stands no more than six or eight inches off the ground. Its runners are of steel, but steel will not do. Steel sticks: snow clings to it, freezes in lumps, and impedes smooth running. The Eskimos have their own way of overcoming this. During the summer they bring up mud from the lake bottoms and heap it up on land, where it freezes. When winter comes they hack off great chunks of the mud and boil it in a cauldron over a seal-oil

lamp. Once the mud is completely thawed out, they smear it, boiling, on the runners, where it freezes again, instantly though roughly. Then they borrow a carpenter's plane, if they are near the Post, or take an iron file if no plane is to be had, and they trim and dress the mud coating into perfect shape. The last step in the process is taken with the aid of a jug of water and a square of bearskin, *nanu-rak*. The Eskimo fills his mouth with water (which warms the water), sprays the bearskin with it, and runs rapidly the length of the overturned sled, spraying and rubbing the soaked bearskin over the mud-coated runners. This race up and down the runners — as I watched Utak perform it in preparation for our departure — is comical, but it allows an even coating of ice to form, for the water freezes instantly; and when this is done you can send the sled gliding with the slightest touch of your little finger. No Eskimo takes the trail without this preparation, and often the sled is re-iced in mid-trail because the veneer of ice will have cracked and broken off.

When the runners have been iced, the sled is loaded, and the procedure followed never varies. First come the caribou skins on which we sleep in the igloo. They are folded in three, exactly the width of the sled and always in the same folds. The heavy articles are piled on next — wooden cases curiously bound round with straps made of the skin of the great seal. The heaviest case goes in the middle of the sled; the highest is placed up forward to serve the driver as his box. Then comes what remains — frozen seal and frozen fish, for example, serving both as food for men and as feed for dogs. Here again there is an example of primitive astuteness. Much of this food has been stored in caches at different points along the trail, each cache marked by a heap of stones. The fish are so placed in the cache that the frozen block which they form is the precise width of the sled. The Eskimo has only to hack off with his axe a section of this solid mass, and it is

ready for loading. After the fish are stowed, the smaller paraphernalia go on: my sleeping bag, the Primus stove, the box in which are my cameras, my grub, the articles I have bought for gifts and trading — plugs of tobacco for the men, triangular skin-needles for the women. Utak's riches come last, and they are made up in the main of the white man's discards — a broken file, a bit of rope picked up from the ground, three nails, and so on.

The loading had taken a good hour, and I was standing by, all thought of departure driven out of my mind by the length of the preparations, when suddenly the sled was off and I found myself running after it, stumbling in the snow, trying to catch up with Utak as he ran alongside whipping his dogs. When I was quite out of breath he stopped the dogs and grinned as I came panting up, happy to have put the white man in a ridiculous posture. This time we were off. We crossed the bay, rose up the ridge, I turned and waved to an indifferent Gibson, and that for which I had traveled ten thousand miles was at hand. We were a mere two hundred yards from the Post when already it seemed to me that I had been transported to another planet.

The moment came when we lost our way in this gray cotton-wool through which we were moving. The air was dense with swirling powder; from the sled itself the dogs were visible only as so many shadowy forms; and Utak left me on my box and disappeared on the run, ahead of the dogs. First I would lose him entirely, then he would reappear abruptly and I would see him nose to the ground, staring, peering, moving with extraordinary rapidity. When the Eskimo wants to bestir himself, he can move very swiftly. I watched Utak that day weaving from right to left and back again, floating as if uplifted by the wind, and that fusion of man with nature was an absorbing spectacle. Suddenly he swerved rearward as birds do when,

ceasing to struggle against the wind, they let themselves be borne upon it. Again I saw him, this time running ahead of us while the dogs tugged furiously in order not to lose sight of him. A great stone rose in our path and stopped the sled. There was scarcely time to shake it loose when the dogs were off again as fast as they could trot.

Now and then the leader would turn round and stare at me as if in astonishment. He could not understand why his Eskimo should be floating in the void like this. (The normal relation of man and beast was reversed: this time it was the dog who was saying, 'I've got a first-rate Eskimo, but there is something erratic about him today.') Utak was hunting sled tracks in a storm. Sled tracks are about two inches wide, and I said to myself again and again, trying to make it clear to myself: 'Tracks two inches wide, eighteen inches apart, going from New York to Boston, and *nothing else* — no railway, no motor road, no foot path, no landmarks. A world blank in all its breadth, and somewhere a pair of tracks the only trace of its length.' Now the astonishing thing is that he found them. Digging with his heel into the fresh snow, he had found tracks; and directly he found them he was off again on the run like a leaf in a storm.

Night was falling when of a sudden three glimmering points too faint to be called lights pricked the gray scene. The igloos! Through the translucent snow of which these houses are built the feeble gleam of seal-oil lamps was visible, bespeaking the breath of life and the presence of man on this pallid ocean of ice. I crept through a winding tunnel so low that I went on all fours and knocked in the dark against wet and wriggling hairy bodies. These were the dogs. They had taken shelter in the freezing porch against the greater cold outside. Not for an empire would they have stirred out of my path, and over and among them I crawled until I emerged into the igloo.

But was this an igloo? This witch's cave, black on one side with the smoke of the lamp and sweating out on the other the damp exudation caused by the warmth of lamp and human bodies! Within, nothing was white save an occasional line that marked the fitting of block to block; and the odor was inconceivable. In the vague light of the lamp, shapeless things, men and women, were stirring obscurely. If you wanted a hierarchy of light you might say that before electricity there was the gas jet, before the gas jet the lamp, before the lamp the wax taper, before the wax taper the tallow candle, and before the tallow candle the seal-oil vessel. I was in a brown bear's lair, a troglodyte's cave. What would elsewhere be the Stone Age was here the Ice Age.

I was too newly come from Outside to see in the igloo anything but filth: the charnel heap of frozen meat piled on the ground behind the lamp; the gnawed fish-heads strewn everywhere; the sordid rags on the lumpish flesh, as if these Eskimos had worn their party clothes to the Post and were here revealing their true selves, the maculate bodies they covered with skin and fur to hide the truth from the white. And to heighten the horror of the scene, one of these Eskimos would fling himself from time to time into the porch — as the tunnel is called through which I had crawled — to drive out the dogs; and a howling would resound as of murder committed in a subterranean chamber.

Even today, as I write, it is still difficult for me to explain how it happened that I was able to accustom myself to this life, so that within a month a description like this would seem to me stupid, a recital of nonessentials and a neglect of everything of consequence in Eskimo existence.

Fortunately, I was too overcome with weariness to be able to think. Details met my eye and offended it, but they could not reach as far as my brain. My box had been dragged in, and like an

automaton I opened it in order to find something to eat, something 'white' that would preserve me from all this. My soup was not there! Had I forgotten it? Probably; and for the reason that I had thought too much about not forgetting it. What was the Eskimo word for 'soup'? I thumbed through my dictionary without a thought that the Eskimo might never eat soup, and there might be no word for it. Instead, I cursed the dictionary with the curse usual the world over — that a dictionary never contains the words we need. I could not explain to Utak what was missing; but as he saw me hunting, turning my effects over and over, he too — and this was the only comic note of the evening — began to hunt, though he knew not what he was hunting.

What was I to eat? That frozen fish? That repellent snow-covered thing I could hear grating in their teeth as they chewed?

The household stared at me, and I needed no word of Eskimo to understand what they were thinking: not only had this white man no titbits to offer to them, he had not even brought his own grub. They said nothing, but their disapproval was unmistakable. Sick at heart, I crept into my bag and fell asleep without a morsel of food.

We slept six in a row, squeezed together in an igloo built to hold three, our heads turned towards the porch. The men lay naked in their caribou sleeping bags. I kept my clothes on, and it was as if I were sleeping in a cage with wild beasts. All night long something dripped from the ceiling upon my face, and though each drop sent a twinge of pain through me, I could not evade it because we were squeezed too tightly together. In a corner an old woman spat the whole night through, and between one thing and another, in a spirit of the deepest gloom of heart, through which the two or three images of warmth and comfort that I summoned were unable to make their way, I fell finally asleep.

III

When I awoke the igloo was empty except for the old woman: the men had gone fishing.

I crawled out of doors and had a look round. It wanted almost an effort to identify the igloos in this landscape. There were four in all, four molehills made of snow; and had it not been for the harpoons and other accoutrements sticking up like vertical black lines drawn on white paper, I should not have seen them. These strokes were the only signs of the existence of a camp in this white infinity.

The camp was deserted. Nothing stirred. Here and there a puppy lay half buried in the snow. The men had gone with their sleds and their dogs. Every day was for them a day of work and travel. Every morning they awoke to the same seasonal chores: ice the runners, harness the dogs, unleash the forty-foot serpentine whip with its twelve-inch handle, and go off to the fishing or the hunt.

The camp was built on the flank of a ridge, doubtless because the snow here was more plentiful. Below me I could see a wide flat surface which was a lake. Three out of the five men in the camp had gone ice-fishing on this lake; the other two had preferred to go off to another lake, twenty-five miles distant, on the pretext that the fish there were bigger. At this time of year the ice was only two feet thick, and fishing was still easy.

Utak came up from the lake before the rest in order to build me an igloo. It was not to be separated altogether from his own, but would be a sort of lean-to opening into his igloo, and through this opening he and his wife would be able to keep an eye on my tin of biscuits. However, I should at least sleep alone this night.

One hour sufficed Utak for the erection of my spiral shelter, and it was no sooner finished than soiled. The dogs climbed and ran all over it on the outside, as is

their habit, and yellowed its dome and sides. Ohudlerk hastened to pay me a visit as soon as I had installed myself. With a great deal of hawking and spitting he explained to me that the igloo was perfect — from which I was to understand how great was my debt to Utak. And Utak himself, by way of creating a fitting atmosphere, came in with the gift of a heap of rotted fish.

An igloo is very pretty when it is new, when it has just been finished and the *iglerk*, the flat couch of snow that rises about fifteen inches from the floor, has been smoothed down. It is so pretty, so white, so pure with its little heaps of powdered snow at the base of the meeting of the blocks, that one is afraid to move in it for fear of soiling it. But the miraculous industry of the Eskimo soon removes this sense of caution and daintiness. In less than a day the igloo is made cosy and homelike: everything is spattered and maculated; the heaps of objects brought inside create great black spots where they lie; the ground is strewn with the débris of fish spat forth in the course of eating; everywhere are stains of seal blood and droppings of puppies.

I am told that there are Eskimos who keep their igloos clean, scraping the floor daily and sprinkling fresh snow over it to cover the stains. This is not the case with the Netsilik of King William Land, who seem to feel the most profound indifference, indeed contempt, for cleanliness. As for my igloo, they invaded it as if in conquered territory; and after all, it was their igloo, I was their guest, they had doubtless the right to treat it as their own. They were the masters, I the captive, I said to myself. 'You wanted to live with the Eskimos, did you? Well, here you are, you silly ass.'

Thus my beginnings went very badly. Worse than the pillage was the fact that two days later my hands froze.

'*Una-i-cto!*' ('It is cold!') Utak had said on waking that morning. But we had gone off together on his sled to fish on the great lake whose name I had by

now learned. It was called *Kakivoktar-vik*, 'the place where we fish with the three-pronged harpoon.'

Half a mile out from shore Utak began by clearing the snow off the surface of the lake with his native shovel in a circle about twelve feet in diameter. Then he knelt down, a hand shading his eyes, his nose to the ice and tried to judge whether or not the depth of the lake here was what it should be. I did as he did, and could see the bottom of the lake perfectly, the grasses waving and the fish moving past in their tranquil world. As soon as he spied the fish, Utak became feverish. He ran to the sled, which with the dogs had been left a hundred feet off, and came back with an ice chisel; now the ice was flying in an upward rain of chips. He was cutting out a hole, and it was incredible with what speed and precision he worked. I have seen Eskimos go through seven feet of ice with one of these chisels in ten minutes. He would stop at every four or five inches, send down a sort of ladle made of bone, and slowly and cautiously bring up the chips.

When the hole had been pierced through, the water flowed in and brought to the surface the odd chips that still remained, which were carefully ladled off. Then, on the far side of the hole, Utak built a wind screen of three snow blocks, one set straight ahead of him and each of the others serving as wings. This done, he spread a caribou skin, and knelt on it. With his left hand he unrolled a long cord at the end of which hung a small fish made of bone, with two fins. He let the decoy down into the water, and when he jigged, or pulled on the cord, which he did with the regularity of a clock, the fins beat. The little bonefish was like a water bug swimming. In his right hand, held very near the hole, was the *kakivok*, the great three-pronged harpoon. When the fish, lured by the decoy, came swimming beneath Utak, he would lower his harpoon gently into the hole, and at the proper moment he would strike, and the fish would be speared.

Nothing was more comical than the silhouette of Utak, his bottom in the air, his nose literally scraping the ice, his eyes fixed on the moving water, his whole being as motionless as a deer at the moment when it takes fright and is about to run. At first I had knelt beside him. Then, my hands freezing and my muscles stiff, I stood up to stretch. He became furious, for a man walking round the hole frightens away the fish. But one could hum as much as one pleased without disturbing them, and as Utak peered into the hole he kept up a monotonous humming.

With what patience that left hand, as regular as a metronome, rose and fell while the hours went by! And what passion the Eskimo put into this form of the chase! What intensity was in his gaze! The tiniest fish that passed drew from him muttered words, and it was clear that the game absorbed him, that time and space had fled, leaving him only this hole in the ice over which he would peer for days if necessary. Had I not been tortured by the cold, I should have been content to watch for hours. But, although it could not have been more than fifteen degrees below zero, I was freezing. Doubtless my skin had not yet become adapted to this climate. My fingers burned in my gloves, and I was too vain to speak of it.

While I knelt there, suddenly Utak's right hand would close over the handle of the *kakivok*, and before I could see what had happened the thing was done, the fish was gasping on the ice, had flung itself twice in the air and then lay still, frozen almost on the spot. And Utak was back in the same posture, absorbed again in his chase.

We had been out several hours, and the pain in my fingers became so unbearable that I could have screamed. The heel of my hands also had begun to harden. When, finally, we stood up, I took off my gloves to have a look and saw that my fingers were waxen. I had frozen my eight fingertips.

IV

Three days later my fingers were still useless: hard as wood, very painful, whenever I touched anything with them they burned, and I could not so much as roll myself a cigarette. Rubbing them with snow did no good. Dipping them in coal oil merely produced in them a sensation of cold. There was no remedy, and the best I could do was to hope they were not permanently frozen. Meanwhile, I was chained to the igloo like a hospital patient to his bed.

From my *iglerk*, my couch, I watched the life of the women through the opening in the wall between our igloos. Unarnak, Utak's wife, was industriously at work. On the skins that covered their *iglerk* the little boy was naked at play. He strutted, grimaced, chattered, and held behind him a looking glass while he peered round to see in it the reflection of his bottom.

With her hand Unarnak trimmed the wick of the seal-oil lamp; and when she finished she sucked the oil from her fingers, or else wiped her fingers in her hair, though the latter means a less thorough job. I have never yearned to find myself lord of a harem of native mistresses; but the sight of Unarnak would deprive any white man of the temptation to make her dishonorable proposals.

At the other end of the *iglerk* Utak's mother, Niakognaluk, sat in her habitual seat all day long scraping skins — a task that never ends in the life of the Eskimo, for weather, snow, and water are constantly soaking and hardening the clothes he wears and the skins he lies on, and it is only by this process of continual scraping that the hides can be softened again and made wearable and usable.

Niakognaluk wore an old woolen bonnet, and was dressed in hides so worn that all fur was long gone out of them and they were as black and shiny as a blacksmith's leather apron. Bowed over the lamp, working with misshapen hands, her feet folded beneath her, she scraped

and scraped; and as she worked tirelessly on she would murmur words which for all I knew might have been addressed to the lamp, to the dog, to herself. When a skin was finished she flung it against the igloo wall with an air of weariness and indifference and got up to get another.

She had two or three different scrapers to work with, but the real softening was done with her teeth. The Eskimo's teeth serve him as a third hand, and, though I had demonstrations of this again and again, yet each time it was as marvelous in my eyes as a turn at the circus. The miracle was that when Niakognaluk had finished a skin it was really white and as supple as a glove.

Among the Eskimos, as with the humble of every land, the Old Woman seemed to express the sum of experience, of hardship, of wisdom. She was symbolic; she was permanence; she was She Who Stays Behind. The others leave or die: she is always there. Each death, each winter, adds its burden to her load of life, bends and curves her a little more, but it does not achieve the breaking of her, and she goes on living. She mutters and seems to grumble, merely because she is old; but because she is old, also, her heart is kind. She makes no demands, and when you make her a little gift she sends forth a worn smile that is warm with friendliness.

The routine upon waking in the igloo never varied. It went like this.

First, hawk and spit for at least half an hour.

Second, grumble and mutter until your wife, having crawled out of the *krepik*, the deerskin bag, has taken up the circular knife and cut off a great piece of the frozen fish that lies on the ground.

Third, eat the fish, panting and grumbling meanwhile because wife and child are stirring in the *krepik* and getting into the way of your free arm.

Fourth, between bites, suck your fingers noisily and tell a story or recount your dream, a satisfied appetite having put you in a good humor.

Fifth, with great deal of puffing and snorting, light the Primus stove. If it refuses to go, fling it across the igloo and slide down growling into the *krepik*, after which silence is restored in the igloo. If the Primus should catch with little trouble —

Sixth, brew tea, gulp down two or three mugs, and say '*Una-i-kto*' ('It is cold'), so that the Kabloona may be seized with compassion and get up to prepare his grub for you. After each mug of tea, wipe up the leaves with your fingers and eat them.

Finally, having eaten and drunk and waked the entire household, come up out of your *krepik*, ready to be off fishing.

V

The men came in from their jigging, and the silent igloo was suddenly filled with stampings, threshings, and snortings as of beasts in a stable. Voices and laughter broke forth; the constant and horrible coughing and spitting began that seem always to attack the Eskimo indoors. The tea, which had been boiling all day long above the seal-oil lamp, was poured into mugs and bowls and its steam rose from between their hands in an odor of seal while the air of the igloo became a vapor in which the bodies were seen as shapeless blurs.

Almost immediately an incident took place that gave me a great fright.

Ohudlerk's son, Kakokto, who had been away fishing on the distant lake, had come back to visit his father. He and his wife were standing before me in my igloo, and as it was time to eat and they seemed to be expecting something, I fed them. Whether it was jealousy or not I do not know, but while I was talking to the young couple Unarnak came in, picked up my sack of flour, and took it into her igloo. There she proceeded to bake an impressive quantity of *baneks*, — a sort of flat bread, — which she distributed to everybody present. I watched her out of the corner of my eye

and observed that she had been lacking in the first article of courtesy, which was to offer the *baneks* first to me. I waited a moment; then, seeing that the sack was not restored to its place, I told her quietly to put it back where she had found it.

Up to that moment everybody had been in splendid humor — those in my igloo because they had supped handsomely, those in Utak's because they had received an unexpected offering. As soon as I had spoken, silence fell. Unarnak, knowing I considered her at fault, gathered together all the *baneks* and placed them without a word on my *iglerk*, with an air of complete disinterestedness. But her husband would not take it thus. Like a true Asiatic, this Eskimo conceived his finest vengeance to lie in ridicule. Refusing contemptuously the tea I offered him, he let himself back on his couch and then, the igloo being full of people, smoke, and laughter, he began to tell them how I had frozen my fingers. It was not hard to guess his story.

'And there was the white man,' he said sarcastically, 'walking in a circle and stamping his feet, blowing on his fingers, making noise enough to frighten away all the fish in the lake, and saying, "*Aiiel Aiiel* My fingers are frozen!" till he looked like an unhappy fish, like the littlest fish in the world.'

All of them roared with laughter, for a game of this sort is always played collectively.

'Finally we started back,' Utak went on. 'It was all he could do to drag himself back to his couch, and there he's been lying these three days past, whimpering and showing his fingers and moaning: "*Una-i-ktol!*"' With wonderful mimicry he counterfeited not only my gestures but the very timbre of my voice.

'And tonight, finally, for a couple of grains of flour . . .'

Each time that a burst of laughter greeted one of his sallies Utak would turn towards me to see how I was taking

it. Some of the others, indeed, rose from their places and came round to have a good look at me as I sat there, ill and half stupefied with fever — for it was curious that my frozen fingers had raised my temperature.

I went on talking to Kakokto and his wife as if I had no notion what was towards, but at bottom I was extremely upset by the sudden turn which things had taken. And when Utak had finished he and his wife went triumphantly out to tell their story in the next igloo.

Remembering what Paddy Gibson had said to me about Utak, I slept with one eye open. This fellow is subject to fits of temper, I thought. He killed his stepfather. He had to leave his own family and come to live on this side of the island because of it. I was uneasy. Never before had I heard that word for white man — 'Kabloona' — pronounced with such contempt; and I suspected that this contempt came into an Eskimo's mouth only when he felt positively aggressive. I seemed to myself imprisoned in a disquieting atmosphere and had no notion what might come of this. I knew only one thing — that I could not retreat from the position of indifference and dignity which I had adopted.

I dropped off to sleep, and suddenly I awoke. I had no notion of the time and could hear the child weeping. Utak was standing smoking a cigarette, his wife was stirring about, and all three were clothed. Unarnak came into my igloo and, thinking me asleep, picked up swiftly a pile of skins which belonged to them and had been stored with me for want of room in their igloo. 'They are going to strike camp and desert me,' I said to myself, still with my eye on them. They seemed to be consulting each other, to hesitate. Finally they went to bed. Weariness sent me back to sleep — and in the morning the first thing I saw on opening my eyes was Utak bending over me, grinning and offering me a mug of tea, a peace token.

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CITIZENSHIP: ITS PRIVILEGES AND RESPONSIBILITIES¹

PLATO to the contrary notwithstanding, there has never been, nor could ever be, an ideal republic. It is an intriguing dream, but an utter impossibility. And the obvious reason for its impossibility is that a republic, any republic, is dependent for its perfection upon perfect citizenship. Perfect citizenship is unattainable because there are no perfect men, and there seems to be no reason to hope that there will ever be a race of perfect men this side of the old-fashioned Christian's Heaven.

Which is just another way of saying that citizenship is the one indispensable factor in the success of the state. Constitutions, traditions, political theories, even civil liberties are of much less importance than the intelligent and honest performance of the duties of citizenship, and the conscientious exercise of its privileges.

From the beginning, this republic has been threatened by the indifference and the lack of integrity of large numbers of its citizens. To hear demagogues hark us back to the days of Washington and Jefferson one would think those were times when every public official was honest and every citizen patriotic. But the simple fact is, they were not.

The first Congress of the United States could not muster a quorum for nearly a month after the date set for its opening because the men elected to its membership dallied around with their own affairs before going to New York. While the important matters of revenue, governmental organization and policy, and the establishment of the Capital of the nation waited their pleasure, they debated seriously and at length as to what title to give to the President. Some thought 'Excellency' would be sufficient, while others thought he deserved the title of 'Highness'!

¹This essay was awarded Honorable Mention in the prize contest sponsored by the *Atlantic Monthly* and the Moses Kimball Fund. The winning essay, by Roger W. Holmes, was published in the November issue of the magazine. — EDITOR

The session was marked by the 'funding scandal,' a questionable plan for the discharge of the public debt which gave immediate rise to vicious speculations in which members of the Congress were involved. An aggressive lobby was maintained throughout the session by the moneyed interests. The infant republic was forced to take its first wobbly steps carrying on its back the heavy weight of stupid and unscrupulous citizenship.

The fact is, a republican state has no more necessary function to perform than that of creating a citizenship that combines the qualities of intelligence and integrity. Good citizens are not the special product of certain climates. They are not indigenous to certain sections of the world. They do not occur and reoccur like 'tides on a crescent sea beach.' They are, if they are at all, the product of the nation itself.

By the same token, bad citizens are not mere accidents. They are often the inevitable results of the negligence or stupidity of the state itself. There are places and influences in our nation that grind out bad citizens as a mill grinds grist.

Herr Hitler has gone a long way toward proving to the world that citizenship can be the product of the state, just as implements of war. His theory is simple. Kill off those who oppose the state, intimidate the masses, propagandize the young and the gullible, and give out only such information, true or false, as will be likely to increase the patriotism of all.

Of course *der Führer's* fatal mistake is in supposing that the state can go on indefinitely manufacturing patriotism to a government that is essentially evil. That is the misstep that in the end will bring about his downfall. For while it is possible to whip up a patriotic hysteria among almost any people under certain conditions, it is also true that a chaste and intelligent citizenship can only be based on the intelligence and integrity of the state.

It is like the old riddle of the chicken and the egg — whether the one comes from the other or vice versa. The real answer to the

riddle is that neither can exist independently of the other. So it is with a good state and a good citizenship. They are interdependent.

This raises the pertinent question of whether the state exists for the citizenry or the citizenry for the state. The totalitarians have a ready and emphatic answer. The state is more than any citizen, they say, therefore every citizen owes the state absolute subjection of himself. The state is his master, his religion, his god.

The democracies once thought that they had an answer equally clear. 'Government of the people, by the people, and for the people' has been a very precious article in our democratic creed. But of late we are not so sure. Whole masses of our population have construed this to mean that the state exists for their special benefit, to give them easy work, ready relief, and absolute security.

But it is becoming obvious to some of us that such a philosophy is but another route to totalitarianism. The more the state gives to its populace, the greater authority it demands over their lives. So the paternalistic state is perilously near to, if not identical with, the totalitarian idea.

Faced with this dilemma, some confused citizens are beginning to doubt that democracy can endure in this 'grave new world.'

But the dilemma is not as impossible as it seems. The life of democracy does not depend altogether upon a victory in a death struggle with totalitarians. But it does absolutely depend upon the maintenance of that delicate balance between what the state does for its citizenry and what its citizenry does for the state. Whenever that balance is disturbed and the state exhausts itself for an unappreciative people who in turn do nothing for the state, democracy is done.

It is an old and a trite truth that every privilege carries an accompanying responsibility. What many do not see is that quite often the privilege and the responsibility are one and the same thing.

Take the matter of voting in a republican state. Certainly that is a privilege, and one that many United States citizens are just beginning to value. That it is also a sacred duty upon which hangs the destiny of the state and of democracy most of us have never realized.

But patriotism can never be confined to

heroic soldiery, nor can the enemies of the state be always identified with an invading army. We have not made too much of the veterans of our wars by whose courage and sacrifice this nation has come into being and endured through terrible crises. But we have made too little of 'lay patriotism' expressed through appreciation of the privileges of citizenship and an honest performance of its duties. They also serve who go to the polls with sincere convictions, and regard the criminal, the demagogue, the political parasite, and the habitual breaker of the law as enemies of the state, to be routed by much the same processes as are used in the defense against the enemies who make war against the nation.

And while the otherwise honest man who is indifferent to the state's need for active citizenship is not to be put in the same category as the positively criminal citizen, he is nevertheless to be considered a useless burden if not a real danger to the republic. Such apparent indifference may arise from seemingly justifiable reasoning on his part. Many of our people are so confused by the complexity of political manoeuvring and the magnitude of political corruption that they feel they can do nothing helpful about it. They hope some great statesman will appear on the scene in time to rescue us from disaster. But they never imagine themselves in that rôle, being more or less humble men. And as 'statesmen' come and go with periodic campaigns for election to office, these non-participating citizens resolve to tend to their own business and leave politics with the politicians.

And that is not good citizenship! It is true that we have grown far beyond the town meeting in which every citizen had his say. But even now Washington is not very far from Dancing Rabbit and Vinegar Bend, and the voice of the people must become the voice of honor if democracy is to survive.

This essay, therefore, is not an attempt to define citizenship. There is little room for dispute in the minds of most citizens of this nation on that question. This is a statement of the proposition that has borne upon me heavily: the proposition that the republic must take constructive measures to produce good citizenship, or cease to be a republic.

W. C. NEWMAN

A FAVORITE TIE

A SPECIAL kind of gratitude comes over us when we remember the friend who rushes to our rescue in a minor but embarrassing situation.

Of course there may be mortals who have never found themselves in a predicament. If so, they have but a fragmentary notion of what the universe can do to man. Everyone who knows what it means to be 'up a tree' has seen the world with a difference. The most familiar landscape takes on weird proportions when viewed through saucer eyes.

There we were, at a disadvantage, up in the air, out on a limb. And here came somebody with a ladder for our tree. As long as we live we shall remember him, for he was willing to associate with us when we were out of our element, off our base, and no great ornament to any sphere.

The emergency need not be a very deadly one in order to arouse deep gratitude. Strangely enough, our opening moments with a new friend are likely to be trivial. In this incidental world we are not very often played into each other's presence with slow music.

The adventure of the Busy Commuter is a case in point. He had finished breakfast and was hurrying out to catch his early train when his wife asked him to help her take the extra leaf out of the dining-room table. She had given a luncheon party the day before, and it would delay him only half a minute, she said, to pull on one end of the table while she pulled on the other and removed the leaf. Then he might skip along and she would put the table together herself.

He hated to think of her struggling alone with the heavy walnut table. So, while she was placing the spare leaf against the closet wall, he bent over, stretched himself almost flat, reached with his long arms to the far end of the banquet board, and snapped the two halves together.

The trouble was that when he leaned over the end of his necktie slipped its moorings and dangled into the gap where the extra leaf had been. When the two halves snapped together, they took his tie in their bite. This table was equipped with a patent snap that locked securely.

When the housewife returned from putting away the extra leaf, she found her husband tethered by his own necktie, his face mir-

rored in the polished surface beneath his chin.

The last thing she had meant to do was to catch him in a trap at train time. She tugged at the little ring under the table that was supposed to pull the wire that unfastened the catch. The fabric of the necktie was jammed in the lock and the unfastener would not work.

'I'll get the scissors,' she said capably. 'We'll have to cut off the tie.'

'No,' objected her husband, head downward, addressing his own reflection in black walnut. 'This is one of my favorite ties.'

'Couldn't you work the knot downward,' she ventured, 'far enough so that you could slip your head out, leaving the tie?'

'My dear,' said he reasonably, 'do you see how near the table I am?'

She saw. 'But, darling,' she persisted, 'if you should pull gently upward, loosening the knot at the same time, couldn't you gradually work loose?'

'I tried that while you were in the cupboard,' said he. 'I nearly tore the tie. You'll have to pick the lock open some way.'

'I'll get a gimlet!' said the wife, to whom a 'gimlet' meant any jimmying device she could steal from her husband's toolbox.

'Not a gimlet!' he called after her. 'Just bring me a looking glass and I'll hold it out over the edge of the table and tell you what needs to be done to the lock.'

Swiftly she brought the long-handled mirror from her dressing table for him, and a can opener for herself.

'If you'll slide under the table now,' said he, 'I'll tell you what to do.'

Doubling like a dolphin, she went under. Her husband held the mirror at arm's length so that by twisting his chin around he could see the dim outlines of the under-table situation in the glass. It is hard for a mechanically-minded man to explain a tricky catch in nontechnical terms to a novice, but he was doing his best. So was the novice. Nothing she could do with the can opener would budge the lock. Flushed with exertion, she looked up and saw his face in the glass. His head rose like a centrepiece of stemware from the middle of his own breakfast table, yet he was talking as earnestly as if on a platform delivering a lecture illustrated with lantern slides.

Up to this moment she had been absorbed in the gravity of the situation, but meeting his instructive eye in the mirror was too much.

'Don't laugh,' he advised. 'It saps your strength.'

'I'm not laughing,' gasped she in stitches, 'only you don't know how funny you do look.'

'If it comes to looking funny,' retorted the husband, addressing the lady in the mirror, 'it's too bad you can't see yourself.'

'May I come in?' called a voice from the porch, so unexpectedly that the housewife under the table jumped and hit her head a crack on the joists above. There in the garden door stood their newest and most fastidious neighbor, who had stopped to return the hedge clippers on his way to the train.

'We'll just unfasten this table,' said he, as if tables that took ties in their teeth were the regular thing, and with scarcely a look at the Head of the House he joined the lady below.

Four hands are better than two on the under side of a table: two to brace the can opener, two to force the lock. 'Now if you'll just hold it open like that,' said he, 'I'll go up and pull.'

Apart sprang the table. Upright sprang mine host. Upright also, complete with can opener, sprang mine hostess. Off went the two men just in time for the train, and the episode was as if it had never happened. Not once did the rescuer mention the event or appear to think he had surprised the couple at any employment except what they went in for every morning after breakfast. And when, weeks later, the victim of the snapping table decided to tell the neighborhood about it, he found that nobody had heard of it, not even the rescuer's wife. The life saver had not shown his medals to a soul.

'What a little thing to remember for years!' — but it was a clue to character and the starting point of a friendship. The fellow man who does not laugh at our predicaments until we are ready to laugh at them, or report them to others until we have a chance to report them, is somebody to bank on. He is reliable as well as congenial. And he is rather scarce.

FRANCES LESTER WARNER

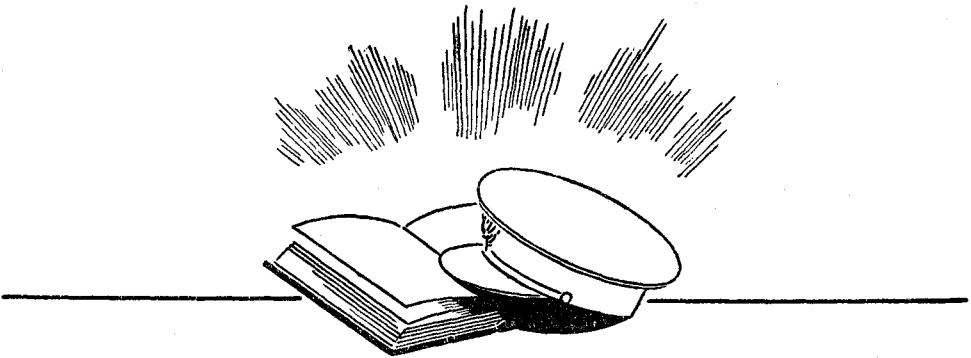
UNPUBLISHED PREFACE TO A PH. D. THESIS

To the one hundred and two scholars before me
Who wrote the books I read about Ephraim Tate,
Eighteenth century, unknown then, and now;
To mother; to father; to my high-school principal,
Who first told me that teaching is the good life;
To Georgia Drew; to my uncle, who lent me money;
To the immeasurable necessary deep fiery sources
Of English poetry from the dark beginnings onward;
To Shakespeare's childhood, and to Blake's tall angels,
And the sun-yellow blaze Van Gogh painted for me;
To people I drank coffee with at midnight talking
In a booth in a shop on University Avenue;
To the British Museum, the Huntington Library, Yale,
And Harvard; to Joe; to the New York Philharmonic;
To Dr. John June, Miss April August, and F. T. Zero,
Who removed dangling participles, individual style,
False parallelisms, comma faults, and I suppose helped;
To the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Life*, and the *New Yorker*,
Which kept me from being left alone with Ephraim Tate;
To all the students who attend my classes now,
Not guessing that I am afraid, or that I love them,
Or how much I'd like to tell them of Blake's angels;
And to the hope of forgetting Ephraim Tate forever
And learning to teach, I dedicate this book.

JOHN HOLMES

THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

Farewell
TO EUROPE



BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

CHAPTERS 16-22

Farewell TO EUROPE

BY
RICHARD ALDINGTON

The story of a man of letters,
bred in the old world and find-
ing freedom in the new



Now an American citizen by adoption, Richard Aldington was born in 1892, in the almost mythical serenity of Edwardian England. By the time he entered University College, his ideas of life were already crystallizing. The passion for freedom of living, freedom of thinking, burned in him then, and has never deserted him. When he graduated he resisted advice to take a 'promising' business job; instead he determined to try writing. He worked as a sports reporter, wrote verse when he had time, lived on next to nothing, and made the friends who were to enrich and influence his life. When, by the spring of 1912, he went to Paris, Ezra Pound, H. D., Harold Monro, and Yeats were all his intimates. Amy Lowell appeared on the scene, and the *Imagist* magazine, with Pound and H. D. and Aldington as the nucleus of the group, was launched. Young D. H. Lawrence was with Aldington in Paris the night when the newsboys called the extra announcing that Germany and Russia were at war.

Aldington served through the war as an infantryman, emerging a lieutenant and having survived such jobs as runner in the front-line trenches and repairer of barbed wire in No Man's Land. His *Death of a Hero* contains, he thinks, almost everything he has to say about 1914-1918. After the Armistice he, along with thousands of his generation, attempted to pick up life again in the unfamiliar post-war world. Some of the poems he had written in his small black notebook at the front were sold; his services were sought as a translator, and the *London Times* invited him to do a weekly article on French literature. D. H. Lawrence and Frieda, who had been hounded by the spy hysteria during the war, determined to leave England, and offered Aldington the use of their little house in Berkshire, and he moved down in December of 1919. One of his most welcome visitors was T. S. Eliot. The years that followed were made up of prodigious literary work, of long country walks, of deepening and renewing his understanding of England and those men who, like himself, were adjusting themselves to a post-war existence. . . .

FAREWELL TO EUROPE

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

XVI

I HAVE never known Florence and Rome so pleasant, so positively seductive as they were in the summer of 1922. I was in a mood to enjoy foreign travel, having been deprived of it for nearly ten years; foot-slogging up and down muddy trenches with a rifle and pack is not foreign travel, even if it did happen in France.

Everything conspired in my favor. The great summer heat was over, and we were spared the prolonged and repeated thunderstorms which are apt to disrupt an Italian autumn. That autumn they seemed to arrive in the afternoon just in time to wake one from the siesta and be over in an hour, leaving a cool, sweetened world for the evening. The Italians were recovering from the war, and were amiable again. The Socialists and Communists were piping down, and everybody profoundly hoped the Fascists would do likewise. At least all the Italians I talked with did.

My intention in stopping a week in Florence was to refresh my memory of the great obvious sights, but to concentrate on the *quattrocento*; and I bought and also read modern editions of Poliziano, Lorenzo de' Medici, and the carnival songs. But I was a little diverted from this purpose by the magnificent exhibition of *cinquecento* painting gathered that year in the Pitti. For some time I had suspected that Italian painting did not expire with Raphael, as Ruskinians believed, and that show convinced me I had been right. To see the

merits of Caravaggio, the Carracci, and Guido Reni was not only a pleasure in itself and a welcome enlargement of experience; it was flavored by willful defiance of those detestable pedants, the art critics.

More fascinating than the galleries, which after all are desperately fatiguing, were the squares and streets of Florence. For once in my experience, the Florentines had their city to themselves, and seemed to have staged a discreet spontaneous carnival — a carnival of Venus, which might have been presided by Botticelli's Venus herself if she had consented to be clad. In the evenings the streets were thronged with girls in brightly flowered thin summer dresses, their hair braided in the old Florentine style, with a flower in it — a parade of young Venuses and Graces, passing with talk and laughter, arm-in-arm in threes or fours, and of course never for one second perceiving the many pairs of male eyes directed at them.

It was charming. Even Giotto's rather overrated bell tower seemed to be humming: —

*'Chi vuol esser lieto, sia;
Di doman non c'è certezza.'*

And it was perfectly discreet. Many a clergyman could have passed the fiery temptation unscathed, for he would not have noticed it. But the air was electric with challenge and response. The girls paraded, and the men sat silent and intent at the café tables on the pavement,

watching and appraising. It was evidently the unofficial *fiesta* of Santa Venere. As the darkness fell and there was a general move in the direction of dinner, one suspected that many late lovers lingered and murmured: 'Flower of the clove, all the Latin I construe is *amo*, I love.' I am very glad to have seen that autumn in Italy, a last fleeting visit from the gods in exile before they were banished once more to the deceptive strains of 'Giovinezza.'

If Venus reigned over Florence, Bacchus that year was triumphant in Rome. The miraculous drought of 1921 resulted in a notable accession to the wine stocks of the world. France alone produced about 1,500,000,000 gallons, with Italy not far behind. And what was more to the point, it was the best European vintage in point of quality for a century. I arrived in Rome ignorant of this important fact, and also of the fact that since much Italian wine is light, fragile, and quick in maturing, it is best drunk within the year and as close to its native vineyard as possible.

I despair of conveying in words the quality of the white Castelli wines that year, especially to a generation that knows not Sion. The humblest wine-shop poured fragrant nectar in your glass for a few soldi. There are many years of my life I would gladly live again, but few periods so willingly as those two months of 1922, before the pure sky of Rome was darkened by clouds of black shirts. One very hot afternoon in an excess of antiquarian zeal — it strikes me now as really excessive — I dragged my friend far out on the old Appian Way, looking for somebody's unrecognizable tomb; that of Atticus, perhaps — I always admired him for his contempt of political factions. Fainting with heat and exhaustion, we turned into a dirty, ruinous wineshop filled with flies, just to get out of the sun. To justify our presence I ordered a *quartino*, and to my surprise it was brought on a clean tray with a snowy white napkin and

glasses polished like crystal — a peasant who knew how *signoria* should be honored. Doubtfully I took a sip. *Per Bacco!* We ordered some more.

By this time we were aware that something unusual was happening, and became enthusiastic collectors of Roman wines, from Frascati to Grottaferrata, from Marino to Ariccia. I laid in some flasks of Trebbiano and Aleatico, the latter a sweet but delicious red wine, much despised by connoisseurs who go to books instead of life for their wine-bibbing. Aleatico goes extremely well with late Renaissance poetry, particularly Tasso. It tastes almost exactly like the *Aminta*. I have a pleasant memory of reading the 'linked sweetness long drawn out' of the *Aminta* over a glass of Aleatico, after a visit to Sant' Onofrio, where Tasso is buried and where he spent the last few months of his unhappy life as a guest of the monks. Surprisingly enough, there are still monks there, and we were taken round by one, who gave us the usual Tasso legends with a few more bred of his own hagiographical genius. But who reads Tasso now, even though Milton did so obviously imitate him? Come to that, who reads Milton? 'It is surprising,' says Dr. Johnson, 'that there is so little literature in the world,' meaning by 'literature' love and knowledge of literature. Evidently the behemoth of Fleet Street knew more about books than human beings.

Enchanted days. I had the erroneous but pleasing illusion that the horrible chasm of the World War had been bridged, at any rate for me, and that I had managed to link up my pre- and post-war lives. It really looked to me as if there might again be a civilized Europe. Pre-Fascist Rome was a peculiarly comforting city in that respect. It had seen so much, had known such disasters and collapses, had so skillfully turned very unpromising material to its own civilized purposes. The original brigands of the seven hills, so inferior in

every respect but warlike outrage to the Greeks and Etruscans, were eventually transformed into the amiable people of the late Republic and the age of the Antonines.

The fine arts are openly despised by the majority; and, as satirists like Osbert Sitwell and Aldous Huxley have showed, the minority which admires is too often either pretending or riddled with affectations. But this was plainly not the case in Italy, where an enormous amount of art of all kinds survived generations of poverty and neglect and more recently a positive dislike. For centuries life was esteemed in terms of æsthetic values, as in ancient Japan; it is only prejudice and that provincialism of Time so characteristic of half-educated communities which suppose that ethical or utilitarian values are superior or more durable. It is obvious that what I call the 'æsthetic communities' made the greatest contribution to human civilization. But they may be murdered, as Greece and Italy were; or compelled to adopt the barbarism of their enemies, like the Japanese. When the spokesmen of the contemporary mobs tell me how superior their 'civilization' is to anything that has ever existed, I laugh.

Two days after I left Rome for England, work, and sobriety, the Fascisti marched, and that brief delusive interlude was over. But I am glad I had the experience. It was one of those glimpses which make us less forlorn.

XVII

Owing to a naturally cheerful temperament and the fact that I resisted early conditioning, I am very little afflicted with what is now called a guilt complex, and used to be more mysteriously called a sense of sin. But I do regret one persistent sin of which I was guilty during the first ten years of the long armistice — I worked too hard. I am still infected by this vice. Try as I may to live a life

of decent and rational idleness, I soon feel guilty if I don't spend at least part of the day spoiling white paper with black words. The only way I can escape is at sea, or on a long walking or motor tour — which reduces one to the state of a contemplative cabbage. True, in the early days I had the base excuse of necessity, and always that some of my 'work' was voluntary and disinterested — without hope or intention of earning money. But I have to admit that I did too much work merely because it was paid.

Be sure your sin will find you out. I was punished in a way so comparatively mysterious that an uncritical age might easily have seen the finger of offended deity — Comus perhaps, or Laughter holding both his sides.

This is what happened. I had expended a good deal of nervous and emotional energy in writing a long poem. Before it was finished I had undertaken to do a long translation and a book on Voltaire, with rather short time limits. In addition I had my regular work for the *Times* and *Nation*. By working all day and every day for the four months allotted, I could just do it. (An editor has every reason for setting a time limit, but why should publishers? Especially as they frequently spend more time getting a book out than it would take me to write another one.) By some perversity of fate, at that moment a number of editors suddenly conceived the idea that they wanted articles from me. The London edition of *Vogue* wanted a series; the *Spectator* suggested I review regularly for them; Jack Squire wanted five thousand words on Napoleon Bonaparte; my old friend Amy Loveman wrote that the *Saturday Review* would like another article. I foolishly accepted these kindly meant offers, toiled madly, cut down my sleep and walks, and generally lived with an asceticism I should have mocked at in somebody else.

Well, I succeeded in this imbecility, and, feeling as virtuous as a wagonload

of sheep, I mailed the last typescript — the book on Voltaire — the day before it was due. I then took a deep breath and a five-mile walk. On the way back, about a mile from my cottage, I suddenly began to feel very queer. My heart behaved in the most extraordinary manner, leaping and fluttering and then apparently dying away altogether. The sunny landscape grew dim and I could hardly drag one foot past the other. At first I had that incredulous, it-can't-happen-here feeling which very healthy people experience during their rare illnesses. But almost immediately I had to sit down by the roadside, with the unpleasant sensation that I was about to disgrace myself by swooning in the manner of Victorian ladies.

My companion was greatly alarmed, and so was I, for according to several Army doctors — who had commented with cynical geniality on the fact — I was medically supposed to have an A 1 heart. But my father had died of heart failure, and I gloomily supposed I was about to imitate him prematurely.

I spent the next two weeks in a detestable state of inaction. As long as I remained in bed, I felt perfectly well; but the moment I got up and made any physical exertion I felt like a sick puppy somebody has just trodden on. The only consolations were that, like Charles II, I seemed to be an unconscionably long time a-dying, and that I did a lot of reading for pure pleasure.

This psychological disturbance, simulating a real illness, was a strong indication of inner discontents and disharmonies. I had an obvious hint of this earlier in writing the long poem I mentioned. I take it that there is a genuine difference between deliberate and impulsive writing; for in the first case we consciously set ourselves a task, such as an essay or a biography, and in the second case the writing seems suggested and controlled by subconscious influences. There is a sensation, which many writers have mentioned, that what is written

comes from the dictation of an inner voice. There is nothing supernatural about this; it is merely our subconscious life getting a chance to express itself.

Even if fatiguing, this experience is almost always pleasurable. But the writing of this poem had been accompanied by moods of depression which were quite alarming. I foolishly disregarded these warnings, and set them down as aftereffects of the war. No doubt that was an important factor, but there were others. I failed to see that by devoting myself to purely literary studies to the extent of continuous overwork I was frustrating a whole series of impulses, and condemning myself to a life of unnecessary monotony.

For me, the greatest event of 1926 was the return of the Lawrences from America. I had not seen Lawrence since 1919, and our correspondence had been extremely irregular. At one time he took a strong dislike to European things and people, and one heard only rumors of his wanderings to Ceylon and Australia and his settling in New Mexico. And now, most surprisingly, he wrote from London suggesting a meeting. I promptly wrote and invited them for a long week-end, and in accepting Lawrence sent me some of his recent books, which I had not read.

I had long admired Lawrence's work and, with sundry disagreements, liked him personally very much. But on reading these books and rereading some earlier works I had, it seemed to me that I had underrated him. Seven years' close study of literature had sharpened my perceptions or, at least, taught me the rather rare accomplishment of how to read a book. Seven years of experience had made me more and more discontented with the Olympian, impersonal, and supposedly objective critical attitude adopted by the *Times*. I was more and more inclining to Norman Douglas's opinion that we should take up an author with the implied question: 'What has this fellow to say to *me*?' and give him

the fairest chance of saying it. Lawrence seemed to have a good deal to say to me, and I liked what he had to say all the more because he went his own way so perkily and with so much originality.

The visit began a little inauspiciously, as Lawrence declared the cottage was 'sinister.' I can't imagine why, as it was sunny and full of books, with bright window curtains and a smiling head of Voltaire over the piano; and the garden was brilliant with late summer flowers. But then I had forgotten that in the Midlands you show your respect to a guest by loading the high-tea table with enough provisions to stuff a dozen policemen; so Lawrence was greatly offended by a modest and wineless meal. All this was happily settled by a bottle of whiskey for him to have a hot toddy at bedtime, a habit of his which was new to me and had apparently been acquired in America. After that he was in the best of spirits for the remainder of his stay.

As I knew he was contemplating a book on the Etruscans, I had a dozen standard works on the subject sent down from the London Library; and we spent a good deal of time turning them over and discussing Etruria, which was very important at that time in Lawrence's private mythology. We went for walks, and it was fascinating to see how quick Lawrence was in noticing things and making them seem interesting. Yet he could be devastating in his judgments of human beings. A neighbor of ours, an intellectual climber, had begged to be allowed a glimpse of him, and we contrived some excuse for a brief meeting. After she had gone Lawrence merely said: 'Dreary little woman.' I liked him for that, for I was thoroughly sick of the way the London literati would suck up to the humblest of avowed or potential admirers. And it would have been just the same if she had been the most potent of salon rulers.

In private talks Lawrence and I agreed that so far as we were concerned something had gone wrong with England, our

England, so that we felt like aliens in our own home. The only thing to do, Lawrence insisted, was to get out and stay out. In Mexico he had felt he ought to make one more attempt to fit into English life, but already he saw it was impossible, and was planning to go away and never return. (He went, and never did return.) He was evidently pining for his New Mexico ranch and regretted having left it, for he talked of it constantly and with a nostalgic regret which made me quite unhappy on his behalf. But meanwhile, before everything crashed, — and he was intuitively certain it would crash sooner or later, — we must have just a *little* more of Italy. Soon it would be *vendemmia*. As he talked he evoked for me so vividly the pine woods and the olive gardens and the vineyards of the Florentine *contrada*, the great cream-white Tuscan oxen with their wide horns and scarlet muzzle shields against flies slowly dragging the big tubs of grapes to the press, the men and women singing and laughing and joking as they gathered the big purple clusters, the men and boys dancing on the grapes to crush out the wine, the *vino santo* heating over an open fire, and the air sweet and heavy with the scent of crushed grapes as the vintagers sat down to their evening soup and bread and wine . . . And yes, I said, I would come to Scandicci for *vendemmia*.

The English, he said, had become half-angels, half-idiots. And he made us laugh till we cried with stories of the half-angelic, half-idiotic things they had done to him in the past few days. As David Garnett truly says, Lawrence was a born copycat. He amused us by mimicking a dialogue between himself and a woman in the train who tried to lend him her copy of the *Daily Mirror*, and another between himself and an obsequious butcher boy. Curious that Lawrence, who was such a good satirist in conversation, was a comparatively poor one in writing. The reason is, I think, that in talk his satire was mostly laughter, whereas in print he scolded.

Best of all perhaps were the evenings when we sang old English and German folk songs, according to the Laurentian custom, and Lorenzo and Frieda talked of their wanderings and adventures. There was a haunted look in Frieda's eyes when she spoke of Lawrence's illness in Mexico City, and of her dreadful experiences in getting him back to the ranch. Lorenzo, it appeared, refused to have a mosquito curtain, maintaining that if you muffled yourself up in the bedclothes the mosquitoes couldn't get you. But, as thousands of mediæval angels danced on the point of a needle, thousands of anopheles danced and fed on the tip of Lorenzo's nose — with the natural result of a smart attack of malaria, which in turn aroused his latent tuberculosis. At the height of his illness he insisted on returning to the ranch, and was held up at the frontier by immigration officers; but for the prompt and humane intervention of the American Consul, he would probably have died there. I think that was the real reason why Lawrence never went back to the ranch he loved so much; he would not have been allowed to cross the frontier.

Apart from this unhappy episode, their wandering adventurous life sounded wholly fascinating and rewarding. Most travelers quite fail to interest me in their experiences, especially if I haven't been to the places they talk about. But Lawrence had the remarkable gift — in his writing and especially in his talk — of evoking his experiences so vividly and accurately that his listeners felt as if they had been present themselves, with the supreme advantage of being gifted with Lawrence's unique perceptions. It would be useless for me to try to reproduce Lawrence's talk; first, because I can't remember his exact words, and anything short of that would be a travesty; second, because he has luckily left written accounts of many of these experiences in his books and letters.

He talked of that primitive, ice-cold, remote village of the Abruzzi where he

and Frieda almost froze to death (end of *The Lost Girl*); of their life in Sicily and the trip to Sardinia (poems, letters, introduction to the memoirs of Maurice Magnus, and *Sea and Sardinia*); of Ceylon, with bloodcurdling imitations of night noises from the jungle and satirical acting of an American friend burning joss sticks to Buddha (letters and poems); of Australia (*The Boy in the Bush, Kangaroo*); and of the ranch (end of *St. Mawr*, last essay in *Mornings in Mexico*, letters). Some of this was already published and I had read it, though not all; and much was either unpublished or unwritten. As he related these things, they became almost epic to his listeners. So might the Ithacans have sat enraptured by the tales of wandering Odysseus. What was remarkable, I reflected, was Lawrence's immense capacity for experience and almost uncanny power of reliving it in words afterwards. Of all human beings I have known he was by far the most continuously and vividly alive and receptive. 'What man most wants is to be alive in the flesh,' he wrote when almost on his deathbed; and certainly few men and women can have been so much 'alive in the flesh' as he was. To say that he enjoyed life intensely would be misleading, because the phrase inevitably suggests all the luxuries and amusements and gratifications Lawrence despised. And, on the other hand, Shelley's 'pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift,' is too abstract and ethereal. The truth lay somewhere in between those extremities.

In the summer of 1928, Lawrence published *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, a grave error from the point of view of his reputation — as the Huxleys, I believe, tried to tell him. But once the book was out, there was nothing to do but support it, especially as those infallible critics, the policemen of England and America, were trying to destroy it. For a series of reasons too complicated to explain I was temporarily back in my English cottage, and naturally undertook to help dis-

tribute the book to subscribers. This was very easy, since I was constantly receiving and sending off books. The fact that I rendered myself liable to a fine or even imprisonment didn't trouble me in the least. Every writer worth his salt knows that he and other writers are serving — or ought to try to serve — a higher cause than any government: human civilization, which owes precious little to governments. Censorship and suppression of books were invented by the Borgias, who doubtless had their own reasons for so behaving, but they should not have been allowed to go any further. The whole conception is theocratic, and has no place in the common law of a free country.

One trouble with *Lady Chatterley* is that it isn't a very good novel. And Lorenzo showed a strange lack of artistic tact in trying to revive in their primitive Anglo-Saxon sense certain words which have unhappily acquired for many people associations of vulgarity and vice. Many writers and readers are fully aware of the associations of meaning which in an ancient language like ours inevitably cluster round words. Indeed, part of the fun of writing is to arrange words so that an attentive reader will enjoy all the suggested overtones and undertones. But no writer can present his readers with words supercharged with associations and expect them to be ignored. It takes a thundering puritan to attempt such a fantastic and hopeless task with grave sincerity.

XVIII

Those who live through an epoch necessarily have a different idea of its literary and artistic achievements from those who come after. Within half a century or less the whole output has been rigorously hand-picked, imitators and mediocrities ruthlessly cast out, and a coherent scheme imposed. These judgments, in turn, are subject to revision and fluctuations of taste. But these arrangements, apparently so obvious in

retrospect, are by no means clear at the time, particularly in such an epoch as the long armistice, which was marked by an enormous output. In my judgment the 1920's formed a brilliant but anarchic period fully deserving both in a bad and in a good sense its favorite adjective, 'amusing.' The ideals and differences of artists were largely æsthetic only. In reaction, the 1930's gave themselves up to political fanaticism, and were consequently duller and less sincere — they all quacked what the big duck trumpeted. Moreover, the decade became more and more clouded with menaces and fears, so that many artists were tempted beyond the boundaries of their legitimate activities, and in some countries were forced over them. But the mere volume of production, especially in the 1920's, was baffling. So many new books poured in on me that I could not possibly have read them if I had given my whole time to the task. As I was mostly occupied with books of earlier epochs, I could only take a lucky dip here and there; and on my shelves were many uncut books I hoped some day to read, but never did.

I now regret that too close an observance of the *Times* ban against reviewing personal friends led me to decline repeatedly the offered civilities of French authors. Luckily, however, this ban did not apply to James Joyce, whom I saw from time to time. Unfortunately I have little of interest to report, since we established no intimacy, and I soon limited myself to a formal visit of respect on reaching and before leaving Paris. Mr. Joyce struck me as a man of great personal dignity, with a fine ascetic face, but very much thrown back on himself by partial or complete blindness. He was very much the vogue at the time, and surrounded by followers who, I thought, seemed rather jealous of each other. On the other hand, one must recognize their genuine devotion in reading to or otherwise amusing their incapacitated hero.

I admired *Ulysses* as a work of great originality and power and permanent value, though I thought it overlabored and prolix in parts, and more uniformly filled with pessimism and disgust than is justified by the experience of life. If the last paragraph of the book may be interpreted as saying 'Yes' to life in spite of everything, it is too brief and belated after so many hundreds of pages of 'No.' And I lost interest in Joyce when he invented a complicated and polyglot language of his own, which concealed rather than expressed what he had to say. Just as *Ulysses* suffered from the excess of disgust typical of its epoch, so the fragments of his new book showed the other defect of a willful darkness and difficulty, a veil not of profundity but of emptiness. It was a brilliant device for concealing the fact that the author had nothing more to say.

Among the Frenchmen I came to know personally was M. Jean Paulhan, editor of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. In the summer of 1928 I received a letter from him in which he offered to lend me for the months of October and November the *vigie* of Port Cros, which he and some friends had rented from the French Government. A *vigie* is a small lookout fort with a signal station, and there are several obsolete ones on the French Riviera. Port Cros is the middle one of the three islands of Hyères, and from M. Paulhan's description sounded both remote and beautiful. From the very accurate plan of the accommodation he sent, I saw there was plenty of room, and eventually arranged with the Lawrences and another old friend in London that we should all meet there.

The habitations of Port Cros consist of one hotel, one château, thirteen fishermen's cottages, and two or three old forts converted into residences. The *vigie* was six hundred feet above the sea, a mile and a half from the nearest cottage, and looked over stupendous vistas of Mediterranean sea and mountainous coast. The island itself is broken into

steep ridges and valleys, covered with magnificent Mediterranean pines, strawberry trees, wild lavender, rosemary, lentisk, cistus, and other aromatic plants and herbs; so that on a hot October afternoon the gentle sea air seemed scented with fresh incense. It breeds all kinds of rare flowers, plants, insects, and even fungi practically extinct on the mainland. And we had it practically to ourselves.

For sheer natural beauty and climate I know nothing to equal it; and I was not surprised in later years when the great French Hellenist, Victor Bérard, told me he spent as much time as he could there because it was exactly like Greece before the various brands of barbarians destroyed the trees. We were able to bathe almost every day in a remote, absolutely uninhabited bay, fringed on the landward side by wild canes, and blocked on either flank by steep wooded cliffs. The walk down and back was under tall feathery pines and strawberry trees, thick with clusters of round fruit which pass through a whole range of color from clear lemon and orange to a rich red. Through gaps we had glimpses of the island, the sea, and the distant coast line. As there were no roads on the island there were no vehicles; and our water and provisions came up on Jasper, the donkey, who was governed by a Sicilian manservant.

Eventually the Lawrences turned up. Lorenzo's tuberculosis was active, and he was far too ill to take any part in our expeditions. I used to listen to his dreadful hollow cough at night and wonder what on earth I should do if he got worse — how I could get him carried down a mile and a half of steep rocky path, transported across twelve miles of sea in an open boat, and thence to a sanatorium. Luckily his marvelous vitality made yet another recovery, but naturally he was not in the best of spirits and apt to be bad-tempered. His talk also was too often on a lower level than his best, too personal and satirical, sharp

with the reckless hatred of those about to die.

We did our best to make him comfortable, but, as somebody had always to stay with him, our long bathing expeditions were rather spoiled. Moreover, just at this moment when he needed quiet and gentleness, his publishers elected to send him an enormous wodge of English press cuttings about *Lady Chatterley*. We all read them one evening sitting in front of a pine-log fire. I have never seen such an exhibition of vulgarity, spite, filth, and hatred as was contained in those innumerable diatribes. Every editor and peddling reviewer had eagerly seized the opportunity to vilify and if possible crush into ignominy and poverty a man who had done — what? Publish a book whose obvious intention was to rescue sex from both prudery and nastiness. Now, we writers may be fools, but we are not such utter fools as to be taken in by such stuff. I had lived with men, I knew what their talk and lives were, I knew the cynicism and depravity of journalists, I knew some of the men who had written this malevolent twaddle; and I knew they were not worthy to black Lawrence's boots. Miserable canaille, spawn of the creatures who spat their venom at Shelley and Keats and for the same reason — base instinctive hatred of a higher, finer nature. Moreover, exactly the same thing happened when Lawrence died in 1930, and again in 1935 when Frieda published her memories of him.

It seems to me distinctly one up to Lawrence that he went tranquilly on with his writing although he was so ill, and was angry and bitter about the attacks on him in England. Every morning he sat up in bed, wearing an old hat as protection against an imaginary draft, and produced a short story, and some of the little essays of *Assorted Articles*. I distinctly remember his writing an article about a book of Morris Ernst's in the blank leaves of the copy which

Mr. Ernst sent him. He must also have been working secretly on *Pansies*, for two of the poems were inspired by books he read on the island. One was Aldous Huxley's *Point Counter Point* and the other a book on Attila from the pile of new French books I had with me. He enjoyed the Attila book very much, as it jumped with a temporary mood of destructiveness in him.

In spite of my anxiety about Lawrence's illness and the disagreeables resulting from it, I was very happy on Port Cros and full of energy. The complete detachment of the place and almost complete leisure (I had only one article a week to do for the *Times* and the Boccaccio translation in hand) enabled me to make a real start on my long-cherished project of a book, a novel, about the war, the old war of '14-'18. Some of the main themes and emotions I had already put down in poems, but I wanted to do something on a larger scale. As I mentioned, I wrote and destroyed part of such a book in 1919; and in 1925 and 1927 I made other abortive starts. It was really lucky that I didn't get it done sooner, for the book eventually came out just as the boom in war books started.

I was held up by several considerations during the years 1919-1928. Though I didn't realize it, time was needed for the assimilation and arrangement of these experiences. I was always occupied with other work, and did not feel justified in taking time to write a long book which I didn't think anyone would publish. Moreover, I doubted my own abilities. I knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to give entirely free expression to the feelings and ideas of one very minor actor in that great tragedy, but I wanted to do this in terms of satire. I wanted the writing to give the effect of the different movements of a symphony — I had the 'Fifth' and the 'Eroica' in mind. And I wanted the construction to follow the main lines of a Greek tragedy, with the catastrophe fully revealed in the Prologue, to avoid any cheap effects

of suspense and surprise. The whole plot was to be revealed in the first pages, so that if anybody read on it would not be for the trivial purpose of finding out what happened, but because he was interested in what I had to say and the way I said it.

The project was very much in my mind on the boat going up to Marseille and during the first weeks on Port Cros. Indeed I found that all unconsciously I had irritated my companions by continually humming over the old war songs. And then quite suddenly one morning I discovered that what had held me up was the failure to hit the right keynote in the opening sentence — so important in every long book. A sentence came into my mind: 'The casualty lists went on appearing for a long time after the Armistice — last spasms of Europe's severed arteries.' The effect was like that of moving the key log in a lumber jam on a river. The moment I had that sentence down, the whole book began to flow with irresistible force, and I had nothing to do but write it down each morning until I felt tired. I wrote the Prologue and Part One in ten days, and then stopped dead. The mysterious sense of somebody dictating vanished, and I was cautious enough not to force matters.

It was interesting to see the reaction of the others to this piece of writing, which I modestly believed had some energy and point. Lawrence was entirely against it, gave me the now familiar warning that if I published it I should lose what little reputation I had, and added the original threat that I was on the way to an insane asylum. One never knows; but that was twelve years ago, and I have managed to keep at large so far. As a matter of fact, I took this for what it was — the querulousness of a very sick man. The women, on the other hand, were for it, especially Frieda. I shall always feel grateful to her for the encouragement and indeed inspiration she was at that critical time.

An author is wise to knock off about 95 per cent of all commendations made to his face, but it was impossible to doubt Frieda's sincerity and enthusiasm.

In November the weather deteriorated. We had mistrals, and a wet southern wind from the sea which smothered us in cloud so much that Lawrence said it was 'sciroccissimo'; and indeed it was. For my part, I liked Port Cros so much and was in such excellent health that I should have been glad to stay the whole winter there — never before had I known the experience of living in natural surroundings of almost perfect beauty without the intrusion of any unwanted humans. The only people who bothered us were some staff officers who came to investigate the suspicious alien character, Lawrence — and weren't allowed by me to see him. But they came only once, and evidently regarded the matter as absurd. It was a real wrench for me to leave, but I saw Lawrence couldn't stand the exposure any longer and must be taken to the mainland, doctors, and central heating at once.

I said good-bye to Lawrence in the ugly little salon of the Select Hotel just opposite the station at Toulon. I never saw him again, for our paths went in different directions, and within sixteen months he was dead. Yet in the hundreds of times I have since passed the windows of that room I have never failed to think of him — a most remarkable man, the most interesting human being I have known.

XIX

After Port Cros, everywhere else seemed dull and overpopulated. I got rid of my Berkshire cottage and rather foolishly sold my excellent library. But I was so determined to get free from all shackles that I was prepared for any sacrifice. Then, having done this, I remained in Paris, rather at a loose end. Such was my state of mind when, late in

February 1929, I went to an appointment with my American publisher, Donald Friede. He and I discussed various plans for books, and then he asked me if I had any other work done. This reminded me of my unfinished novel, which I had forgotten; and Friede asked to see it. I hesitated a little, as I had only one second copy, and he was just off to London. But it seemed a good idea to get a publisher's opinion on my reckless adventure towards the insane asylum; so I handed him the script. Two or three days later I was a little startled to receive from London a long cable such as only Americans send, in which Friede expressed the warmest interest in the book and bade me get on with it at once. How often since then have I blessed the impulse in him which dictated that warm-hearted cable, and still more the readiness with which he gave me an advance on the book out of his own pocket (having spent all the firm's money he had with him), and that with no more contract than my bare word that the book should be completed as soon as possible. It is very likely that if Friede hadn't been willing to take that chance (remember only about a quarter of the book was written) and given me that very tangible vote of confidence I might never have finished the book, and so should have missed my opportunity.

Friede's slap on the back was what I needed. My highly encouraged daimon again began dictating at a furious speed, and the book simply galloped off the typewriter. On the last day I wrote without a break for eight hours, and finished the book feeling a little dazed after its emotional tempests. I wandered about the streets for a time, feeling as if my legs would telescope at any moment, and then dropped in on a young American friend, who contemplated me with a critical eye and then silently mixed and handed me a tremendous eggnog, after which I felt very much better.

By writing *Death of a Hero*, I purged my bosom of perilous stuff which had

been poisoning me for a decade. When I had finished, had said my say and cursed my cusses, I felt the lightness and tranquillity of a morning after a thunderstorm. It is a fact, I think, that the literary life has become more strenuous than it was in the mid-nineteenth century. I recollect reading, in the life of some Victorian worthy, this impressive sentence: 'The whole of this summer was spent in the active labor of correcting proofs of his new book' — the work in question being about a hundred pages. A whole summer, you observe. Now, when the delays of the French Customs had operated as usual, I found I had exactly twenty-four hours to read and correct the 140,000 words of my novel, and deposit the packet in the late mail bag for the *Mauretania* at the Gare St. Lazare. I went to the Café Voltaire, and worked continuously from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., drinking a good deal of coffee, and having my meals served as I worked. I chose the Café Voltaire because it was old-fashioned and not expensive, and served excellent food and wine, which caused it to be entirely neglected by everyone likely to interrupt me.

I then went in quest of an unfashionable bathing place. Eventually I found a tiny hamlet on a large *calanque* not far from Toulon, and there I spent the rest of the summer, swimming a great deal, walking in the scented maquis, translating the *Alcestis*, and writing short stories on war themes — a kind of hangover from *Death of a Hero*. The days went by serenely, with cloudless skies and crystal-clear water and little excursions, the sort of easy idling time one would like to last forever. And then suddenly these calm waters were ruffled by a breeze from the outer world.

One day late in September an American mail came in with two very large envelopes stuffed with press clippings. They were all either violently for or against *Death of a Hero* — just the kind of press one wants. Friede cabled that

he had sold five thousand copies, had a reprint just off the press and another ordered, and that the novel was a best-seller in — I forget which cities. This was interesting news. I had decided that if this novel failed I should have to return to the literary drudgery; but that if it succeeded I would write some more, and I already had two in mind.

Before making any final decision, I wanted to know what had happened to the book in England. Friede had asked me to give first refusal to Chatto and Windus, with whom he wanted to establish good relations. I agreed, of course, but not very hopefully. Chatto and Windus had a high reputation, but as their authors were people like Marcel Proust, Aldous Huxley, David Garnett, Roger Fry, Clive Bell, I didn't think they would like my plain and simple tale. But the partners of the firm, Charles Prentice and Harold Raymond, were both ex-soldiers, and therefore rather enjoyed my invectives and flourishes. At any rate, they promptly accepted the book on my terms, and Prentice wrote a very amiable letter.

For some reason the English edition was scheduled for two weeks after the American; and as the summer weather had broken, I thought I might as well trot up to Paris to be nearer the scene of operations. I arrived on a warm September evening, and after dinner sat at a table outside the *Closerie des Lilas* under the trees of the *Petit Luxembourg*. It was a pleasant scene. Here and there an electric light showed a vivid patch of autumn leaves in the dark trees. Waiters bustled about with a clatter of saucers and glasses; the buzz of talk was woven in and out with the noise of traffic on the boulevards and snatches of dance tunes from the *Bal Tabarin*. Some Quartier types, straight out of Anatole France's *Le Chat Maigre*, were settling the future of art.

When I arrived at Cook's next morning for my mail, the clerk handed me such a large package of letters and tele-

grams I thought at first he must have given me by mistake the begging-letter mail of a visiting millionaire. But no, they were for me, and I carried them to the nearest café. With the self-centred vanity of the true artist, I first hunted through this mass for letters from Chatto and Windus, easily recognizable because they modestly use the head of Pallas Athene as their crest. The news was reassuring — a modest subscription of only 1600, but such a rapid crescendo of 'repeats' that they had already decided to order a second 5000 copies. The press, as was natural and I had expected, was hostile — with the very important exception of Arnold Bennett, the only English reviewer in my experience who could really induce people to read the books he praised. I read the telegrams and letters from friends, glanced through the letters of abuse or commendation from strangers, noted with great pleasure a kindly letter from H. G. Wells with an invitation to come and see him — and then leaned back and lit a cigarette.

That was a pleasant moment. I am careful never to count chickens before they are hatched, but a far more resolute pessimist than I am would have been contented by that batch of mail. The figures cabled and written by Friede and Prentice showed that in less than a week the book had earned its advances and was making me about sixty dollars a day. Put into francs, it sounded quite impressive, though possibly not to Mr. Ford. Exactly twenty years had elapsed since my first poem crept into print in an obscure periodical. I could at least say that I had flattered no man and no party, had used no intrigue or influence, had said my say right or wrong without fear or favor to anything or anyone on earth, respecting only the memory of great men and those ideals of civilization I had learned from the Masters. I had started on my own way early in life against the wishes of my family and the advice of older friends; I had persevered in it in spite of many obstacles and interrup-

tions; and I had never borrowed or been given a cent since I was twenty-one. If I had succeeded in interesting a portion of the very little world which reads new books, and receiving the tangible expression of their interest in pounds and dollars, I owed it to my own unceasing efforts. There was a time in the world when governments and men of power in the world thought it a pleasure and a duty to assist men of letters. From governments I had received little but demands for taxes and military service, and various restrictions on the elementary privilege of moving about the world at will. And, like Samuel Johnson, I could say: 'I never had a patron.' I was aware that there was a certain fortuitous element in the success of a war book at that time, but I thought I'd probably be able to write some of the other novels I had in mind.

Et zut alors! — that's what happens on a fine autumn morning in Paris when the small-town boy makes good.

There I rather naïvely supposed the matter would rest. I made no change in my way of life, for I was already living as I wished to live — a process one cannot begin too early. But I did plan to take a real vacation of several months without doing any work at all — a plan I failed to carry out in its integrity. I went to rather better restaurants, and I did a little modest exploration of vintage wines, but otherwise I remained in that mobile and unencumbered state which befits a pilgrim. It was just as well that I had decided not to do any writing for a time, for what with the number of friends who turned up and the amount of mail I received, I was kept pretty busy. Never had I imagined there were so many charitable organizations in England with such bizarre objects. And then there were the curiosity boxes, who must know at once what the asterisks in the book meant.

Those asterisks! I don't apologize for them, but I will explain them. When

Chatto's sent me a list of proposed excisions, I felt very contemptuous. There wasn't a word or phrase in the book which couldn't be printed in France — and in fact the original text was printed in France in both English and French. If the English are such babies, give them asterisks, I said; and let them see how absurd this cutting and slashing is. Being comparatively uninhibited myself, I overlooked the morbid emotions of a repressed public which, to judge from my mail, worried itself sick trying to fit the same few words into the context. Alas, they were not at all what the public supposed. Thus, one sentence in the book runs: 'Prehistoric beasts, like the ichthyosaurus and ***** . . .'

When you have tried to fit all the dirty words you think you know to that, I will reveal the fact that they represent the horrible obscenity, 'Queen Victoria' — it being the opinion of some sapient fat-head in Chatto's office that the sentence constituted the crime of *lèse-majesté*. Except for a few soldiers' remarks (not altogether inappropriate in a book about a war) many of the cuts were made for no better reason than the one I have given. By far the longest, which I fought hard to save, was a series of cracks at a canaille of the canaille, a British journalist who had been allowed to print the vilest things about Lawrence. All I said was that I should like to kick him where he kept his intelligence — in the seat of his pants. That is offensive, — it was meant to be, — but it cannot be called obscene, unless the object against which it is directed makes it so.

H. G. Wells, who was in Paris, was very kind and hinted at social obligations. I have a high esteem for H. G. Wells, and feel annoyed when pip-squeak Communists try to belittle him. No man can be complete in every respect short of being another Leonardo da Vinci (and there's a good deal of legend in his case), so that I easily forgive Wells his indifference to poetry and painting, and his slightly philistine view of life.

He has a great mental energy, and a power of bringing together numbers of facts in a stimulating way. He insisted on the importance of science during a long epoch when men of letters were heinously ignorant of it. His sense of the continuity and logical development of human destiny is valuable, and enabled him to make shrewd guesses at future happenings which sometimes have been impressively right. Let us not forget that Wells in the imagination fought battles with tanks and planes long before the practical military men anywhere had an inkling of them. If the British Army had read and meditated Wells instead of playing so much polo . . .

The motto of Stendhal, '*Ne pas être dupe*,' has long seemed to me an excellent one, if one interprets it as 'not to deceive oneself, not to be deceived, not to deceive others.' For this reason certain kinds of optimism seem to me to verge on feeble-mindedness; and I am always extremely interested when I meet a highly intelligent and gifted man like Wells who appears to be an optimist. I thought about this a lot, and just as he was leaving after paying me a visit I plucked up courage to say:—

'Wells, when I was a boy I read a book of yours called *Anticipations*, which made a great impression on me. But I should like to know if you now feel as optimistic as you did then?'

He gave me a very queer look, and then turned and went away without saying a word. But I was satisfied; I had my answer.

Maddening as the senseless optimism of morons is, there is a great deal to be said for all courageous souls who see the truth but still keep hope and a brave front. That look in Wells's eyes reminded me of Mac, a man I knew in barracks. As unluckily happens whenever men are gathered together, the thirty men in that barrack room fought and wrestled for supremacy (regardless of formal rank) until only Mac and I were left. We wrestled every night for a week,

and then, as neither could beat the other, formed a kind of dual monarchy in the manner of Sparta, and ruled the room from either end. Mac was an Irishman, a coal miner, always laughing and whistling and joking and apparently oblivious of the fact that there was a war on and we were for it. One day I said to him:—

'Look here, Mac, you and I have both been in the line for months, and we'll soon be back. Don't you ever think of what depends on us, what a serious bloody business this is?'

He gave me a queer look, almost exactly like that in Wells's eyes those many years later, and his reply astonished me:—

'Ach, because I laugh ye needn't think I haven't black despair in me heart.'

When I think of the many real friends I made through the publication of *Death of a Hero*, I realize that more than ever I must exercise what Pater calls 'the subtle tact of omission' if these reminiscences are ever to end. There is, for instance, Tom McGreevy, a paradox of a man if ever there was one. He looked like a priest in civvies, and I think would have made a good one, since he possessed all the necessary qualities, not excluding a certain indolence; but some niceties of conscience caused him to let that bus go by. He had served in the British Army and Admiralty, but the wrongs of Ireland got him out of that career. Then he held an official post in Ireland, and, although a Catholic, promptly resigned when they starting kicking out Protestants. He was a patriot who lived out of his own country, and although he carried it so far as to write his name in hotel registers in Irish (the extent of his knowledge of his native tongue) he invariably traveled with a British passport. When I asked him why he didn't have an Irish passport, he said:—

'Ach, now, d'you think I'd be traveling with a passport from a little wee country like that?'

He was a graduate of Trinity College

and, when I first knew him, Lecteur d'Anglais at the École Normale Supérieure, the most high-brow establishment in France.

Though Tom spent so much of his time with skeptical young Frenchmen who riddled every prejudice and superstition with witty satire, and though he was as much a man of the world as one so pure in heart could be, he had some singular views. Thus he astounded me by declaring emphatically that the Gunpowder Plot never existed and was entirely invented by the Protestants — a piece of Jesuit propaganda long ago exploded by competent historians. Again, we were at the house of a French professor, looking over his books, and I lighted on a book of mediæval black magic. Turning over the leaves I discovered a spell potent enough to evoke Satan in person, and therefore at once began reciting it; but before I had gone far Tom turned pale and exclaimed, 'Holy Mother of God!' and snatched the book from my hand. He was also convinced that all Englishmen of genius were Irish. Shakespeare, he said, came from County Cork. And when I mentioned Gibbon, 'Ach, sure,' said Tom, 'he was nothing but a playboy!'

Tom McGreevy had all the gifts of a writer, except the urge to write. Neither his prose nor his poetry is negligible, but he hadn't in him that aggressive daimon who after each comparative failure to reach the imagined height drives a man back to his desk to try once again. His creative impulse was satisfied by the undoubted influence his talk had on a sympathetic audience; and that is the danger of having the gift of conversation. Moreover, Tom is the kind of man whose brains are picked by other people. He once wrote a very good poem about driving in a cab through Dublin and imagining the historic scenes and people called up by each street, and showed it to Joyce. Bang it went into *Finnigans Wake* in the paragraph beginning 'Mr See-Queer-Sights was rolling in his tumbrel.' 'The

crayture,' said Tom, laughing good-naturedly, when he found it out; but it seemed to confirm my theory that Joyce has nothing of his own to say in *Finnigans Wake*, since he was thus reduced to accepting hints from less famous friends.

One of the best of my other friends was a book publisher. Before I succumb to the accusation of fraternizing with the enemy there is something to be said. Any cracks against publishers in this book are to be taken with several pinches of salt. My settled opinion is that the professional author's best friend can be and should be his publisher. Apart from the author's own family, nobody is so deeply interested in the success of a book as the publisher. I don't want to go into the complicated subject of the business side of writing, but I do want to say emphatically that few things can be as harmful financially to an author as the besotted belief that 'the publisher is out to do' him. Of course, if an author chooses to sign disadvantageous agreements, that's his lookout; and if his average sales are about 1500 he can't expect the kind of contract Mr. Sinclair Lewis can get. Publishers don't pay for literary merit — a patron would do that; they pay for actual or potential sales. Publishers are business men, governed by business ethics and custom; and a reputable publisher would no more think of practising the absurd and petty frauds attributed to him by the smaller fry of writers than any other business man.

On the other hand, there are plenty of authors who look on publishers merely as men to supply them with money, and are none too scrupulous about how they get it. Isn't it dishonest to tell a new publisher that the sales of books with other publishers were higher than they actually were? Isn't it dishonest to accept an advance for a book, and then knock off a slovenly piece of work or even not produce it at all? I have heard of only three authors who wished to repay a publisher that part of an advance a book failed

to earn. They are Michael Arlen, Israel Zangwill, and Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield.

In Charles Prentice, of Chatto's, I found what was for me the ideal publisher, a scholar whose advice in literary matters was of great value and a man of such gentle sweetness and charm that I came to feel the greatest affection for him. His early letters after the publication of my first novel were more attentive and detailed than one has a right to expect of any publisher. At least once and sometimes oftener in the week he gave me a full report of the book's progress with exact figures, and of what he was doing and planning to extend operations. I could not have been better informed if I had been a partner in the firm. During the whole long period of our association he never once failed me in this or in any other respect; and his advice and encouragement were of inestimable value. If I may misquote Horace: '*Non sum qualis eram boni sub regno Prentici.*'

It is something to be able to send your publisher a translation of a Greek classic and know that he will read it with the original before him, and unerringly spot the errors which will creep into such work. And it was perfectly delightful to realize that one's first (and most important) reader would at once grasp the purpose and structure of a book and at the same time not miss a single allusion or hidden jest. We had many happy days together in Paris and on the Riviera, in Venice, Florence, Calabria, and Sicily, and during my brief visits to London.

XX

During 1930 I wrote my second novel, partly on the French Riviera and partly in Venice, where Charles Prentice and Tom McGreevy came and stayed near me. When they had departed, leaving me with about the last third of my book to write, I took a boat down to Brindisi, and went and stayed at Lecce in Puglia,

the extreme heel of Italy. I went there partly because Sachie Sitwell's description of the place had aroused my curiosity, and partly because I found that the farther I was from England and the more alien my surroundings, the more vividly I could picture English scenes and people.

Lecce is a most interesting town, almost entirely baroque, an architect's dream. The streets and squares and palaces group themselves into new strange harmonies at almost every step; the churches have very original structural designs and are profusely decorated with carvings, especially window frames and altarpieces of lovely children and fruits and garlands. A local industry is making religious statues, which oddly enough are very tasteful; and the streets are filled with pretty Madonnas and Saints drying their colors in the sun outside the workshops.

Unfortunately, Lecce has one drawback — the food is atrocious. It was getting on in December, and the thought of all the people in the world who were going to have real Christmas dinners was almost more than we could bear. Luckily, I put an end to this emaciating feast of culture by finishing my book. Came the question: Where to go to get something to eat? Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose — Florence and Norman Douglas, food for body and mind together.

I had long before abandoned my youthful interest in merely knowing people eminent in literature. Staged meetings start out on a basis of falsity and make any genuine friendship almost impossible. It is much better to trust to the hazards of life. And I must confess that my feelings towards most of my living seniors had long settled into placid indifference. Norman Douglas was an exception. I had read most of his books, and found in them a man with a sane, intelligent view of life, wit and high spirits, an astonishing variety of interests, and a fund of valuable and unusual knowl-

edge. Here was somebody, I thought, who had not allowed life to push him around, but had forced life to give him what he wanted, and had wanted many different things. A masculine adult mind and a writer of almost classical proportion.

It is impossible for me to separate Douglas and Orioli, for they were inseparable companions during the years when I visited Florence regularly, chiefly to see Douglas. I had known Orioli slightly before the war, when I used to drop in at his bookshop to pick up any neo-Latins which were going cheap. And during the war he tried hard to get me out of the trenches and into the Italian mission in London — on what pretext I can't imagine. Orioli's books, good as they are and a tour de force for an Italian writing in English, fail to do him justice. He is an immensely entertaining companion, always alert, witty, and observant, and above all intensely alive. Without falling into extravagancies, I can only say that heaven wouldn't be heaven for me without Pino. No man has ever given me more of the priceless gifts of laughter and good-fellowship.

I wrote to Pino from Lecce, and he got me a large front room in the Grande Bretagne, looking over the Arno between the Ponte Vecchio and the Trinità. Then, a few days after I arrived, Pino said to me: 'Norman think he will like you and want to meet you. Go to Bianca's in Via Porta Rossa tomorrow, and Norman will lunch at your table.'

Naturally we were there, and presently a man came in whom I should have known to be Norman Douglas, even if I hadn't been familiar with his photographs. This tall, strongly built, very erect Scottish laird, with a slightly stern face, very firm mouth, and beautiful white hair, could have been no one else — in Florence. (The motto of the Douglas clan, 'tender and true,' is not applicable to Norman — 'hard as nails, my dear' is his version, though that isn't true either.) As I stood up expectantly, his expression suddenly lost all sternness

as he smiled and greeted us with that urbanity which will disappear from the earth with his generation of men trained in the diplomatic corps.

I remember some of the topics we discussed, though unfortunately none of Douglas's exact words. We talked of Lecce, which very strangely he had not visited. He immediately made a note of it (very characteristic this) in a small black pocket book, which I was to see very often in the future. That naturally led to a discussion of southern Italy, which Douglas knows as well as any man living, and on which he has written the best book since the Frenchman, Lenormant. It is only the fear of being influenced by the partiality of friendship which makes me refrain from saying that I think Douglas's *Old Calabria* the better book, because, while he is as much a savant as Lenormant, he is also the adventurous and fearless Briton of the George Borrow kind, tramping across mountain ridges and into remote places Lenormant never visited. He gave me a good deal of information about places to see, urging me to 'make a note of it.'

What was once Magna Græcia inevitably brought up Greek literature, with remarks on the birds mentioned in the *Greek Anthology* — this apropos of the fact that the coast of Calabria is the main line of European bird migration. At the same time Douglas lamented that a friend of ours, who was running a small hand press in Paris, should waste time issuing 'trash' (that is, George Moore, Douglas, and myself) instead of an edition of Athenæus 'with plenty of notes.' I mentioned that Professor Gulick of Harvard had begun publishing an excellent translation of Athenæus, and down that went in the little black book. Somehow we got on to early German epic poetry, and he wrote down for me several passages in some primitive German dialect. He also touched on the deforestation of the Mediterranean, the geology of those parts of Asia Minor he had ridden through, the wines of Italy, limericks,

the possibility of recovering the library of Herculaneum ('never, if it's left to Italians'), D. H. Lawrence, and the right way to make a potato salad — which he demonstrated with admirable results. All this without a trace of pedantry and affectation, thrown off lightly, and generally with some amusing turn of phrase — the talk of a man intelligently interested in the world he inhabits.

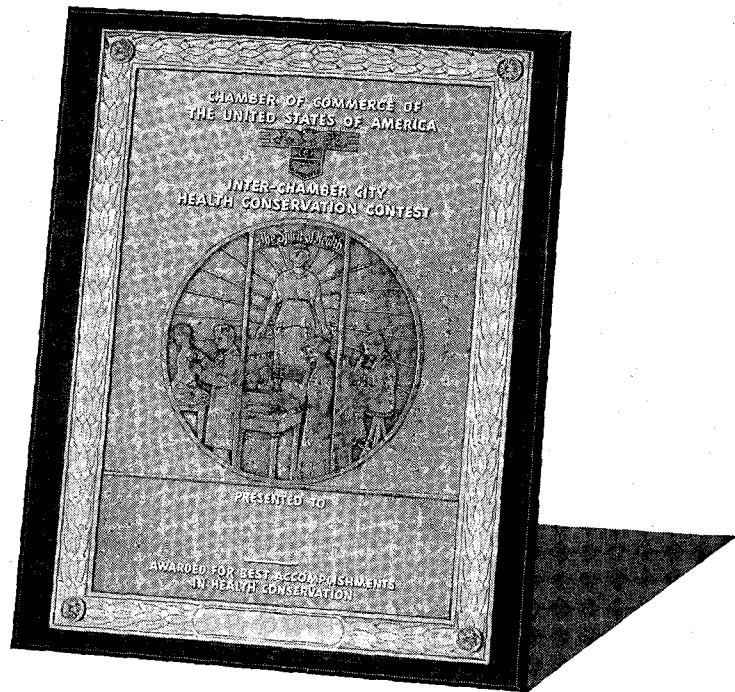
During the many months I was in Florence I lunched or dined with Douglas practically every day, and we covered a great deal of ground in our talk. I regret now that I didn't make notes of what he said, but I've a prejudice that I would rather be Dr. Johnson than Boswell, even to Norman. Norman, too, had his prejudices, as I gradually discovered. Though his knowledge of biology and geology was quite encyclopædic, he disliked mathematics and mathematical physicists, and I totally failed to interest him in Whitehead and Eddington. Darwin was his hero, and of course he was unanswerable when he said we had no biologist of his stature — you can't expect a theory of evolution in every generation. He had a great contempt for the young men who had grown up since the war — 'blood two degrees under normal.' He had a strong prejudice in favor of Austrian cooking (his mother was Austrian) and would eat with relish a veal cutlet smothered in paprika and those abominable white truffles which taste like acetylene. He had other prejudices, but, as I shared them to some extent, they did not seem so much like prejudices. But I could never go along with him in his advocacy of the revival of slavery; there his partly German ancestry and his German training peeped out, as they did in a slightly grotesque quality in his humor.

In his youth he had been a good shot and a daring chamois hunter in the Austrian Alps. He had ridden one of those penny-farthing bicycles over the three highest passes of Europe in a day — a prodigious feat of endurance. All

his life he was a great walker, which enabled him to see so much of the remote and neglected parts of Europe. He had the steady unflagging gait of the mountaineer, and climbed mountains until his seventieth year. I think he might have made a good soldier, if he had not considered such activities absurd and tedious. The only things he feared were poverty and the malevolence of human stupidity as embodied in governments, bureaucrats, armies, and officials. But he was far indeed from conforming to the absurd conventions of the he-man. He loved flowers, and perfumes, and precious stones, and jewelry and fine linen. But he was equally far from being a fop. Indeed, as he insisted on wearing Scottish tweeds cut by an Italian tailor, I could not admire his wardrobe.

I liked him for being such a perfect specimen of his type. He was a complete contrast both to the professional writers who live by flattering the middle classes, and to the little high-brows with their cliques and affectations and lack of a sense of proportion. Like Somerset Maugham, Douglas is a man of the world, not to be imposed on by fads and pretenses. The fact is that both Maugham and Douglas have a far wider and deeper knowledge of European literature than the people who give themselves airs about their knowledge. Douglas's knowledge is scientific and historical as well as merely literary.

Our conversation was usually directed by the exuberant and inexhaustible Pino Orioli, a kind of Boccaccio junior; and Norman limited himself to occasional pungent comments. Never before had I heard so many scandalous stories or heard them told so well. Pino is a born raconteur, and his gusto for living, his perpetual interest in human beings and their queer ways, made him a wonderful companion. He is an example of the vitality, good humor, and genius of the Italian people which are still there in spite of all the nonsense imposed on them by centuries of imbecile governors. May



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that genius once more be free, as it was in the Renaissance!

Before quitting Florence and its many happy memories, one or two things must be said. I have treated Norman Douglas briefly, because at some fitting time I hope to write a biographical and critical essay on him. Adequate treatment would demand far more space than this book can afford. Curiously enough, the most realistic (though satirical) portrait of Norman Douglas is the Argyle of Lawrence's novel, *Aaron's Rod*. This was the real cause of the breach between those two and of Norman's anti-Lawrence pamphlet, though the ostensible *casus belli* was Lawrence's superbly written introduction to the memoirs of Maurice Magnus, who served in the French Foreign Legion and eventually committed suicide in Malta.

It would never have done for those two rare spirits to remain estranged, and fortunately dear Pino was there to reconcile them. He talked them both over to a recognition of their sins, and staged a meeting at his bookshop on the Lungarno. It was done admirably. Lawrence and Frieda were there talking to Pino, and in came Norman, as arranged. There was a moment of embarrassed silence, and then Norman made a gesture which with him means he accepts you as a friend — he offered Lawrence his snuffbox.

'Have a pinch of snuff, dearie.'

Lawrence took it. 'Isn't it curious' (sniff), he said, 'only Norman and my father' (sniff) 'ever gave me snuff.'

That was all, and they were as good friends as ever.

XXI

A tentative title for these reminiscences was 'Farewell to Europe,' for my intention was to describe the evolution of an insular provincial schoolboy into an adult European, at home in any part of western and central Europe. In the long and diverse history of that continent the wandering student is a

familiar character. From the Dark Ages onwards, monks and students from the British Isles wandered over the great pilgrim routes, visiting monasteries, shrines, and universities. Generations of Englishmen made the grand tour in their traveling carriages, and some of them settled more or less permanently in nooks which pleased them. In another epoch and in my own way I followed in their tracks.

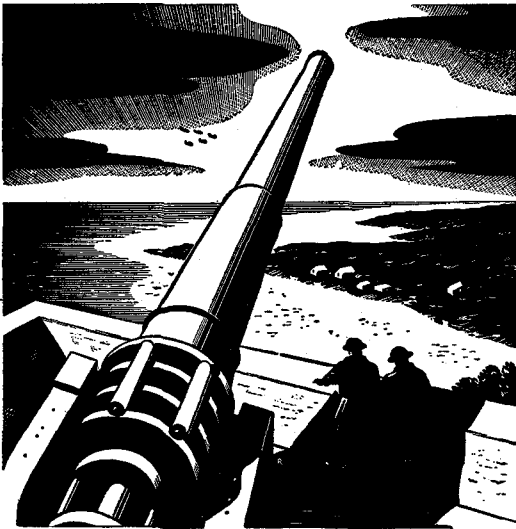
Reversing Johnson's dictum, I would say that 'seldom any true story is wholly splendid.' I did succeed in living the life of a European for a number of years; and I had the satisfaction of seeing my books translated into the languages of ten or a dozen countries, and of knowing they were read not as journalism but as possible contributions to literature. Yet scarcely had these little successes been achieved when they began to crumble away under the impact of the public events which are familiar to everybody. In September 1929, when I sat in the Paris café reading the letters and telegrams about *Death of a Hero*, it seemed reasonable to think that I had achieved such ambitions as I possessed. By September 1939, nothing was left.

When men go sour on you, there are always Nature and other men; and though the world shrinks like Balzac's *peau de chagrin*, it is still a respectably large oblate spheroid. It seemed to me that, at any rate for the time being, I had finished with Europe. After all, from the point of view of the schoolboy looking longingly through a telescope at Calais from the cliffs of Dover, I hadn't done so badly. I had been in every province of Italy, France, Portugal, and Spain; I knew Paris and Rome as well as I knew London; I had seen Belgium, Switzerland, the Rhine, the Schwarzwald, Bavaria, and Austria. The whole experience, extended over many years, had been of inestimable value. If I never traveled another mile, never read another book in any language, never saw another fine building, statue, or picture,

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I was rich enough in memories to last the rest of my life.

But I saw no reason why I should abandon my little investigations of our planet, and drop back into the sedentary provincial life of a London *littérateur*, to escape from which I had worked so hard and taken such risks. If my colleagues preferred to vegetate between the club, the country cottage, and the usual London round, that was their affair. For me, as on my first walk, it was still: '*Allons, en route!* Afoot and light-hearted we take to the open road.'

I feel ashamed of mentioning such personal and selfish trifles against a background of such immense calamity; but if I had allowed that sense of disproportion to weigh on me, these pages could not have been written.

This little story might very well end with my departure for the western world in 1935, for out of that came my decision to spend the rest of my life there. But it would be a little unfair to take leave of any reader who has followed me thus far from the deck of a banana boat somewhere between Bristol and the Western Isles. I can't gratify the reader with a report of my last dying words and funeral, but I can round the story out a little.

It is a common experience for the human creature to find his emotions and intuitions running prophetically ahead of his conscious mind and what he imagines to be the exercise of free will. In the autumn of 1934, all the way up from St. Emilion to Calais, I had a sense of valediction, of saying farewell to France. It was useless for me to tell myself that it was absurd, that I was free to return at any moment I wanted; the feeling persisted. It returned even more persistently on the railway journey from Paddington to Bristol, where my banana *Mayflower* awaited me.

On that February day all England was held by frost and mist and looked inexpressibly dreary. Frieda Lawrence's honest and touching account of her life

with Lorenzo had just been published, and all the newspapers carried violent and mendacious onslaughts on the memory of Lawrence. It saddened me to think that the journalistic canaille could still be allowed to misrepresent so vilely and without contradiction a 'starry genius of our time.' I didn't realize then, as I do now, that this mob hatred was an unconscious tribute to Lawrence's greatness. Both in his life and in his writings, Lawrence had vehemently denied all the values of mechanized living, and this vilification from the robots was part of his glory.

I threw the papers contemptuously aside, and looked from the train window at the gray cold landscape. The forty miles to Reading were entirely familiar — I had passed up and down that line hundreds of times when I lived in Berkshire. I thought of my cottage under the tall willows by the canal, and wondered who now lived in it, and how it looked without my solid walls of books. Then the train diverged towards Didcot, but through the mist I could easily imagine the summer landscape. As we rushed through Uffington, I could see through the wall of mist the sunlit downs I had so often walked, the great prehistoric earthwork, the White Horse, Wayland Smith's Cave, and the little road winding down the Lambourn valley. And at one moment my heart seemed breaking, and the next I was filled with exultation at the thought of the thousands of miles of ocean and lands to me unknown which lay ahead.

The eighteenth-century graces of Bath were hidden in mist; and the new docks at Avonmouth, which prolong the old port of Bristol, were cold. I made my way very cautiously over the icy puddles to the ship's gangway, and went early to bed, before the ship left port.

XXII

Tobago turned out to be a lucky dip in Fortune's bag. I managed to rent an



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old plantation house, six hundred feet up, with a tremendous vista across steeply sloping country to the Caribbean Sea. A wide gallery occupied the whole front of the house, and near one corner grew a vast saman tree which nourished a whole garden of curious parasitic plants and was always lively with tropical birds. Except for the car of an occasional visitor and the infrequent mails, there was no sound or contact from the human world. For days the only sounds were the calls of birds and insects, the sigh of the wind, and the music of a passing shower which began like a long-drawn sigh increasing to a hiss and sudden sharp patter on the roof, and then died away distantly in another diminishing sigh.

In a screened nook of this gallery I wrote nearly all the essays contained in *Artifex*, and made an anthology of the most beautiful prose passages from Lawrence's books. There are two or three pieces about Tobago in *Artifex*, and I don't want to repeat what I said in them. I soon fell into the easy rhythm of life in the tropics, varied only by excursions about the very beautiful island, and bathing picnics, where I swam in a sea as clear and warm as the Mediterranean. But the most valuable part of that three or four months' experience was the living so close to Nature, in an exuberant phase which was entirely new to me.

'Isn't it very quiet up here?' a chance tourist visitor asked.

'Beautifully quiet!' I said enthusiastically; and then, seeing the astonishment on her face, I realized that for some people 'quiet' is not synonymous with happiness, but with dullness.

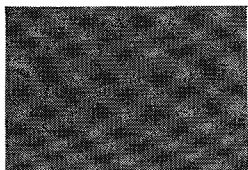
My two books were finished in a long spurt of concentration, and then I idled away some days or weeks, with no mental effort beyond reading a few modern books in English. I didn't want to write anything; I felt as if I should never want to write again. . . . And then suddenly I became aware of a danger lurking in this seductive life of the tropics. It was

delightful, rapturous even, to live so natural a rhythm; but it was Nature in the mood of the Lotus-eaters. On arrival I had noticed with surprise the languor of some of the old-established whites, and I saw, or thought I saw, that I was just beginning to go the same way.

Much could be said in defense of such an abdication. Respectable philosophers had described such a condition as the highest good. The poets abounded in apposite quotations. Why should one be ever climbing up a climbing wave? Why not daff the world aside, and bid it pass? Having come unto these yellow sands, why not stay there? What was wrong with the *obliviscendus meorum et oblitus illis*? In Tobago living was cheap, pleasant, and supremely irresponsible. That word 'irresponsible' brought me up with a jerk. I didn't like to think I might deserve it. Something decisive had to be done, some potent counter-influence was indicated.

That afternoon I booked passage to New York by radiogram from the radio station at Scarborough, the 'capital' of Tobago. I was sorry to go, but I was far more glad to think that at last I was to see the United States.

The usual method for a foreign author to see America is to do it at the expense of his hosts by lecturing across the country. I was ambitious of holding the record as the only British author who had never made a lecture tour of America, and therefore had invariably turned down all proposals to that effect. Two rather important factors seem to be forgotten by those who so blithely accept these engagements; they themselves are usually incompetent lecturers, and the audiences they propose to address are accustomed to hear trained speakers. All I had done in that line was to read papers to university clubs and societies, which is not lecturing. Moreover, in my time I had drawn a good deal of money from America in fees and royalties; and



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it seemed only proper that I should pay my own way.

It seems to me that the lecture-tourist gets a very lopsided view of America. He arrives in New York, as green as a cabbage, and is met at the dock by his agent and publisher. He is immediately plunged into a series of parties, gives one or two lectures in New York, and then sets off on his tour. He goes from one large town to another, meeting hundreds of very amiable people, swallowing more cocktails than are good for him, and growing more and more weary. He boards his return ship with a hangover and the impression that America consists of thousands of miles of railways, huge industrial towns, and one long Mad Hatter's cocktail party. He then proceeds to write a series of articles or a book, entitled 'My American Tour.' All this is referred to by people who should know better as spreading the light of culture and fostering international goodwill.

What I have just been saying should explain the reluctance I feel to telling the world about America. I think that is better left to people who really know something about the subject. On that first visit to America I followed a rough scheme which experience has made me think is sensible when living in a country for the first time. I think one should avoid trying to see too much, for that only leads to a confusion of impressions and dim memories. It is better to spend a month or so in a big town, and then stay in one country place, making excursions on foot and by car until the area becomes familiar. While such an experience is limited, it is more authentic and valuable than chasing around a continent. You get some idea of what living in the community would be.

In New York I made the acquaintance of Dr. Bertrand Eskell, who appeared to have read my books, and through his kindness I was able to rent exactly the sort of house I should have chosen myself in a beautiful piece of country on the Connecticut River. In later years I have explored some of northern New England, and freely admit that it is more dramatic, with a grander beauty of mountain and forest and lake. But I liked that nook of Connecticut so well that I was very happy to return to it.

There, under the crystal-blue sky of autumn, when the woods are aflame with color and the light cold wind brings the first wild duck from Canada, I made up my mind that henceforth I would make my headquarters in America. So far from feeling alien, as I had been repeatedly warned by well-wishers, I felt very much at home, perhaps because of some experience in moving about the world. Twice the complications of life took me back to Europe for rather long periods; but at the third attempt I succeeded in 1938 in getting permanently free from European entanglements.

The trail which in the course of many years has led me from the coast of Kent to the banks of the Connecticut River has been long and devious, with many unexpected turns and some checks and misfortunes, but it has been interesting, and, I should say, upon the whole both fortunate and happy. I have not yet succeeded in writing either a poem or a prose book which satisfied me entirely, but it is fun to go on trying. I can say truthfully that during approximately half a century of infesting this planet I have very seldom indeed been bored; and that is as good as any other definition of success in life.

(The End)

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